Saturday Review

March 13, 1971/50¢

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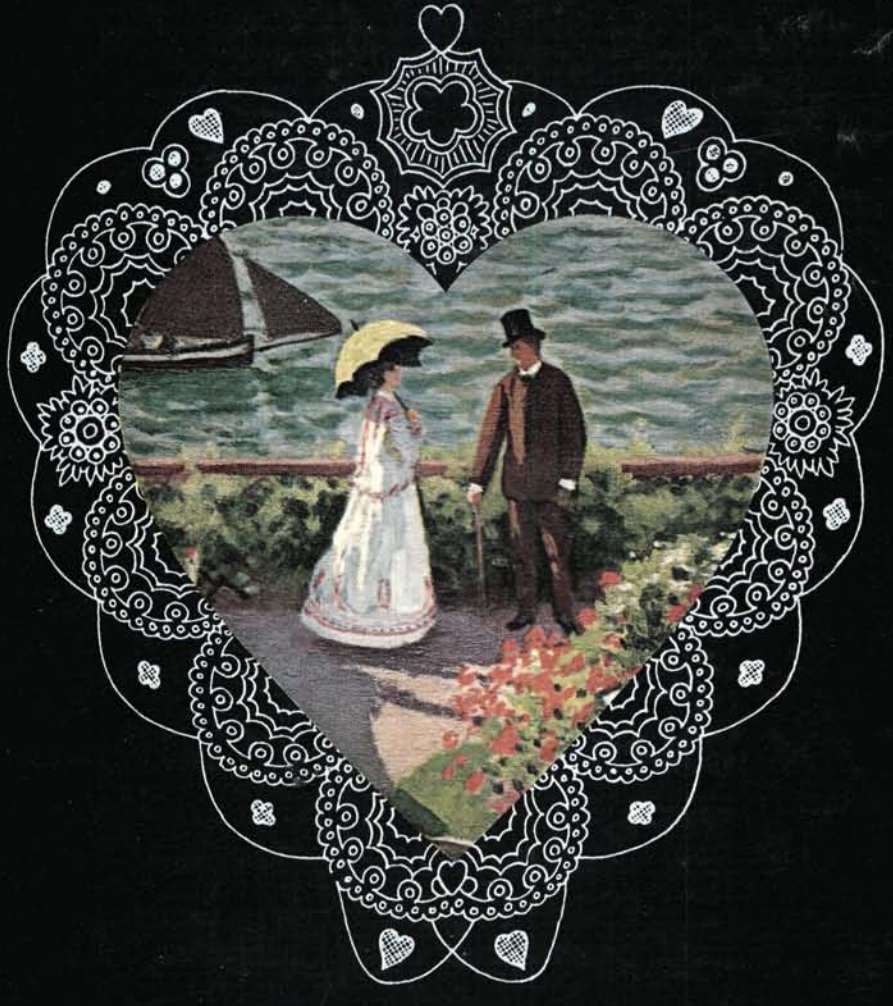

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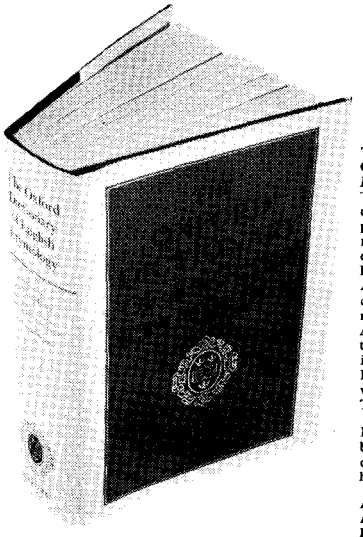

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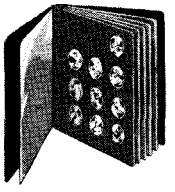

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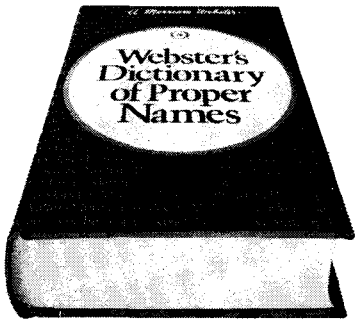

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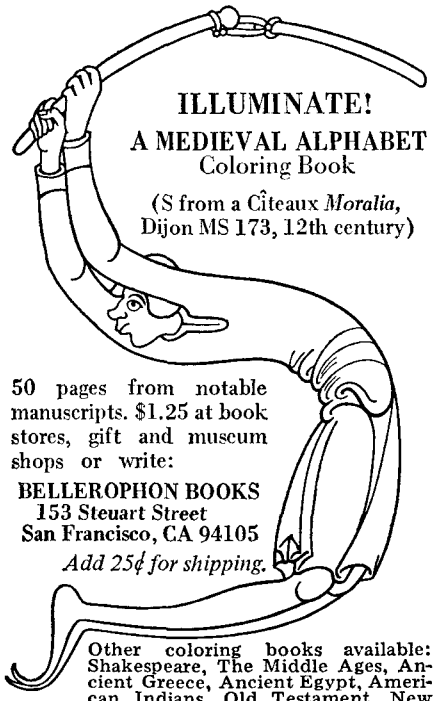

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In Search of a Romantic World

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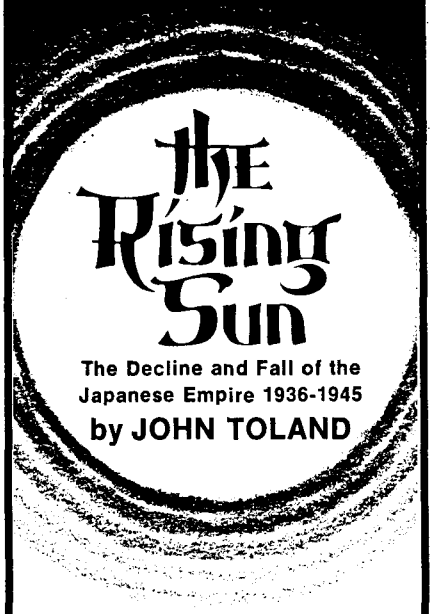

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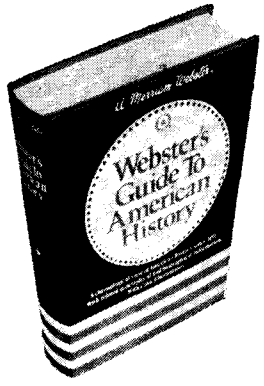

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Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

If your ESP is working at all, you must by now have received my telepathic notes of last week about how to bring the war to an end tomorrow. That was last week's business. Tonight—and don't think running the country is easy for me, what with all my other deadlines—tonight, I want to point out why our peace-time economy is not working as well as you, or we, had expected. The trouble is it's the right economy but at the wrong time.

The one element missing, of course, is "peace." I think the economy would grow and flourish, even beyond Paul McCracken's predictions, if the official title were changed to our "Interdiction Economy," or our "Incursion Economy," or our "Advisory Economy," or simply to our "Cutting the Ho Chi Minh Trail Economy."

Regards, and say hello for me to Mr. Rogers, if you see him. He's the one who is Secretary of State.

Medicare,
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

I am seeking some information. In my last statement I noticed you disallowed part of my doctor's charge for a house call. He had charged me $30, and you had cut it to $10. Will you please send me your list of doctors who charge $10 for a house call.

This was a night visit, 12:30 a.m. My doctor took two cabs, going and coming, which came to $3. The cost of the fluid he shot into my hip to relax an upset stomach, including the needle, is 78 cents. Then my doctor has a "mugging fund" to which he contributes $17.22. This is in case he gets mugged at that hour of the night.

When you add this up, you will find it comes to $21. So actually my doctor only made $9 on the whole deal.

I am looking forward to receiving your list of $10 house-call doctors. I know one, but he lives in Detroit, which will come to quite a cab tab. Besides he is a dentist. Regards and stay well.

Melvin Laird,
Secretary of Defense,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Laird:

A suggestion, as if you don't get enough without me. But since they have changed the address of the war from South Vietnam to Cambodia, I think the big trouble we're having is that the Cambodian military man in charge of the fighting there, according to the newspapers, is Lieutenant General Am Rong. A name ok for musical comedy, but not for war.

Correct me if I am wrong. Cordially.

President Nixon,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

An added note, this time one of thanks for signing the law that makes Columbus Day come on the second Monday in October. My wife's birthday is October 12. And for more years than I care to remember, she has had this little joke she recites on that date: "This is the day Columbus discovered me."

Thank God, and you, I won't be hearing that again soon. Please excuse my giving you second billing.

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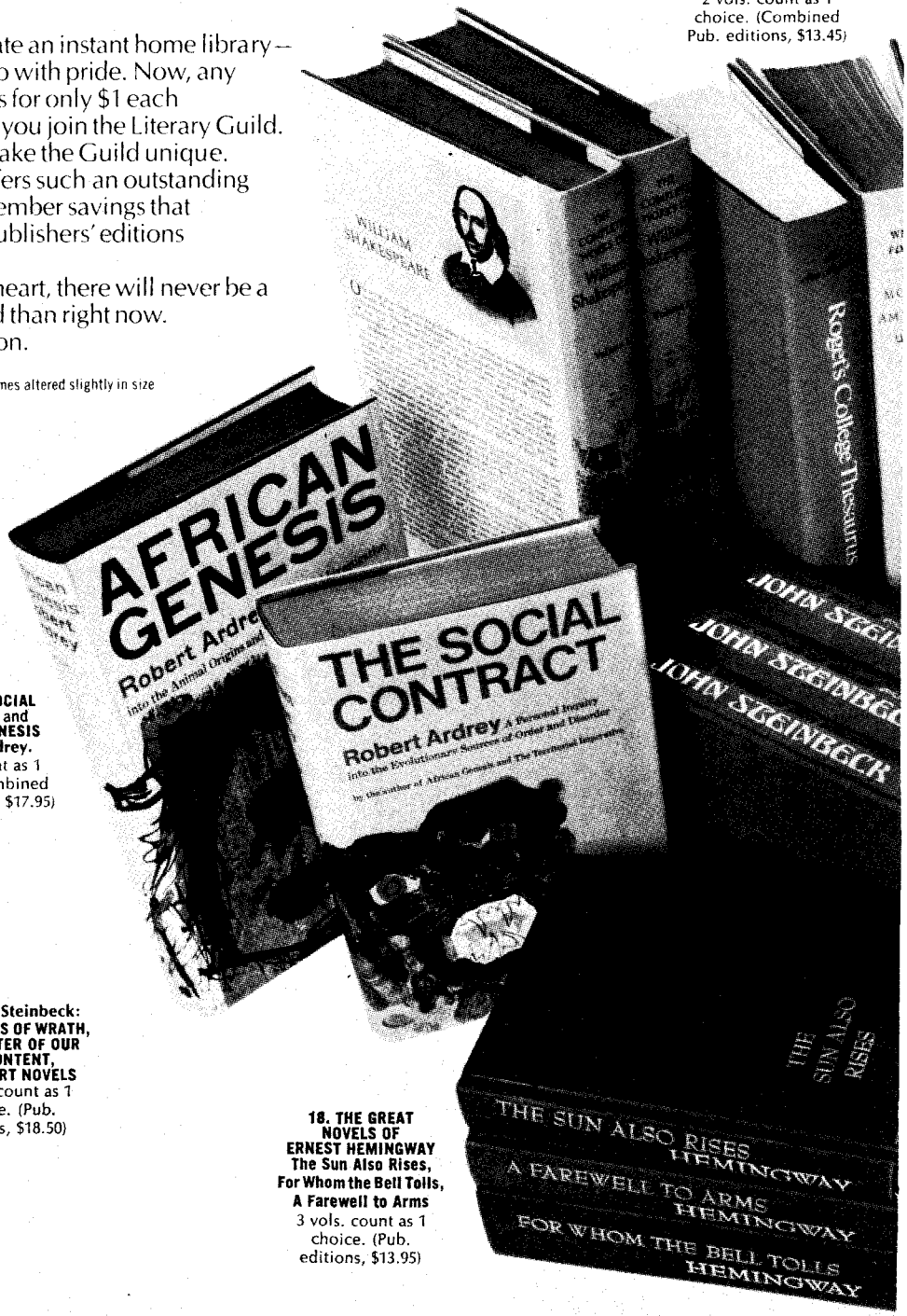

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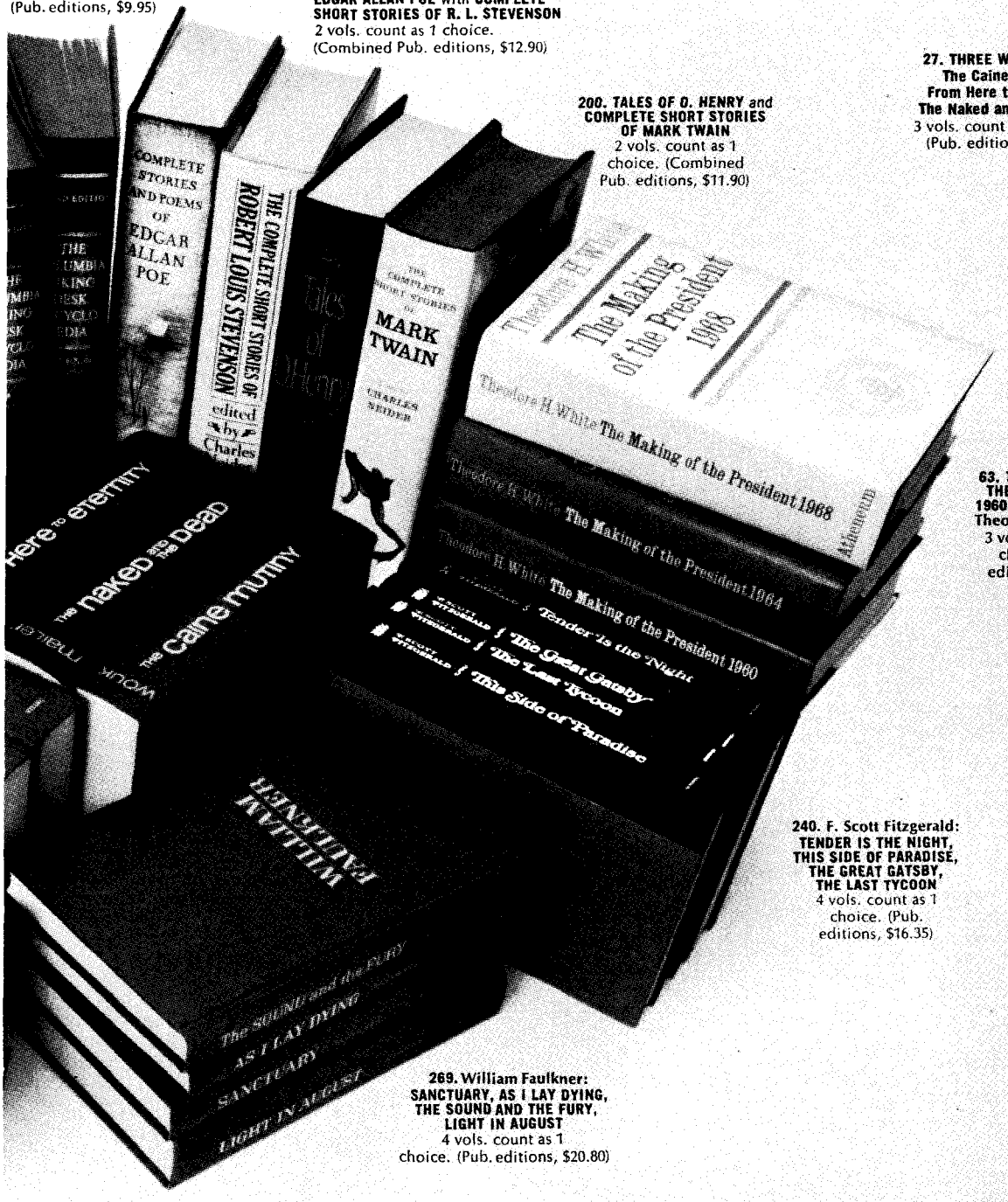
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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Advertisement of the Week—from New York's Betsy Lebowitz, who found it in the Bahamian *Tribune*:

> THE EXECUTIVE BARBER SHOP
> (NO WAITING)
> SIX BARBERS
> (ONE ITALIAN)

Golly, what do you suppose the other five are? Not, we hope, *Sicilian*. Just in case, though, we've sent the whole thing on to the Italian-American Anti-Defamation League. Meanwhile, out in Phoenix, Arizona, William Dilgard found our Speech of the Week. It was delivered to the Arizona Newspapers Association in Tucson by none other than the Governor of Arizona, Mr. Jack Williams:

> As I wrote a friend recently, the seeds that produced the grapes of wrath we are being served today were sown by Sartre, Camus, Proust, and others, whose windows to the world were colored by a lack of decency, faith, and moral scruples.
>
> Their world was one of wastrels, drunkards, pimps, prostitutes, pederasts, lesbians, homosexuals, and luckless pots marred in the making. . . .
>
> It happens that mine was not a very orthodox education.
>
> While my friends were away at Northwestern and Berkeley and Mills and Harvard and were reading Joyce and Faulkner and F. Scott Fitzgerald and Kafka and Gide, I was reading Elbert Hubbard's *Scrapbook* and the English Book of Common Prayer.
>
> It makes a difference what you read, you know.

It sure does, Governor, it sure does.

Elsewhere, not one but two Chicagoans, Bernie Hartung and David Holland, culled our Sports Note of the Week from the Chicago *Daily News*:

> Mike Sheahan, dead basketball coach at Mendel Catholic High, has resigned his coaching and teaching position to join the Chicago Police.

Better dead than red? As for ourselves, out in Los Angeles we had off-duty coffee with a couple of very live and very well-read policemen—Detective Sergeant Joseph Wambaugh, author of *The New Centurions* (Little, Brown, $6.95), and his partner and the man who took the jacket picture for the book, Detective Sergeant Richard Kalk.

Not only has the book won high critical praise, it has also become a best seller. Had it, we were curious, given its personable young author a big head? What, for example, we asked, should we now call him? Sergeant or Mister? Sergeant Wambaugh grinned. "I'll let my partner take that," he said.

It was Sergeant Kalk's turn to grin. "Just call him 'Your Lordship,'" he suggested. "I don't mind so much the size of his head. I just mind his suggestion that when we go out in our car, he ride in the back seat and I get a chauffeur's cap." Sergeant Kalk paused. "Joe's an only child, you know—the only mistake his father ever made."

Sergeant Wambaugh ignored him. "My father's a washing machine repairman," he said matter-of-factly, "and I'll tell you one thing about him—he never read a novel until this one."

How, we asked, did he like it? "I don't know," Sergeant Wambaugh replied. "All he said was, 'I hope people don't think you learned all that goddamned bad language from me.'

"Seriously," the Sergeant went on,

"I wasn't worth a damn in high school—at anything. It wasn't until after I got out of the Marine Corps—I went in at seventeen—that I took school seriously. Then, when I signed up with the police, I decided teaching would be a good job for me when I retired. So I went to night college and night grad school. The only A I ever got was in English Literature, so I picked that.

"I was thirty, you know, before I wrote a line. It was in '67. I wrote two short stories and sent them to *The Atlantic*. They rejected them, but they must have seen something in them because they referred me to their former editor, Edward Weeks. He wrote me asking why I didn't try a novel. So six months later I wrote him back—145,000 words.

"The first word I received from Weeks was 'This book surprises me.' Then a little while later, I got a letter saying, 'This surprises me even more.' Then, finally, I got a letter saying, 'I think we've got a winner,'"

How, we asked, did he work? "Well," he said, "I keep one writer near me all the time. He's the one I think I'm most unlike—Thomas Wolfe. I feel I'm

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too bare and stark, so I pick him up. He's so rich and lyrical. Lately I've also kept Christy Brown near at hand. He's Irish lyrical—*Down All the Days.* I really don't want to get *too* bald."

"Oh brother," Sergeant Kalk interrupted, "now I've heard everything."

"I had no preconceived ideas about the book business," Sergeant Wambaugh said. "I was, after all, a cop. And just going to night grad school in literature doesn't give you much insight into the literary world. When I was in grad school, I wouldn't tell my fellow students I was a cop because they were suspicious of cops. And when I was with the cops, I didn't tell them I was a student. They're two separate groups, and they each view the other just as extremists."

What, we asked, was the reaction of the police department? "Officially," he said, "I don't exist—at least in one sense. Actually, from the beginning, I've been in real danger of losing my job. Technically, I was admonished for 'Failing to get permission to publish.' If I had, of course, I'd have ended up with a *Dragnet.*"

"I like *Dan August,*" put in Sergeant Kalk. Sergeant Wambaugh grinned again. "Stop interrupting, Kalk," he said. "Anyway, the low point was just before publication. I'd lost all but a little of the advance in a business venture, and I'd just been called in and told in no uncertain terms what the chief thought of my book. I told my wife Dee, 'What the hell, let's go to Mexico for a vacation. It may be our last.'

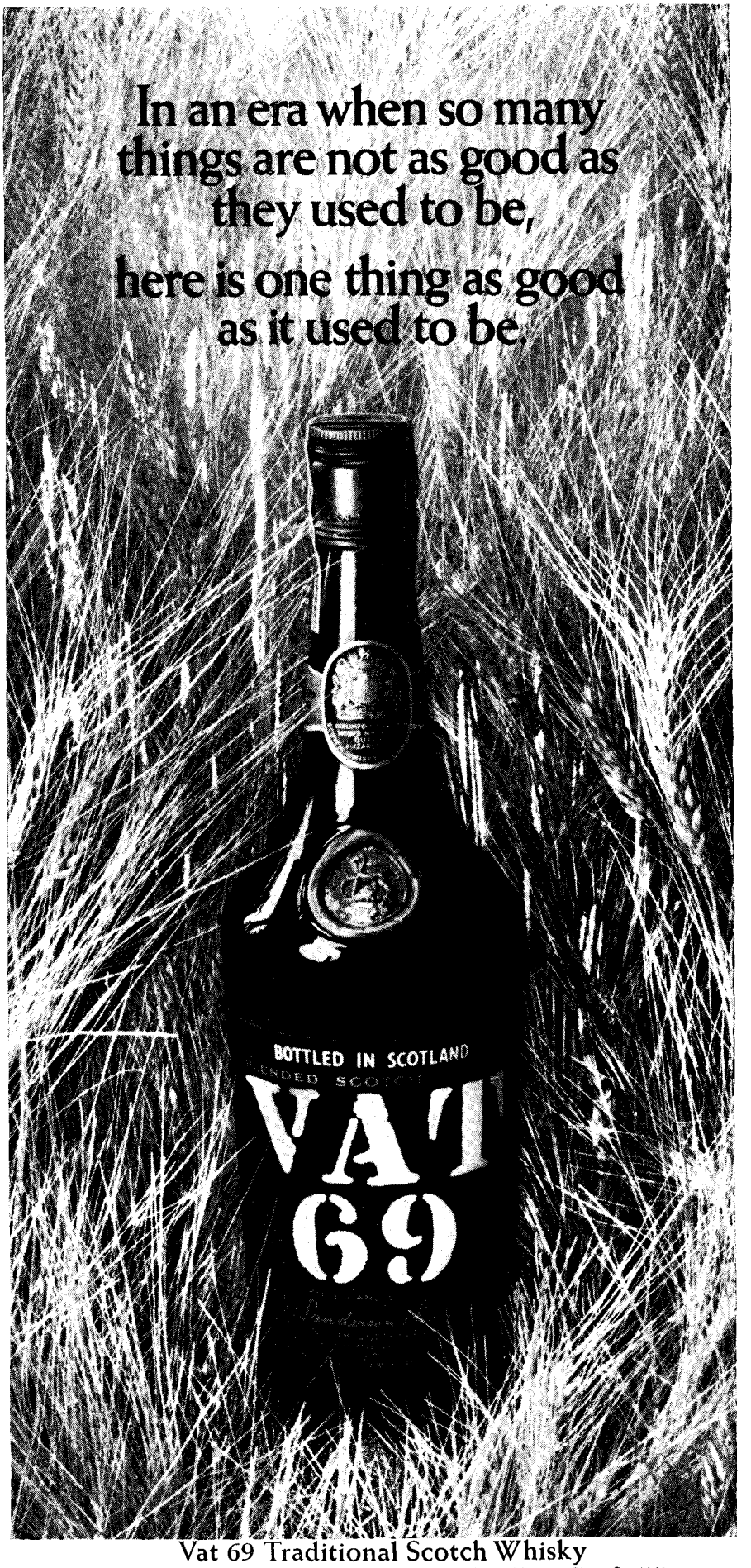
"Well, then I came back and there was a letter. As I was unpacking, my wife started to read it out loud. She read that my book had been selected as a January Book-of-the-Month. To show you how naïve I was, I remember interrupting her and saying, 'Really? I wonder if there's any money in that.' But she went right on reading. Suddenly she screamed. 'Seventy-six thousand *dollars.*' "

Sergeant Wambaugh grinned again. "That I could understand," he said. "I knew what that meant."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1926)

LAURA Z. HOBSON:
THE TENTH MONTH

Every one gauzy with green was a young tree. . . . The old trees remained dead with winter, the great oaks and elms and maples, all caught tight with their years, slower to move and change, stolidly patient amidst the burst and thrust of life around them.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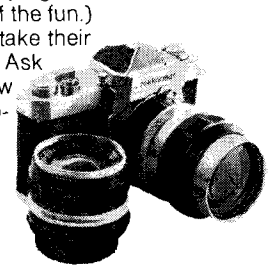

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Saturday Review
March 13, 1971

The Thawing of Canada

After an extended adolescent identity crisis, America's neighbor to the north is suddenly experiencing a mood of surging self-assertion.

by PETER C. NEWMAN

In the early and middle Sixties, when I was working out of the Parliamentary press gallery in Ottawa reporting on the vagaries of the Diefenbaker-Pearson years, I would occasionally get a hearty phone call from someone in the U.S. Embassy there, asking me "as a personal favor" to talk to "this friend of mine, a great guy, really sold on Canada, up here researching a big take-out on the undefended border, all that jazz, you know."

The friend would generally turn out to be some bushy-tailed young producer from NBC or a hardened old hand from the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, baffled by the lassitude of our life-style, impatient with the size of our snowdrifts, and frustrated by his inability to find a strong focus for the big take-out. (There is, after all, only so much you can do with an undefended border, even if you are a great guy.)

When we met, he would greet me a shade too jovially, and five sentences into the conversation it would become obvious that in the American Embassy's catalogue of Reliable Spokesmen, Interesting Characters, and Harmless Kooks, my name represented a small fringe element: I was known as a Canadian nationalist. The itinerant luminary and the Embassy official obviously thought this an innocuous pastime, like lepidopterology or ice-fishing, and I would obligingly mumble my nationalist's set piece over drinks, pointing out as mildly as I could that Canada as a nation was in danger of drowning in American dollars, American culture, American know-how, and the American dream.

Eventually, the visitor would take his leave, looking a little glassy of eye, and when his big story or program finally appeared, my nationalistic ideas would be reduced to half a paragraph or two minutes on the screen, the kind of obligatory glimpse that gyrating witch doctors used to command in documentaries about emerging African states.

But times have changed. The American Embassy has long since stopped phoning me; all those great guys are reporting on less benign expressions of our nationalism; and along with that small band of Canadians who were nationalists a decade ago, I find myself a moderate voice in a rising chorus of anti-American sentiment. This attitude seems so foreign to the habitual Canadian cast of mind that it almost amounts to a denial of our national character. After displaying for so long the emotional responses of a fearful, immature twenty-year-old who has not yet resolved his adolescent identity crisis, we are experiencing a mood of surging self-assertion. This new aggressive nationalism is strongest among the radical young and the activist intellectuals, but in the past year it has become an issue that even the old-line liberal internationalists, who still form the country's political establishment, have been unable to avoid. It is as though we have come to realize for the first time the true implications of our dependency on the United States. "Little by little," says James Eayrs, a University of Toronto professor, who has come very lately to the nationalist cause, "our independence is seeping southward. It takes place so painlessly that the victim does not notice. But one day he tries to exercise his independence and finds it isn't there—like the decapitated swordsman in the Thurber cartoon who, protesting he's fit to carry on dueling, is told to try and blow his nose."

During the past few months, we have displayed our determination to hold on to our heads in various ways:

• Canadians of all political persuasions have spoken out against Washington's push for continental integration of energy resources. When our Energy Minister, J. J. Greene, announced in October that he had sold 6.3 trillion cubic feet of natural gas (a third of our total reserve) to the United States, instead of being greeted with huzzahs for bringing in more American dollars, as he would have been even two years ago, he was widely reviled as an agent of the sellout of our birthright. "The evident aim of the U.S. economic and military establishment," commented Donald Creighton, Canada's most respected historian, "is to induce the Canadian government to acknowledge that our natural resources are, in fact, conti-

PETER C. NEWMAN is editor of *Maclean's*, Canada's national magazine. He is the author of *A Nation Divided: Canada and the Coming of Pierre Trudeau*, published by Alfred A. Knopf last year.

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nental resources, raising the possibility that Canada will assume the role of Esau and sell its birthright for a little 'red pottage'—gold, that is."

• The New Democrat (socialist) Party has been turned upside down by a radical faction that ironically calls itself the Waffle. Led by a University of Toronto economist, Melville Watkins (who was trained at MIT and who only two years ago was advocating moderate solutions to the foreign ownership problem), the Waffle is pledged to a recovery of Canada's independence through the nationalization of American industrial assets. The group is important because of the socialists' role in the consensus politics traditionally practiced in Canada. Although the socialists have never gained federal power, succeeding Liberal and Conservative administrations have freely borrowed (or stolen) their policies. No reading of Canadian political history can ignore the fact that today's socialist initiatives become, in modified form, tomorrow's government platforms.

• Progressive-minded members of both the Establishment parties have also been advocating strong nationalistic positions. An all-party Commons committee under the chairmanship of Ian Wahn, a Liberal member of Parliament from Toronto, late last summer issued a tough report proposing an "alien control" agency that would force Americans to sell 51 per cent of their holdings here to domestic firms. Even Robert Stanfield, the reticent leader of the opposition Conservative Party, proclaimed himself against continentalism, though he conservatively chose to issue his call in London, from the safety of the fallen bosom of the Mother Country.

• After the Esso tanker *Manhattan* bulled her way through our Northwest Passage, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau began to make some hawkish speeches on the subject and unilaterally proclaimed tough anti-pollution regulations for the Arctic. He has also asked his Revenue Minister, Herb Gray, to recommend regulations to control foreign ownership. The proposals are expected to include stiff new laws that will force American subsidiaries in Canada into recognizing that we are not just another territory on their domestic marketing charts but a sovereign nation. In future, the Americans may have to do here what they do in most other foreign countries: provide for Canadian participation in management; list their shares on our stock exchanges; and disregard the extraterritorial application of such U.S. laws as the Trading with the Enemy Act, which now forbids American-owned subsidiaries to export to mainland China, even though Canada has formally recognized the Mao regime.

• Extra-Parliamentary groups, notably the Committee for an Independent Canada, have been formed as a protest lobby to provoke more government action against the further Americanization of Canada. This is not the know-nothing reaction of professional malcontents but a sober middle-class movement, with growing support from members of all political parties, income groups, and professions across the country. In the light of this development, *Forbes*, the Wall Street house organ, recently warned: "The economic consequences of Canadian nationalism could rank in the U.S. businessman's chamber of horrors along with the future loss of Middle Eastern oil. . . . Make no mistake: Economic nationalism is not just on the extremist fringe."

Despite these clamorings, nationalism in Canada is still a cause in search of a leader, an issue yet to be joined. But its historic roots go far deeper than these recent manifestations would suggest. A self-governing colony may sound like a contradiction in terms; yet this has been the underlying theme of our history. Canada moved directly from being a colony of Great Britain to becoming an economic satellite of the United States. Originally, the Canadian nation was a fusion, or rather a living-together, of French Canadians (following their defeat by the British) and those United Empire Loyalists who left the Thirteen Colonies after the Revolutionary War because they opted for England and King George. They were joined by waves of Scottish, Irish, and European immigrants fleeing various tyrannies. Born out of many defeats, Canada achieved a form of independence in 1867 (i.e., dominion status within the British Empire), which left its foreign policies to be dictated by Whitehall. Full freedom in international dealings came only in 1931, and it wasn't until 1949 that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Coun-

Canadiana

A GRAND TOTAL of seven separate time zones are necessary to accommodate the outrageous dimensions of the Canadian subcontinent. When it's a dusky 5:30 p.m. in Newfoundland, church bells toll high noon across the Yukon. Though Canada covers one-fourteenth of the Earth's land surface, it has, with twenty-one million inhabitants, a population smaller than Ethiopia's. Nine out of ten Canadians live in a Chile-like strip along the U.S. border, while most of the hinterland abides silent and inaccessible. Less than 7 per cent of Canada has yet been settled, and a drive 300 miles north from most of its cities ends in primeval wilderness.

Despite its barely scratched potential, Canada is the tenth-largest industrial and sixth-greatest trading nation in the world, with most Canadians enjoying a standard of living second only to that of the United States. Canadians admire success but believe it should be earned. They are a resourceful people. When Francis Wharton, a British Columbia trapper, lost his dental plates during one of his long treks in the bush, he shot a deer, glued its molars together with household cement, stuck them in his mouth, and then ate the animal with its own teeth.

Rupert Brooke rhapsodized about Canada's "unseizable virginity," and Edmund Wilson, following a Canadian tour, despaired: "How can one get hold of such a country? How can one think of such space in terms of human meaning?" Yet, it is precisely this mystical relationship between the land and the people that constitutes the Canadian character.

Few countries have been as preoccupied with the search for national identity. "Your very nationality consists of an identity crisis with which you have a national love affair," Albion Ross, a former foreign correspondent of *The New York Times*, once wrote.

What it consists of, this Canadianism, is a kind of pride in the simple fact of existence. The struggle that formed the country was never a contest against other people, but against the wind and the stubborn rock. The battle has yielded few victories, only the postponement of defeats.

Northrop Frye, Canada's leading literary critic, says that in seeking our identity the key question we always have to ask ourselves is not "Who am I?" but "Where is *here*?" This creed places a premium on survival, and survival remains the collective and individual preoccupation of most Canadians.

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cil in London ceased to be the final appeal from Canadian courts. This prolonged dependence on the Mother Country caused an impatient generation of Canadian patriots of Lester Pearson's vintage to believe that the umbilical cord with England could be cut only if Canada were aligned with the United States through closer military, economic, and social ties. And so we went directly from being bastard Englishmen to being bastard Americans.

The conquest of the Canadian economy by American businessmen has left us in control of a smaller part of the productive wealth of our country than the citizens of any industrialized nation on earth not actually occupied by a foreign power. U.S. investment funds, which now total about $50-billion, have been cascading into Canada at a gross rate of $3-million a day since 1945, reducing Canadians to holding squatter's rights in most industrial categories. For example, more than 90 per cent of all factories in Canada important enough to have at least 5,000 names on their payrolls are controlled by parent corporations in the United States. In addition, some 99 per cent of oil refining, 85 per cent of primary metal smelting, 78 per cent of chemical production, and 77 per cent of the electrical apparatus industry are American-owned. The cliché is that when the American economy catches a cold, we sneeze; the fact is that we develop pneumonia. In the current economic slowdown, for instance, many American corporations have retrenched their Canadian operations to save third-country export orders for their home factories.

When you point out the extent of U.S. economic domination to Americans living in Canada, they become intensely upset, hurt by our failure to remember that U.S. capital has underwritten most of the country's development risks, reducing from generations to years the time required to attain our high standard of living. They had come to regard Canadians as the dullish denizens of their northernmost "state" and are baffled by the current uproar. What they don't realize, and what it has taken us so long to comprehend, is that in exchange for our borrowed American affluence we have been selling out our way of life. In our naïve, northern way, we had no idea that allowing the Americans to develop our natural resources implied we were willing to have them pollute our environment, direct most of our trade unions, deluge our media, bookstores, magazine racks, movie-houses, and even school texts with American ideas and values so that we are in real danger of forgetting who we are and why we are here.

Until very recently, any concern with perpetuating the Canadian identity was considered faintly absurd and old-fashioned, since the admired attitude was internationalism and the only real mark of acceptance in every field of endeavor came from the United States. I bought it on Fifth Avenue; he studied at Harvard; she had her hysterectomy at the Mayo; we got our tan in Palm Beach—these were the meaningful accolades. We were the country cousins awed by the new Roman Empire and understood perfectly what Anthony Burgess meant when he wrote: "John Kenneth Galbraith and Marshall McLuhan are the two greatest modern Canadians the United States has produced."

All that has changed. The American experience we so envied has become too precious to be entrusted to the new disturbing America that emerged in the Sixties—the America of the Kennedy murders, the Vietnam War, Kent State, and Spiro Agnew. The American Dream still has its allure; its idealization of egalitarian prosperity shimmers eternally. But the American reality that has superseded it has caused us to murmur with the former President Díaz of Mexico: "So far from God, so near the United States."

A Canadian could once be defined as "a man who hasn't yet had an offer from the U.S." Between 1851 and 1961, an estimated 8.6 million people immigrated to Canada and 7.2 million left—nearly all of them to the United States. No more. During the past five years, nearly half of the Canadians who went south between 1960 and 1968 returned home. They are being joined by a growing number of Americans. In addition to the 23,000 Americans who officially emigrated north, an estimated 50,000 U.S. draft resisters and deserters have sought asylum in Canada since the Vietnam War began. We treat them as political refugees, granting them full citizenship after five years. The wave of U.S. immigrants, particularly professionals, has created a problem in our universities. According to a survey by Carleton Professor Robin Mathews, in 1968, some 86 per cent of professorial appointments in Canadian universities went to non-Canadians, nearly all of them Americans. This is causing serious concern among students who feel deprived of significant Canadian content in their courses. Last fall, on campuses all across the country, students were standing up in class asking American professors about their intentions, their politics, their stand on American domination. This pro-Canadian feeling pervades the high schools and is trickling down to even the elementary level.

—*Wide World*

Esso's oil tanker "Manhattan" crunching through the Northwest Passage—"We are not just another territory . . . but a sovereign nation."

A Canadian economist who has spent a lifetime in the sympathetic study of foreign ownership of Canadian industry had a shattering experience last spring when his nine-year-old son came home from school sobbing: "Daddy, the kids all say you're a continentalist."

All this sounds negative, as though Canadians can only identify themselves in terms of their rejection of the United States. But there are at least a couple of positive factors behind the new nationalistic aspirations: EXPO 67 and Pierre Elliott Trudeau. The success of the exhibition in Montreal gave Canadians an impetus and a glamour out of all proportion to its international significance. And the fact that we now have as our leader an exciting contemporary man has diminished the inferiority complex that so long inhibited

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—*Canada Wide Photo*

"Quebec aux Québeçois"—Concurrent with a new sense of nationhood, the uneasy alliance between French and English Canadians is being threatened from within.

the Canadian psyche. Trudeau's life is a work-in-progress. A man attuned to change, he insists that it is time we came out of the wigwams. Instead of quietly participating in the lottery of history, he has shown himself capable of gripping events on the move, possessing the kind of impact on the voters that reveals the character of the country to itself. In large measure, his ideas seem to be formed by what he sees and feels as he travels the country he is charged with governing. A truly existential man creating himself through authentic political acts, he has been able to evoke a genuine reaction between Canadians and the mystical entity we call our country. In his physical courage, which is as important a part of him as his intellectual acrobatics, Trudeau has come to personify the resonance all Canadians feel with the land. It is the strong seasonal rhythms, the sense of unconquered space, the faintly valiant stand we must continuously take against our mute but intimidating geography that are the vital elements that give Canada its meaning. "I know a man," Trudeau once wrote obliquely of himself, "whose school could never teach him patriotism, but who acquired that virtue when he felt in his bones the vastness of his land and the greatness of those who founded it."

There is a lot more to Trudeau, though, than charisma and rhetoric. During the three years he has been in power, he has sought subtly but relentlessly to restructure and revitalize the country's decision-making apparatus. He has instituted policy reviews, changed the committee system in the House of Commons, created new government departments, and reorganized several old ones. Probably most significant of all, he has greatly enlarged (from 40 to 180) his personal staff, turning the Prime Minister's office into what amounts to a Presidential operation—a kind of subarctic White House. The men around Trudeau are intelligent, efficient, discreet, and unpolitical in the conventional sense. Few of them were Liberals before 1968. Many of them are French-Canadian, or academics, or both. All are bilingual and given to calling themselves technocrats, which means that, like their leader, they're committed more to existence than essence, to a kind of functionalism that measures policies—and men—in terms of how well they work.

The cold efficiency of the Trudeau operation has unsettled both the civil service bureaucracy and the political apparatus of all three major parties, and has disrupted the backroom maneuvering that used to have such influence on government policy. Trudeau has made many enemies among the country's various publics. He's been charged with ignoring the Opposition, with bypassing Parliament, with fusing his Cabinet into a machine that will allow no stars but himself—in brief, with practicing his own hang-loose version of de Gaullism. So far, he has been able to shrug off these criticisms; no effective opposition to him within or without his party has taken hold, despite the fact that the country is battling its most severe unemployment problem in ten years.

Polls taken this winter show that an overwhelming majority of the electorate believe Trudeau is doing his job well, but whether he will be able to fulfill his prime mandate, which was to maintain Canadian unity, nobody can predict.

This is the paradox that confronts all Canadians at the moment: We have developed a strong sense of nationhood at a time when the very basis of our existence, the uneasy alliance between French and English Canadians that we've maintained for more than a hundred years, is seriously threatened.

Canada's six million French-speaking citizens, concentrated in the province of Quebec, have been experiencing, during the past decade, a vibrant nationalism of their own, prompting radical elements in their society to opt for secession from Canada as the only way to achieve their aspirations. Although the Quebec crisis hit world headlines only last year, with the murder of the Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte and the kidnaping and subsequent rescue of British Trade Commissioner James Cross, bombings have occurred in the province on the average of once every two weeks since 1963, and six other persons have been killed by terrorist acts.

Canadians as a whole may feel in thrall to the American Empire, but some Quebeckers are making the more dramatic claim that they are living in a colony within a colony. For example, even though French-speaking Canadians constitute 62 per cent of Montreal's populace, 83 per cent of all jobs paying $15,000 or more a year are held by English-speaking employees. Ten per cent of the people in Quebec are on welfare this winter; unemployment is expected to reach 13 per cent of the labor force.

Trudeau has steadily maintained that the Quebec problem can be resolved through economic programs and Constitutional tinkering. But Quebec separatists may have received a vital boost from last fall's terrorism and Trudeau's repressive response to it. What appears to have happened is that the violence of the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) has made René Lévesque's separatist Parti Québeçois seem more moderate. Lévesque is no longer operating at the outer margin of the province's political system, and there are reasons to fear that some sort of armed intervention by Ottawa to put down separatism may become necessary in the next decade. As Professor Abraham Rotstein, a nation-

(*Continued on page* 88)

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

So Long, Think

("*****THINK is being discontinued. The November-December issue mailed to you a month ago is the last you will receive.*")

—Letter from IBM to subscribers of *Think*.

Think what you do, Think,
The moment you choose
When right at the brink, Think,
You hang up your shoes.

You're cutting the link, Think
That made me a part
Of avant-garde thought, Think
In science and art.

Were things in the pink, Think
I'd never complain,
With rivers that stink, Think
I cannot refrain.

Be it red ink, Think
I'll send you a gift,
But perish the thought, Think
You've cut me adrift.

—FRANCIS W. HATCH.

The Moving Plastic Writes . . .

LABELING MACHINES have become very popular around the home, especially with people who keep forgetting what things are called. These pistol-grip devices shoot out words on a strip of plastic. The plastic comes in assorted colors. You just dial letters, keep pulling the trigger, and eventually an orange word comes out of the gun. You snip off the strip, peel the backing, and stick the word on something.

One widely published ad shows a man firing out EMBOSSED which, on reflection, doesn't make much sense. Does he plan to stick the label on something that is embossed? What? It would seem more logical for the tape to say BANG. Advertising is a funny business. The same ad shows a nearby electric drill labeled JIM WRIGHT, handy in the event of a sudden amnesia attack in the workshop. A glass jar of assorted wood screws is labeled ASSORTED WOOD SCREWS. Evidently Mr. Wright can't see through glass.

The labels do have their practical uses. They identify small parts stored in coffee cans and other opaque containers. On a fusebox, they tell what fuse controls what. They keep pegboard-hung items in their proper places. They eliminate confusion where there are several switches together. And housewives use the labels to tell what's really in those canisters labeled Flour, Sugar, Coffee, and Tea.

Not everything can be labeled. Many useful possessions are hard to describe in short, neat, heavily embossed words. After you fire off a few quick rounds of HAMMER, SAW, WORKBENCH, and maybe MISC BOLTS, you start running into more difficult categories.

For example, there's the shoebox that would have to be labeled STUFF THAT CAME OUT OF THE OLD RECORD PLAYER & SOME RUSTY NAILS. It's unwieldy, and making it cramps your hand.

Other possessions sound silly in capital letters. Like CROOKED PIECE OF WIRE TO OPEN SCREEN DOOR WHEN LOCKED OUT, which hangs in the garage next to BEER OPENER FOR OIL CANS ONLY.

And what about that special short steel rod with a jagged edge you always use to hit and pry things with? How do you label that valuable tool without sounding ridiculous?

People save lots of things in boxes and closets for important reasons they can't really explain. These items aren't labeled either. It would be embarrassing to have somebody else read WORTHLESS BATTERIES, LEAKY PAIL, SEASHELL FRAGMENTS, UNMATCHED EARRINGS, EMPTY BLEACH JUGS, USED FLASHCUBES, or OUT OF FOCUS SLIDES OF KIDS.

Before undertaking a labeling project, take a good look around your home and decide what can be labeled and what can't. There is no excuse for rushing out and buying a labeling machine unless, of course, you own something EMBOSSED. —DERECK WILLIAMSON.

Lone Scout

IN TODAY'S over-managed and over-supervised world, it is pleasant to remember the Lone Scouts of America. This long defunct arm of the Boy Scouts of America may have been the last hurrah of organized individualism. When a boy joined the Lone Scouts, his life remained his own. There were no patrol leaders, no scoutmasters, and above all no den mothers. All he had to do was fill out a form and send it to Chicago along with a quarter for a year's subscription to the *Lone Scout*, a monthly magazine that had it all over *Boy's Life* and *American Boy*, even if it was a lot thinner.

I enrolled along with my brother about 1921, at the urging of the tall thin boy, several years older, who lived across the street. All our memberships may have been slightly irregular, for lone scouting was meant for boys living in isolated rural areas, and we lived well inside the city limits of Saginaw, Michigan, in a neighborhood blessed with several conventional Boy Scout troops. But for several years Ted Roethke, then about thirteen years old, had preferred the Lone Scouts, and now he thought we would, too.

The greenhouse complex that covered several acres behind his parents' and uncle's homes was a marvelous place for little boys to explore and be alone in strange and exciting surroundings. Only years later did it occur to me that my brother and I were among a very few neighborhood kids who were granted the freedom of the barns, stables, potting sheds, heating plants, storerooms, forcing houses, and endless labyrinths of the interconnecting greenhouses, each with its special colors and fragrances.

What did we do in the Lone Scouts? What now seems so appealing is that we didn't *have* to do anything. You could earn badges for various skills and accomplishments, but nobody was pushing you or competing with you. Lone scouting was done all by correspondence. If you felt like it, you completed a form identifying the tracks of raccoon, possum, squirrel, woodchuck, or fox, and sent it in to headquarters. A week or so later, the postman delivered your award. There was a *Lone Scout Handbook*, which, like the magazine, was full of enchanting things to do. Unfortunately, most of the suggested activities were for farm boys.

One thing we could do was hunt for arrowheads. Ted took us on the first hunt, and that was the only group activity I remember in three years of lone scouting. We hiked out Gratiot past the entrance to Oakwood Cemetery (where Ted's ashes now rest), turned north along the Tittabawasee about a mile before crossing the old iron bridge to reach a sandy knoll where each spring the thaw surfaced a good crop of more or less perfect arrowheads. I found one that day, and none of the later expeditions seemed to bring quite the same heart-stopping thrill of that first find.

Roethke's greenhouses live on only in Ted's poems and the memories of a few relatives and neighbors. Only the two Roethke homes remain quite unchanged. The rest of the acreage has become a neighborhood of not-quite-alike ramblers with wide driveways leading to double garages topped by backboards for young basketball players, none of whom has ever heard of the Lone Scouts of America.

—JOSEPH A. BOURDON.

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Saturday Review

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The Khrushchev "Memoirs"

The controversy begun in this country with the publication of *Khrushchev Remembers* has spread to Europe. In London and elsewhere, Kremlinologists and literary critics are debating the authenticity of the memoirs of the colorful figure who presided over the Soviet Union during a period of profound transition following the Stalinist era. As in the United States, the controversy in Europe appears to have missed the main issue. The main issue is not whether the material is *authentic* but whether it is *authorized*. The distinction is critical. Whether or not the book sounds like Khrushchev—the point now being debated—there can be no question about the fact that no evidence has been presented to show that Nikita Khrushchev has consented to publication of this material over his name.

Everything is marginal alongside the undisputed fact that no one—not *Life* magazine nor Little, Brown, the book's publishers, nor any of the publishers abroad—has claimed to be in possession of a single authorizing document.

How is it possible, it may be asked, for a book by a prominent person to be unauthorized? In the case of Nikita Khrushchev or any public figure, this question is easily answered. Anyone who is in a history-making position, who signs his name to hundreds of documents or statements, makes public appearances, gives lengthy interviews, and is the subject and source of numberless anecdotes—any such person generates enough raw material for several volumes. A not inconsiderable number of "autobiographies" of famous persons are put together in just such a fashion. An editor or writer is assigned to go through all such materials and weave them together into a coherent literary whole. The fact of major editing and outside writing does not make the finished literary work any less authentic—so long as the author himself is engaged in the total process and authorizes the final product. Without such authorization, the use of the author's name may be unethical, illegal, and, under some circumstances, fraudulent. No reasons are now apparent for making an exception in the case of *Khrushchev Remembers*.

When they say that the Khrushchev "memoirs" are authentic, what do they mean? Do they mean that the book is characteristic of Khrushchev? This is not a reasonable statement. A book may be "authentic" in the sense that the basic material originated in various forms with the man whose name is on the book. But this does not necessarily make it a legitimate book or a legitimate enterprise; certainly it is not enough to justify the use of a man's name as author.

Only Nikita Khrushchev—and not the various Soviet specialists who have rendered an opinion—can establish the authenticity of this book. Not only has he declared that he never authorized use of materials over his name, but he has specifically disavowed any connection with the volume. The publishers have attempted to reassure concerned parties by saying that the denial is not really unequivocal or definitive and that, read carefully, it leaves a significant opening. We have read this statement carefully and see nothing ambiguous about it. Here is the Khrushchev statement:

> This is a fabrication and I am indignant at this. I have never passed on memoirs or materials of this nature either to *Time* or to other foreign publishing houses. I did not turn over such materials to the Soviet publishing houses either. Therefore, I declare that this is a fabrication.

Now, it may be contended that Mr. Khrushchev or his agent did in fact furnish some materials at one time but, because of changed later circumstances, found it necessary or expedient to put forward a repudiation. Such a contention may or may not be factual, but in the context of the Soviet political situation, it is at least worthy of serious consideration. What is not persuasive, however, is the argument that the Khrushchev statement is ambiguous.

It may be asked if it really makes any difference whether Nikita Khrushchev actually wrote the book or not. It makes a great deal of difference. People are entitled to know what they are

House Call: Evening

by Charles Philbrick

Shaved and brave, I assured the tired physician
That I could stand any siege of suffering as long
As he truly considered it was doing some good.
I'd appreciate being told straight, I said,
If he thought the suffering was useless—as though
I had made any plans in that case. The doctor gave
As good as he got: too early to tell, he said,
And asked me where he could wash his hands.

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buying. If all that is required to justify the use of a famous name as author of a book is to assemble material that sounds authentic, then the entire system of copyright as we know it is doomed and there is no way of protecting the public against literary swindles and forgeries. What is there to stop a publisher from putting together a book drawing upon, for example, everything written or spoken or attributed to John F. Kennedy? Could the publisher simply add enough new material, genuine or otherwise, to give the book an apparent fresh importance, and then claim that the volume is a hitherto unpublished and authentic autobiographical memoir? For such a book to be authentic it would have to be authorized by the author—or, in the event the author is no longer alive, by someone intimately associated with him.

We do not know for a fact that *Khrushchev Remembers* was assembled without authorization; we know only that the case for authorized publication has not yet been made. Even if we are to assume, as we said earlier, that at a certain point in time Khrushchev did agree to have his memoirs constructed out of his papers, the final word about publication must be his. In the catalogue of author's rights, nothing is more basic or inviolate than the right of final approval or withdrawal. To set aside this right because the author is a Soviet citizen without recourse is to invoke the same specious policies used by Soviet publishers to justify the publication of American books without consent of the authors.

We do not question the fact that the American publishers obtained a manuscript in good faith, on the basis of representations made to them by intermediate parties. What is difficult to understand is why the American publishers did not protect themselves and their readers by insisting on a signed statement by Mr. Khrushchev authorizing publication. This is the fundamental purpose of contracts between authors and publishers. If such a contract is regarded as essential under ordinary circumstances, it would appear to be mandatory under circumstances in which authorship might be contested.

If an authorizing document does in fact exist, the publishers would do well to produce it. Failing to do so, they inevitably invite the criticism that they are purveying questionable merchandise. Putting it more plainly: The absence of an authorizing document leaves the publishers no ethical alternative except to withdraw the book from further public sale as well as to refund the cost of the book to anyone who requests it. —N.C.

Letters to the Editor

Conscientious Objection

THE EDITORIAL by Bill Moyers "Vietnam: What Is Left of Conscience?" [*SR*, Feb. 13] comes as a slap in the face to all those who have opposed U.S. intervention in Vietnam from the beginning. It's a little late for Mr. Moyers, who, as President Johnson's press secretary, was individually responsible for daily mouthing platitude after platitude, empty promise after empty promise, lie after lie, to want to cleanse his conscience, to want to wash his hands. Where was his conscience during the time he served under Johnson? Nowhere in his article—except only by subtle implication—does Moyers regret having served under Johnson's administration. Can we assume then that he favored every escalation of the war made by his chief, or can we assume that he opposed Johnson's Asian policy but was too weak to break with the administration? We don't know.

Perhaps, though, Moyers is right. Perhaps this nation has lost its collective conscience. But I do know this: that from the very beginning, the Vietnam War has been an outrage to many, that, throughout the years, there have been those who have opposed this war both violently and non-violently, those who have demonstrated and marched, those who have petitioned their government, those who have refused to pay taxes, those who have burned draft cards, fled to Canada, or gone to jail. They are not guilty, Mr. Moyers. They did not give their tacit consent to a policy that has brutalized a people, that has divided its own at home.

Telford Taylor, in his book *Nuremberg and Vietnam*, contends that if we, the United States, were to apply the principles and standards that we helped to establish at Nuremberg for dealing with war criminals, then we would have to try all those top civilian and military officials responsible for war crimes in Vietnam.

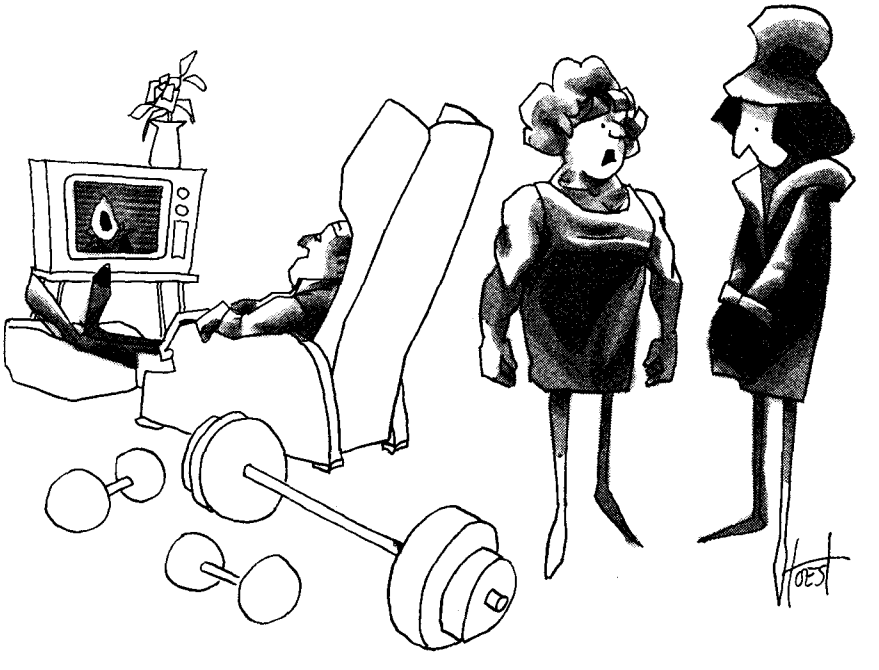
Perhaps, Mr. Moyers, anything less would be unconscionable?

STANLEY TAIKEFF,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Heavy-duty Changes

ALTHOUGH it would be foolish to argue with N.C.'s contention that change can occur swiftly, as stated in his editorial "The Changing Mood of Youth" [*SR*, Feb. 20], he makes a fundamental error in supposing that the mood on American campuses has become less hostile toward the government and other established institutions than it was last spring.

The reaction of students to the latest American outrage in Indochina might be less overtly hostile than it was to the invasion of Cambodia, but hostile it is, nonetheless. What has changed is that many students are more apathetic, and this, I believe, is far more potentially explosive than anything that preceded it. I am reminded of a comment of Dr. Rollo May, who said that widespread apathy grows out of the despair people have when they no longer believe in their power to influence the institutions that act in their name. He goes on to suggest that such apathy is that stage of frustration which immediately precedes violence. . . . That those who have had the courage to act and speak out in the past now seem to be quiet does not mean a return to conventional politics. As long as the Nixon administration continues to butcher Asian



"John never uses them. I just keep moving them from one room to another."

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people in the interests of economics and politics back home, the potential for violence will grow. The chickens may be rethinking strategy between rounds of egg-laying, but they *are* coming home to roost.

JOHN LEBARON,
South Deerfield, Mass.

Technology's Threat

IN HIS ARTICLE "Two Cheers for Technology" [*SR*, Feb. 20], Stuart Chase fails to recognize the most serious threat of science and technology. This is the feeling of well-being that results from the gratifications that come from our self-indulgence and the pride of our own self-importance. It is that blinding faith that we can make ourselves into gods, that we can create heaven on earth, if only we can uncover more scientific knowledge to be applied as more sophisticated technology. This sense of well-being disengages us from the personal disciplines and receptivity to other voices that are an important part of our humanization.

Any retreat from science and technology will not be a retreat from "electric power, motor vehicles, railroads, airplanes, telephones, television, elevators, flush toilets, central heating, air-conditioning, antibiotics, vaccines, and antiseptics," as Mr. Chase suggests. Rather it will be a retreat from scientific and technological arrogance that suggests that whatever is good for science and technology is good for man; a retreat from the dominance of our lives by scientists and technologists who tempt us to do whatever it is possible to do; a movement toward greater humility that will permit the voices of scientists and technologists to be integrated with those other voices that also are essential to our development as human beings.

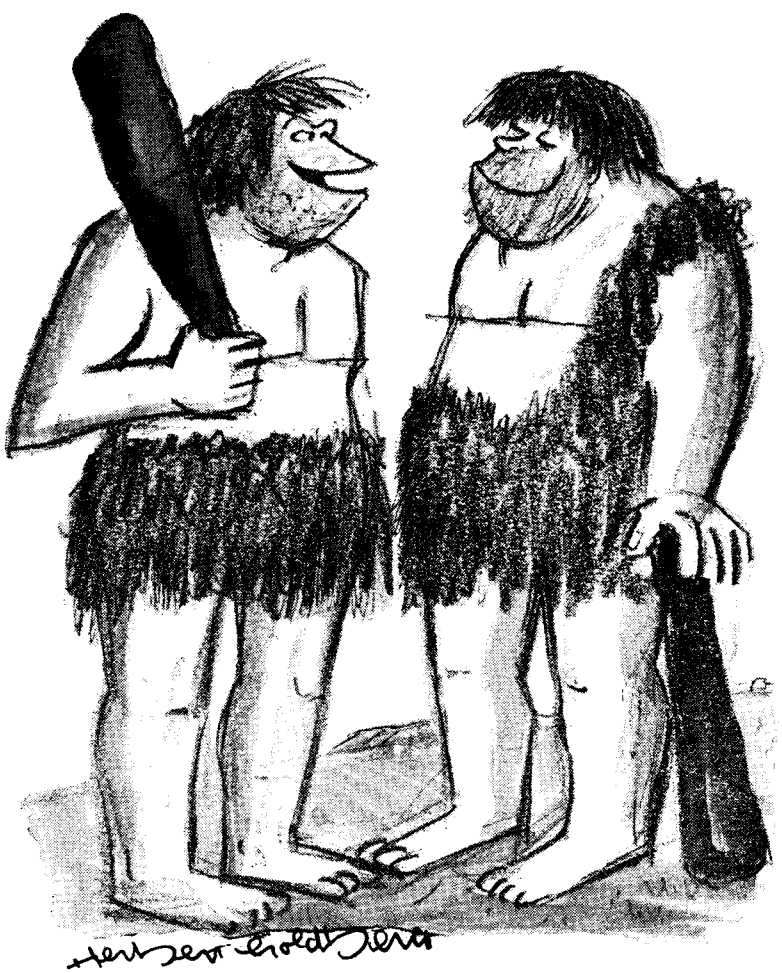
It is characteristic of the scientific-technological point of view that the only limitations that Chase recognizes on the development of our potential for living are our genes and our environment. He completely ignores the will of man through which we have willfully cut ourselves off from belief in a personal world in favor of the impersonal world of the scientists and technologists. In my book, this is the greatest threat our adoration of science and technology holds in store for us.

MILTON K. SNYDER,
Claremont, Calif.

STUART CHASE has apparently forgotten that the medium is the message *and* the massage, and in treating technology he thereby blunders into tragic oversimplification. Oversimplification, because he neglects to mention that technology as a medium tends to drag its culture and its faulty assumptions along with it. Tragic, because it is by the misunderstanding of these very points that we are making our blunders in the world. Polluted atmosphere? Valley streams of industrial sludge and detergent foam? Emission control devices and government sanctions will fix it. Arms race spiraling to cataclysm? The answer must lie in more SALT conferences and fail-safe boxes. Too many kids, too little food in our world? Give out more loops, pills, and fertilizer.

No, these are pseudo-solutions to the real problems, for they as technology insist that we pass the buck to a machine or a governmental mechanism instead of confronting responsibility in its real terms of *our* human conviction and action. Of course we can't go back to the Stone Age, . . . but it might be far wiser to spend less energy on our great gizmos and systems and much more on realizing our potentials for control and responsibility in our own lives.

CARL THATCHER,
Oakhurst, Calif.



"I must say since we learned to talk, how well you express yourself in a crystalline and often aphoristic manner."

Uprooting Justice

IN HIS ARTICLE "The Roots of Lawlessness" [*SR*, Feb. 13], Henry Steele Commager makes a good case for the breakdown of law and order. He places the blame where it belongs.

The law is not a symbol of justice but rather expresses the desires of dominant groups. Today, in the freest of countries, there are many who are in the clutches of the law, not because they went astray, but because the law strayed from its proper course. The law has always tended to place no particular value on the dignity of man, little on his security, but a great deal on property rights. It is with the breaking of the law that man's freedom was launched. The Bill of Rights was written with the blood of dissenters and lawbreakers. It is the lawbreakers who have brought to the people of Western civilization many of the rights they now enjoy. As Mr. Commager suggests, the law needs to be taken out of the hands of the offenders and placed in the custody of the people who will dispense justice, not in favor of special privilege, but for the welfare of the common man.

LEONARD WENZ,
Denver, Colo.

Hearing Aid

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S "Hearing and Listening" [TV-RADIO, Feb. 6] has focused on a problem that many of us with relatives with hearing losses have been aware of: that these people are deprived of full enjoyment of TV. Children today are more precocious because of the education they acquire through watching TV. The young, hearing-impaired child needs an enormous amount of early reinforcement to build a vocabulary. Captioned TV would complement the school curriculum and enable hearing-impaired children to compete with their hearing peers.

The hearing-impaired adult cut off from the usual cinema and radio would find captioned TV marvelous for the morale as well as broadening his horizons.

MYRON C. RUDERMAN,
Plainview, N.Y.

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

On Leaving the Bench

I HAVE ALWAYS shied away from invitations to judge literary competitions. I confess to a distrust of those who have an appetite for such appointments. A hunger for literary authority, I suspect, is a symptom of literary insensitivity. I am not sure I can defend the rightness of my mistrust. I do know that all of my feelings are conditioned by such a doubt and that they have been for most of my life. In World War II, for example, I managed four GI years in which, it is almost possible to say, I never took an order nor gave one. I don't imagine any such score can be perfect. I do like to believe that I scored high. Whatever percentage points I must surrender to ugly fact, I know my intention was pure and that I have always meant it to describe the way I should like to live—as in Dante's heaven all souls are brothers and sisters and there are no titles of authority though many of esteem.

From time to time, however, a sense of duty is likely to infect even the purest intention. I have in my time been helped to prizes, and so into print, by esteemed and duty-ridden seniors. When, eventually, my own name began to appear on the spines of books, I was easily persuaded that I, in my turn, owed to the competing young such doubtful endorsement as I could give them.

At that time, moreover, I was a teacher, which is to say, a hired sympathy inured to the dreariness of most student manuscripts. I knew they were poisonous, but I had persuaded myself that, like Mithridates, I could immunize myself by progressive dosages. It took me most of twenty years to find out that my psychic hair and fingernails were falling out, that I was dead every June, and that if I managed some sort of rebirth by August and enough vital energy to keep me writing for the first month or so of the school year, I would soon begin to dry up to next June's point of death with the ever recurring panic that this time there could be no rebirth from such a tomb. It was in despair that I finally gathered the courage to resign my professorship. Now when former colleagues ask if I regret my action, I can point out that in the four years after I left I published eleven books—projects, for the most part, that had been mired and caked over.

My final decision to quit teaching was taken after two years in which I could find no students worthy of even a teacher's desperate sympathies. So it is with my decision to judge no more undergraduate poetry contests. In the last two years I have shuffled the papers for a dozen such assortments of prize-seeking manuscripts, under instructions to list the first five, or the first eight, and in one case the first twenty in order of merit.

Desperate work! How does one rank mush, and particularly mush that has been watered and (possibly) stirred but never cooked? I could not have dreamed that poets would be discovered in every competition, or even in any twenty, but if what I have read these past two years is evidence, this generation of undergraduate wouldbes doesn't even mean to write, but thinks of a poetry competition as a subagency of the welfare state: A distribution is to be made and why not fill out the forms on the chance of getting some of the goodies?

I confess to seeing no point in addressing the students whose manuscripts I have read. Let me, rather, imagine that there is one unknown among them not only who is mad enough to want to be known as a writer but who actually wants to write. If that man will take me on trust, at least to the point of doubting me seriously, I should like to sermonize my impressions of the student manuscripts I have been reading.

To begin with, these students obviously think that writing poetry is easy and that it takes no preparation. Some of them, I will even guess, honestly believe they have put a real effort into their poems. If that is so, then I can only conclude that they have no sense of what real effort involves. "A poem," said one of the French poets—I forget which one—"is never finished; it is abandoned in despair." To which I must add that it makes a lot of difference whose despair it is abandoned in. If the undergraduates I have been reading touched on anything like despair, they obviously reached desperation before they had worked up a sweat. I want Mr. X, my unknown hope among them, to know that a writer has to *mean it*, and that he must mean it with an intensity I find no traces of in those of his peers I have read.

Part of the act of meaning it consists of preparing oneself. One expects students to lack a background in depth; to say that a beginner is a beginner is no charge against him. But please, Mr. X, consider how many "poetic authorities" are encouraging students to scorn all background. Your generation has been told by some of the names on the spines of books that it must shout social causes, that meter is reactionary, that rhyme is decadent, that language distinction has Fascist overtones, and that formal structure is an Establishment sellout.

What measures then? There *are* what we call "free" forms, but "free," when we speak of a form, can only mean "free of traditional measures because it has invented its own." Take "free" to mean "without measure," and you are dead in the egg, chick.

I will go a reactionary step further. Measure, I will insist, must be learned, and it can be learned only within meter, rhyme, and the old forms—and, yes, I mean the couplet, the sonnet, the sestina, the rondeau, the rondelle, and any other "archaic" form you care to list, "archaic" here signifying "generally pertinent to a past age and way of life only, though always (see Auden) capable of becoming forceful when transformed by talent."

In the face of many of your generation's Pooh-Bahs, Mr. X, I beg you to think of such formalities as being archaic in about the sense the roots of a tree are. I do not urge you to dig up and air tree roots. I am saying that until they sink in, nothing can come up. The best radical is usually the one who knows in the greatest detail what he is rebelling from. The past is your base. Until you make it your own, you have no standing—not even a place from which to attack it. Think of yourself as beautiful and facile, or as having hit upon such truths that it is enough to shout them without laboring to shape them into form, and no good can follow. And remember, Mr. X, what your peers seem never to have known: It is enough for the poem to be beautiful; there is no need for the poet to be.

Of Fish and Fishermen

Fish are subtle. Fishermen
are gross and stinking and they lurch
hauling their nets. Which clod of them
could shimmer like a cod or perch
through blue and green and purple spells?
It isn't shimmering grace that tells
in the long run. It's being taught
to track and set and haul and stink.
If stinking's part of it. It's not?
It needn't be? That's what you think.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Stockhausen's "Regions"; Christa Ludwig as Leonore

THE New York Philharmonic added to its financial deficit but not much to its artistic capital with the recent evening in Philharmonic Hall devoted to Karlheinz Stockhausen's *Hymnen*. This was an event separate from the normal subscription sequence of the orchestra, and at least half the total of 2,800 seats (including many in the higher-priced categories) were occupied by students who queued up at the box office for the free distribution.

The presentation grew out of the commissioning, in 1965, of Stockhausen (along with many others) to write a work of twenty minutes' duration in observation of the orchestra's 125th anniversary. Time passed and so did the fulfillment of the commission by Stockhausen. In the end it became a twenty-three-minute segment, titled "Region III," in the evening-long *Hymnen*. Counterparts of Parts I, II, and IV exist on Deutsche Grammophon discs Nos. 139421/2. Part III was performed for the first time anywhere on this occasion.

"Region III" utilizes not only a prerecorded tape, but also an ensemble of forty orchestral players as "live" accessories. It carries forward Stockhausen's scheme of inter-relating national anthems (hence the title *Hymnen*) as they might be heard "on an international gibberish of short-wave broadcasts," as the composer describes it. Out of this he projects a synthesis of international peace and amity. In more than a few ways, Verdi anticipated Stockhausen in the work called *Hymn of the Nations*, but no matter. The world can always use a work extolling brotherhood, transcending national boundaries, and aggrandizing One World conceptions. To my ears, *Hymnen* is not it. Stockhausen's creation is much too fussy in its electronic involvements, faddish in its esthetic posturing, and self-centered in its conviction of righteousness to involve more than a meager fraction of the listening public.

As noted above, Stockhausen's purpose is tied to the perception of fragmented sound through fading, jamming, and other characteristics of short-wave radio. The sound is up, the sound is down, the anthems emerge in bits and pieces, some long, some short. The addition of the orchestra in "Region III" adds little to the whole. His one productive contribution to future possibilities, in the welter of resonances that emerged from the four giant speakers suspended high above stage rear, was a low-pitched tone (my ear said F) that gave the orchestra a bottom even lower than the C for which Strauss utilized an organ in *Also sprach Zarathustra*. It gave rise to some uncommon mixtures of sound with the orchestra, but the texture as a whole was opaque, indefinite, and insufficiently specific to make for intelligible listening. The composer conducted Part III in formal concert clothes, showing a back of slender lines surmounted by a hairstyling in which the long growth was gathered in a kind of pigtail.

An *Elektra* that became a *Fidelio*, and a Charlotte in Massenet who became a Leonore in Beethoven were happenings of a late February weekend at the Metropolitan that began on Thursday, when Birgit Nilsson suffered a leg injury during a performance of the Strauss-Hofmannsthal tragedy. Inge Borkh was required for the Dyer's Wife in the Monday night *Frau ohne Schatten*, so the Tuesday night *Elektra* became Beethoven's *Fidelio*, in which Christa Ludwig, who had not performed the part in three years, was seen as Leonore for the first time in New York.

To say that it was an absorbing, artistic, and highly expressive performance is to say, merely, that it is a part which engages all of Miss Ludwig's considerable abilities. It calls, to some extent, on her Octavian personality, her aptitude for making a credible male out of an all too credible female. How it might have gone in 1968 is one thing; three years later, Miss Ludwig has found added dimensions of emotional experience and artistic coloration for her originally ebullient stage personality. All of these capacities could be sensed in a dramatic projection not yet completely formed, but balanced almost perfectly between the youthful presence to make Marzelline's interest in the "male" Fidelio credible and the emotional maturity to support Leonore's all-out effort on her imprisoned husband's behalf.

Vocally, the all-important first act confronts Miss Ludwig with challenges to virtually all her attributes. The canon quartet ("Mir ist so wunderbar") involves her very considerable qualifications as a lieder singer, as the recitatives do the dramatic capabilities that make her a distinguished embodiment of the mezzo roles of Fricka and Brangaene. For the "Abscheulicher" episode, in which Miss Ludwig denounces the tyrant whom she suspects (rightfully) to be the oppressor of her imprisoned husband, Miss Ludwig calls upon the upper register that enables her to reach the top B with an ease and thrust not available to some of her soprano sisters.

So is it a perfect Leonore? So it is not a "perfect" Leonore because, with all her present concern for the lighter sound appropriate to the writing for the French Charlotte, Miss Ludwig has not been able to balance out her registration to fill the area between top and bottom as she might were Leonore her only concern. For one who saw and revered Lotte Lehmann's Leonore at its best, there were constant intimations, in the Ludwig performance, of something comparable—credibility, involvement, artistic probity being the key notes to each. Certainly she aroused the audience sufficiently to warrant the unusual latitude she was accorded (doubtless by R. Bing personally) to take a bow after her first act solo scene. Böhm conducted with every consideration for the circumstances, and the cast included the previously heard Jon Vickers (Florestan), John Macurdy (Rocco), William Dooley (Pizarro), Leo Goeke (Jacquino), and Edith Mathis (Marzelline). A few who had bought tickets specifically for *Elektra* exercised the option of a refund, but the nearly capacity attendance was rewarded with an experience to cherish.

Circumstances of time and place made it possible to join the solacing measures at the end of the first act of *Fidelio* to those of the exalted Adagio of his final piano sonata (Opus 111) by a brief cab ride to Carnegie Hall, where Youra Guller was making her New York recital debut. A woman of Russian-Rumanian background now in her late sixties, Miss Guller only recently resumed her career after a long interruption. From her English past she brings the deep piano sound derived from an Isidore Philippe-Theodor Leschetizky background, as the persuasive voice for high artistic motivation and more than ordinary musical sophistication. But there were indications in the Chopin group which followed the Beethoven that her fingers did not always respond when the need for defining inner voices was acute. She began with the Liszt version of Bach's G-minor Fantasy and Fugue and ended with his Twelfth *Hungarian Rhapsody*. The audience was small, but highly responsive to Miss Guller's way with the F-minor Ballade and C-sharp-minor Nocturne of Chopin.

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Toward a More Human World

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

BRIEFING FOR A DESCENT INTO HELL

by Doris Lessing

Knopf, 320 pp., $6.95

> Two nights ago we talked late, while the tensions built up. I wanted to laugh, because it's always funny, two people maneuvering, so to speak, before sex; at the same time I felt a reluctance, precisely because I was in love; and I swear that either one of us might have broken the current, and said good night. At last he came and put his arms around me and said: "We're both lonely people, let's be good to each other." I noted there was a touch of sullenness as he said it, but chose not to hear it . . . I'd forgotten what making love with a real man is like. And I'd forgotten what it was like to lie in the arms of a man one loves. I'd forgotten what it was like to be in love like this, so that a step on the stair makes one's heart beat, and the warmth of his shoulder against my palm is all the joy there is in life . . . I am so happy, so happy. I find myself sitting in my room, watching the sunlight on the floor . . .—a calm and delightful ecstasy, a oneness with everything, so that a flower in a vase is oneself, and the slow stretch of a muscle is the confident energy that drives the universe . . . I [think] of how, when a woman begins making love with a new man, a creature is born in her, of emotional and sexual responses, that grows in its own laws, its own logic . . .

■ As a guide to the essential Doris Lessing, these sentences from *The Golden Notebook* (1962) leave out a lot. Not a sign here of the special aptitude for psycho-political investigation that lends grainy actuality to her portraits of Communist Party workers in a half-dozen different books. No sign, either, of the visionary, prophetic, and apocalyptic modes that surface periodically in her work—in such stories as "A Mild Attack of Locusts," in the afterword on "contemporary" cataclysm that concludes the multivolume novel *Children of Violence*, and most recently in the first half of *Briefing for a Descent Into Hell*, a journey into "inner space" that's a chronicle of cosmic wonders. And (finally) no sign of the objective, journalistic (or social scientistic) turn of mind that often conditions Mrs. Lessing's address to exotics (in the South African tales) or to London rediscovered (*In Search of the English* [1960]), and even her treatment of womanliness itself (see Anna Wulf's clinical reflections on clitoral versus vaginal orgasm in *The Golden Notebook*).

Yet if Doris Lessing's tones and predilections are various, her work does have a center, and Anna in love—in the snippet of happiness quoted above—stands surprisingly close to it. Partly this is because Mrs. Lessing's commonest concern is one or another sequence of feelings familiar to adults alone, and involving relations between adults—lovers, as often as not. Partly it's because the speaking voice in the passage (strong in longing, passion and hope, experienced yet never knowing) and the literary manner as well (unaffectedly straightforward, no posh in the equation) are both *echt* Lessing. Mainly it's because a seemingly unfakable goodness of heart—humorous, appetitive, alert but impatient with suspicion ("I noted there was a touch of sullenness as he said it, but chose not to hear it")—appears the key to the quality of feeling expressed.

As should be said at once, the "goodness" has a likably low sugar content: no fantasies of lasting happiness (Anna's joy is over in a week), no crying-up of beddings-down as salvation (Mrs. Lessing plays a tender but still critical irony over sexpots in a memo-

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of two novels and four essay collections, the latest of which, *Surviving the Seventies*, will be published on March 26.

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rable story called "The Habit of Loving"). But still it's beyond the touch of sourness. It stays whole, in a sort of inner spendthrift world, a world all on the side of "generosity," hostile to hoarders and slick profiteers, warm, vulnerable, pitying—and, to repeat, positively addicted to acts of bestowal. It's true that, as often as not, these acts involve physical gratification, and many well-remembered and funny turns in Mrs. Lessing's books depend on overdrawn contrasts between uptight and relaxed patterns of sexuality, as when a deprived, comic-book American meets his first "sensual woman" in *The Golden Notebook*:

> He put his hand down and felt himself.
> "You wouldn't rather I did that?"
> "What? You don't mind?"
> "Mind?" she said, smiling, lying on her elbow beside him.
> "Hell, my wife won't touch me. Women don't like it." He let out another whoop of laughter. "You don't mind then?"
> After a moment, his face changed into wondering sensuality. "Hell," he said. "Hell. Oh boy!"

But in Mrs. Lessing's world there's far more to generosity than mere conventional sexual largess. Her books regularly wake to life at the moment when one person cares for or heals another, moving beyond personal limits, bending himself wholly to the labor of nursing some relative stranger through physical or mental crisis. (The gripping pages of her recent, massive —and not wholly unwearying—*Four-Gated City* are those in which one woman spends herself for another, creating by a great effort of control a solid sense of neutral life to serve as a stay against breakdown.) The striking feature of her probings of political commitment, moreover, as of her characterization of Party members, is her refusal to take up the simplicities of a tightfisted, knee-jerk anti-Communism. Mrs. Lessing's acknowledgment of totalitarian atrocities is full and just, but it is complicated by steadfastness in revolutionary aspiration, and by reluctance to do dirt on Party people who, free of power-madness, contribute undeniably to the richness of life:

> People are too emotional about communism, or rather, about their own Communist parties, to think about a subject that one day will be a subject for sociologists. That is, the social activities that go on as a direct or indirect result of a Communist Party. People or groups of people who don't even know it have been inspired, or animated, or given a new push into life because of the Communist Party, and this is true of all countries where there has been even a tiny Communist Party. In our own small town, a year after Russia entered the war, and the left had recovered because of it, there had come into existence (apart from the direct activities of the Party which is not what I am talking about) a small orchestra, readers' circles, two dramatic groups, a film society, an amateur survey of the conditions of urban African children which, when it was published, stirred the white conscience and was the beginning of a long-overdue sense of guilt, and half a dozen discussion groups of African problems. For the first time in its existence there was something like a cultural life in that town. And it was enjoyed by hundreds of people who knew of the Communists only as a group of people to hate. And of course a good many of these phenomena were disapproved of by the Communists themselves, then at their most energetic and dogmatic. Yet the Communists had inspired them because a dedicated faith in humanity spreads ripples in all directions.

—*Mark Gerson*

Doris Lessing—"faith in givingness as our single practicable therapy."

And always the novelist's powers of assessment are keenest in confrontations with the habitually overprotective and wily, self-lacerators, bound-in ironists—characters gone juiceless because super-wary. Mrs. Lessing knows that "a slightly malicious tone, a cynical edge to a voice, can [develop] inside ten years into a cancer that [destroys] a whole personality." And her impulse as a writer is to show forth faith in givingness as our single practicable therapy, and to establish hopeful sympathy as a natural force which, if ever released in men, couldn't worsen world chaos and might well end it.

The impulse just mentioned figures everywhere in Mrs. Lessing's new book, despite the work's dimension as an imaginary voyage, and despite its preoccupation with the themes of madness that emerged in *The Golden Notebook* and dominated *The Four-Gated City*. The chief speaking voice belongs to a mental patient; he shores up jagged memories of moon-fever, vacant stone cities, wars of "ratdogs," hideous blood rituals in forests now paradisial, now hellish—but these fragments are repeatedly (and purposefully) flooded over by currents of extra-human comprehension, euphoria, religious awe. There are other voices besides that of the patient, of course. His monologue is interrupted by doctors' debates about him, and by documentary evidence bearing on his amnesia—letters from his wife, from a former mistress, from professional colleagues, even from wartime comrades at arms. And toward the end a "story" does intrude. The patient turns out to be a Cambridge classics professor, and a modest narrative tension develops from the struggle of a fellow patient to keep the professor from undergoing the "wrong" treatment—shocks that snuff out insight in the process of "conquering" madness.

Yet storytelling is hardly the name of Mrs. Lessing's game. Here as elsewhere she states the case for a world-understanding less cramped, less rigid, less sanity-anxious and canny than the one in general current favor. Charles Watkins, her professor, has experienced inklings of possibility, is vaguely responsive to the notion that certified truths, common appearances, accepted theories, conventional "life-styles" may not be in touch with things as they are. (In this respect he resembles the heroines of this writer's earlier books.) He has teased himself and others with tentative probes toward largeness of spirit, freedom, openness—has dared to sound off about academic stuffiness, is an incipiently radical historiographer, a faintly opportunistic proponent of "school reform." And at length circumstance, in the form of an exceptionally responsive audience, seduces him into Breakout. While he is "over the edge," Out There, mad, rich in visions and voices, he makes the closest approach of his life to a giving, nonexploitative relationship with another human being—the fellow patient in the hospital. He beholds, furthermore, the wary sacred "I," the contained self-bound man, as himself a lunatic:

> On the surface of the little Earth, a little green film, and part and parcel with this film, being fed by it, the crust of microbes, mankind, mad, moon-mad, lunatic. To celestial eyes, seen like a broth of microbes under a microscope, always at war and destruction, this scum of microbes thinks it can see itself, it begins slowly to sense

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itself as one, a function, a note in the harmony, and this *is* its point and function, and where the scummy film transcends itself, here and here only, and never where these mad microbes say I, I, I, I, for saying I, I, I, I is their madness, this is where they have been struck lunatic, made moon-mad, round the bend, crazy, for these microbes are a whole, they form a unity, they have a single mind, a single being, and never can they say I, I, without making the celestial watchers roll with laughter or weep with pity—since I suppose we are free to presume compassion and derisiveness in the guardians of the microbes; or at least we are free to imagine nothing else—compassion and amusement being our qualities, but who knows what sort of a color or a sound laughter, tears, make there in that finer kind of air?

Yet neither he nor the System (of "sickness and health") can permit a release from socio-cultural identity. At his core, Professor Watkins is a tight soul, closed-in, cautious; he is also, like the rest of us, culturally beleaguered, incapable of standing off the social command to be clear, competent, guarded, and emotionally thin:

Dear Jeremy [he writes in his characteristic voice to a colleague, after shock treatment has "healed" him]: Thank you for everything. I'm sorry I've been such a bore. I seem to be in full possession of my faculties again. I do remember all about the lecture series. I feel quite well enough to undertake them.

Yours,
Charles

Readers of R. D. Laing or Michel Foucault will not discover original genius in Mrs. Lessing's themes. And it's proper to acknowledge that, while a ruthless flashing dynamism marks its visionary sections, *Briefing* isn't a well-proportioned book, and suffers from under-dramatization as well. Writers who mean to add something to human knowledge in the form of philosophical truth are often more permissive than estheticians about untidy composition, garrulity, repetitiousness, circularity. And when such writers are not only, like Mrs. Lessing, enthusiasts of Thomas Mann, but—again like Mrs. Lessing—copious, casual, unbuttoned, they rarely offer readers the pleasures of a perfect design. (There are more than a few disheveled books in this *oeuvre*.)

But the absence of intellectual novelty and of crispness of design doesn't much diminish this writer's significance. Mrs. Lessing in her fifties remains one of the few writers alive in the West whose instinct to feel forward toward a more habitable world

(*Continued on page* 86)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Constituents of Greatness

T. HARRY WILLIAMS'S REVIEW of David Donald's *Charles Sumner and the Rights of Man* [*SR*, Feb. 20] asks the question "But on what basis did his claim to greatness rest?" Professor Williams answered the question but was unaware that he had done so. He calls Sumner ". . . an urger of moral principles . . ." He also noted that Sumner "felt Lincoln was moving too slowly on the emancipation question . . ." Mr. Williams also called attention to Sumner's activities ". . . in the peace movement and in prison and educational reform . . ."

Sumner also "sabotaged Grant's plan to annex Santo Domingo" but, most of all, Sumner realized our future as a nation "depended upon the ability of the white and black races to live together in peace and equity." The foregoing suggests the basis on which Sumner's claim to greatness rests.

PETER OLSEN,
Jamaica, N.Y.

Romanticized

I WANT TO COMMEND John Hughes for his perceptive review of Sean O'Faolain's new stories [*SR*, Feb. 6]. As a frequent visitor to Ireland, I can vouch for the truth of Mr. Hughes's claim that the Irish tend to "romanticize" their moral deficiencies. No one has been hurt more by this than the Irish themselves, as Mr. Hughes has pointed out.

WAYNE COOPER,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

The University Indicted

I WOULD LIKE to add a few thoughts to Robert Eisner's review of Charles Reich's book, *The Greening of America* [*SR*, Dec. 5].

I think Mr. Reich assigns too much blame to the corporate state for what he calls the schizoid quality of contemporary American life (the split between the public man and the private man). Does he intend us to believe that the restrictions put on the worker by the corporate state are largely responsible for the generally sad condition of family life in this country, for the unsatisfactory relationships between husbands and wives, between parents and children? If this is so, shouldn't there be a great difference in the quality of the lives of these workers and the more independent professionals, such as doctors, lawyers, and college professors? I see no evidence that this latter group has been spared from the malaise that grips most of our society today.

Assigning disproportionate blame for this condition to the corporate state is dangerous because it diverts our search for the real cause and the real way out of this mess. I would be inclined towards a somewhat stronger indictment of the University for its role in promoting acceptance of what has been so incisively called death-life. With little exception, American colleges and universities no longer encourage the curriculum of liberal education (acquaintance with enough of the collective human experience to make a man feel *at home in the universe*; oh wow, Mr. Reich) in favor of training specialists, be they corporate state bureaucrats, doctors, lawyers, philosophers, or chemists.

People today sense a lack of wholeness in their lives. If anything is to come from the anguished awareness of twentieth-century man's atomization, it will be because he finds how to achieve a balance between the interior and the exterior worlds.

RENE J. MULLER,
Baltimore, Md.

Standard Twain

BROM WEBER'S LURID ATTACK on my *Mark Twain: An American Prophet* [*SR*, Feb. 27] is just the latest in a series by outraged academics.

I do not understand the emotionalism. Is it that they know they have been conned for two decades or that they realize the conning must stop? In any case, it is too late. The book is about to go into a third printing; it has sold over six thousand copies already, and it will be the standard work in this area of American literature.

MAXWELL GEISMAR,
Harrison, N.Y.

Bobbsey Twins?

JOHN ALDRIDGE'S REVIEW of *The Merry Month of May*, by James Jones [*SR*, Feb. 13], was certainly warranted. For too long Jones has been writing Bobbsey Twins—post-puberty, rifled at middle-aged insomniacs.

But must Mr. Aldridge snipe at such moral targets ("His people, given the intellectual sophistication he attributes to them, would scarcely behave in this way.") as Jones's rationale? His literary inadequacies are too obvious; why poke at his sexual meanderings?

JOHN R. LARSEN,
Aurora, Ill.

STYLISTIC DIFFERENCES ASIDE, what distinguishes the dead D. H. Lawrence from the living Jones is that Lawrence really did take seriously his "metaphysics of the groin"; James Jones is a parodist, mocking the games his characters play and, in his current novel, the games society plays, as well.

Parody, not slice-of-life, that is what James Jones writes. Of course it's an unreal world. The finest novelists prove their superiority by establishing a world that is *not* like the reality the rest of us know.

ROBERT OSTERMANN,
Yonkers, N.Y.

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Accelerating his pursuit of the ideal structure for the cinematic novel, Alain Robbe-Grillet outdoes himself with *Projet pour une révolution à New York* (Editions de Minuit). His book version of *Last Year at Marienbad* alternated snatches of scenario with instructions on acting, camera work, music, and décor. *La Maison de Rendez-vous* was mildly experimental (narrative in the present tense) but did not advance his search for an ultimate *cinéroman* structure. *Projet* is a stunning leap toward a final definition of the form. The characters are not lovable, and the episodes are not pleasant: A group of sick, sadistic terrorists play cat-and-mouse with counter-agents (presumably from the CIA) all over Manhattan. They don rubber masks, peddle drugs, commit arson, highjack subways, and murder their victims, usually nude, bound girls who are tortured by rats or spiders until death is welcome, and then subjected to necrophilia. It all has the "conscious superficiality" (Robbe-Grillet's phrase) of a porno-comic strip. Most of the mob speak Arabic or Spanish: "English is not an indispensable dialect for an American revolutionary. In the service, in any case, Spanish is enough."

These events, defined soberly by Robbe-Grillet as "the mythological materials that surround me today," reach such a paroxysm that an imaginary reader interrupts the narrative with an objection: "Haven't you a tendency to insist too much on the erotic aspects of the scenes you are reporting?" No, replies the author, his "report" must tell it as it is. So we join the group of voyeurs within the novel itself.

The considerable achievement of the book lies not in its outrageous plot but rather in its structuring and narrative techniques. As in Robbe-Grillet's experimental films, time moves haltingly, flashing backward and forward. Scenes dissolve into other scenes without break or warning, as on the screen. A zoom lens on an upper floor of a Madison Avenue skyscraper focuses on drug pushers in Central Park. An ad on a subway wall reappears interminably in the windows of an express train. "High-powered projectors" are frequently mentioned as part of the furniture of a scene. A certain blurred, out-of-focus effect is achieved through words: "the same rat as before perhaps," "it would be difficult to say precisely which one," "the trumpetist must be the same man," etc. The dense prose of this novel (eventually to be published here by Grove Press) demands total attention, but it's worth the effort.

Georg Buechner has disposed of Danton and Peter Weiss of Marat, and it would seem from the title of Helmut Heissenbuttel's *D'Alembert's Ende* (Luchterhand) that another eighteenth-century Frenchman was being liquidated. Heissenbuttel, born in Wilhelmshaven in 1921 and active in Gruppe 47, has just published his most ambitious work, an experimental (he would say "probing") novel. The book is largely composed of discussions among a group of Hamburg intellectuals, "friends of D'Alembert," who quote Mao, Marcuse, Che, etc. One follows their long and repetitious arguments expecting them eventually to identify D'Alembert, but one reaches page 390 without having discovered who he is or how he met his end. (The historical D'Alembert, an Encyclopedist, retired after a storm broke out against his group and devoted himself thereafter to mathematics.) Heissenbuttel teases us by alluding to D'Alembert's "synthetic authenticity." Or, again, "The question is merely whether he is himself as a unique individual or an interchangeable person." In Max Frisch's *I'm Not Stiller* the unraveling of the title character's identity was an exciting experience. The reader may find Heissenbuttel a frustration.

When Luis de León collected the works of Saint Teresa de Jesús for publication in 1588, he rhapsodized: "In form of diction, in purity of ease and style, and in an untaught elegance that is wholly delightful, I doubt if any writing in our language is equal to this." Now Aguilar reminds us again of the greatness of this Spanish mystic, who inspired such varied disciples as the sculptor Bernini and the poet Richard Crashaw. This publisher's *Obras Completas* of the saint from Avila is a most welcome volume of 1,348 pages, rich in footnotes, indexes, and twenty-two plates. In addition to autobiographical pieces and more than 400 letters, there are the mystical masterworks, including *The Road to Perfection* and *The Inner Castle*, written coincidentally with her reform of the Carmelite Order. At one time almost forty poems were attributed to Teresa; Aguilar conservatively limits the number to thirty-two. If the sonnet to the crucified Christ, once believed to be hers, is of necessity absent, other favorites remain, such as *"Vivo sin vivir en mi"* with its impatient line (echoed by St. John of the Cross) "For I die because I am not dying." During her restless wait to rejoin God in death she was comforted by a now-famous vision, related in her *Life* and portrayed in marble by Bernini. As a sign of her election as a "spouse" of God, He sent a cherub to pierce her viscera with a golden dart. "The pain," she wrote, "was so great that it made me cry out, and so intense the sweetness created by the pain, that there was no wish for it to cease."

Having reported here (Jan. 23) on the splendid reception being accorded José Donoso's *Obscene Bird of Night* (Seix Barral), I must now record a curious footnote. While Donoso was waiting in Madrid's Hotel Suecia to sign copies for a host of distinguished guests, including the King of Bulgaria, and everyone was heaping congratulations upon him, news arrived that the Spanish government had seized and burned the entire first edition. The author and publisher were obliged to make deletions before a second printing (now available) was permitted.

Grazia Deledda (1875-1936) won a Nobel Prize for her Sardinian novels, but she abandoned Cagliari for Rome. Young Ugo Dessy may become the laureate of that austere island, and he has no intention of leaving Cagliari, where he is a schoolteacher and writes for *La Nuova Sardegna*. For he is passionately concerned with the problems of Sardinia, which he feels is being treated as a mere colony by both the church and the state. Dessy is presently preparing a white paper on the subject. His first collection of tales, *Il Testimone* (Witness), appeared in 1966, and now Feltrinelli has published another, *L'Invasione della Sardegna*, in its distinguished Narratori series. The lead story, "The Four Wayfarers," describes the aimless wandering of a peasant, miner, fisherman, and shepherd, each of whom has fought for his country and none of whom can eke out a living on the neglected island. They relate their life stories, all equally depressing. The solution, they and the author feel, is not to turn to foreign ideology but to find among their own kind the path to a better life. Dessy reminds his compatriots that they must shrive themselves, liberate themselves from their weaknesses, explode some of their own myths.

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THE PRISONER AND THE BOMB

by Laurens van der Post

Morrow, 152 pp., $5

Reviewed by William Beauchamp

■ Condemnation of the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki has, it seems, become ritually one-sided. Impelled by an urgent sense of mission, South African writer Laurens van der Post pleads with us to believe that, horrible as they were, those tens or hundreds of thousands of instant incinerations were not, after all, in vain. The bomb ended the war, and if it had not done so, an estimated 200,000 to 400,000 prisoners and internees would have been massacred at the onset of the Allied invasion of Southeast Asia, slated for September 6, 1945.

One of those prisoners was van der Post himself, and the core of his book evokes that experience: the responsibility which he, as colonel, bore for his men; the increasing signs, as the tide of war turned, that the samurai code of death before dishonor would be observed; the tense preparations to resist, at least in some feeble way, the slaughter of the prisoners when and if it came.

This part of the book is the best, showing the prisoners' day-to-day life in vivid detail: the round-the-clock queue for the inadequate latrines, where officers met to exchange information and strategies; the publication on the oddly abundant toilet paper of a camp newspaper, *Mark Time*; the operation, despite mortal risk, of a small radio that kept the men informed of the progress of the war.

There are also keen insights, into the author himself, his fellow-prisoners, and his captors, whose language and literature he knew and loved. He notes the Japanese fascination with death, the phenomenon of "male tenderness" in time of war, the instinct by which the prisoners anticipated repressive measures imposed in the camp and prepared for them, their strange lack of bitterness toward their jailers.

All this is well and good. Van der Post, with malice toward none, simply wishes to show the prisoner's point of view and to put the bomb into perspective. But from the very beginning serious reservations arise, even at the semantic and stylistic levels.

The first page of text contains no less than twenty-one first-person singular pronouns; page 7 contains twelve; page 49-50 has twelve; page 121 has eleven. The author repeatedly introduces, from both before and after the war, praiseworthy details about himself that have little relevance to the narrative. He savors his own discourse: periphrases, superfluous little ironies, stilted inversions, stuffy "hithertos," "ones," "indeeds," and "alases." The style, in short, is egocentric, pompous, affected, and complacent. (We'll pass mercifully over the purple patches.)

To this add a sense of superiority and divine mission, even if only metaphorical. Thunder becomes "almost" a supernatural voice exhorting the author. Because van der Post saw it so, the Japanese could not help viewing the atomic cataclysm "as an act of God more than an act of man, a Divine intimation that they had to follow and to obey in all its implications." Not that God was on the side of the Allies; He was actually warning all of us.

Things get worse. August 6, 1945, is referred to as "that great and terrible day." Recalling a recent discussion he held on American television with a "shriveled little Japanese doctor," whose wife and four children were annihilated in Hiroshima, the author declares that "if it had not been for Hiroshima and Nagasaki . . . I would not be there to speak to him." Van der Post never once mentions the alternative possibility of demonstration atomic explosions in unpopulated areas or at sea. He never alludes to the political, psychological, military, or moral consequences of the bombings. He simply continues:

> I begged the doctor, therefore, to accept that, terrible as the dropping of the two atom bombs had been, his wife and the many thousands who died with her had died in order to save the lives of many hundreds of thousands more. I had tried to speak to him in this way not only for myself but for thousands thus saved, and would like him to know how we would be forever in his wife's debt as well as that of her fellow-victims.

And what was the moral obligation of the survivors? We "could only discharge our debt by looking as deeply and as honestly as we could into the various contributions we had made to this disaster."

Finally, in a torrent of good will and gratitude, the author asks: "Could I through him thus presume to acknowledge my debt of life to his wife and beg him to believe she had not died in vain?"

What gloss does any reviewer dare propose to add to that?

William Beauchamp is currently working on a book examining social attitudes toward war and peace.

"Spencer, why do you keep charging me 7½ per cent when Chase Manhattan has reduced their rate to 5½ per cent?"

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STAR ETERNAL

by Yehiel De-Nur (Ka-tzetnik 135633)
translated from the Hebrew
by Nina De-Nur

Arbor House/World, 126 pp., $4.95

Reviewed by Albert H. Friedlander

■ The Eichmann trial in Jerusalem was filled with long gray patches of testimony where the limits of inhumanity were catalogued and properly filed to meet the requirements of current legal procedure. On one occasion this process was dramatically interrupted by the wild and prophetic outcry of Ka-tzetnik 135633. One of the survivors of Auschwitz, he stood before Eichmann and the court as a reminder of another world ("Planet Auschwitz—the ball of fire where he had dwelt" is Ka-tzetnik's name for it) known only to its inhabitants. Ka-tzetnik: poet, novelist, chronicler of the unforgettable *House of Dolls*, a man who has obliterated his past identity under a name that means "concentration camp inmate," is a person with only one aim in life. He wants to be a witness, a remembrancer of the Holocaust. In *Star Eternal* he describes himself as he left Auschwitz:

> He was walking—
>
> —and, with him the horizons of Auschwitz and the echo of his own voice, rebounding:
> —I vow on you ash embraced in my arms, to be a voice unto you, and unto the Ka-Tzet now voiceless and consumed; I will not cease to tell of you even unto the last whisper of my breath. So help me God, amen.
>
> He walked—
> Lone.

What can Ka-tzetnik bring to us that has not been told a hundred times over? Basically, *Star Eternal* records no incidents that other accounts of the death camps have not supplied. Yet there are times when the concentrated horror of this work forges a language for itself that brings the utmost limits of human agony into focus. We see the victims in the transports; we see them standing in the selection line, and we witness their death. Life means a bowl of soup that does not spill, and the most heartfelt prayer in Auschwitz is for a deep bowl with a wide rim. But the inmates die just the same.

Ka-tzetnik survives. Returning to his home town, he sees nothing has changed for his neighbors. Their time is still regulated by the large, circular street clock, while the clock hanging over his head is the time spent in the planet of death. In this short book he makes us aware of that planet. A world that has explored the night side of the moon can well afford an introspective moment that brings it an awareness of the darkest aspects of inner space.

Albert H. Friedlander's last book was "Leo Baeck: Teacher of Theresienstadt." He is now completing a work on the Jews in the Age of Enlightenment.

"I promise you, Juanita, we'll see city lights, skyscrapers, department stores. I'm transferring to the urban guerrillas."

DUEL OF EAGLES

by Peter Townsend

Simon & Schuster, 480 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Allen R. Dodd, Jr.

■ The literary refighting of battles usually moves through several stages, beginning with the personal, or "I was there," account and proceeding eventually to judgments based on a knowledge of the final outcome. In *Duel of Eagles* Peter Townsend refights the Battle of Britain both as participant and historian, mixing anecdote and analysis in a narrative that is taut and thrilling on some pages and rather bewildering on others.

The Battle of Britain, the decisive one, was fought almost exclusively by opposing air forces for control of the British skies, for the Germans a prerequisite to invasion. It is one of the few conflicts whose time-span is delineated by definition rather than events. Generally speaking, the name is used to describe the period between August 13, 1940, and the next two months. The British Air Ministry lists October 31 as the end of the battle, but the German command "postponed" its invasion plans on October 12, and, in practical fact, the pivotal day was September 15, when the Luftwaffe made its final attempt to smash the Royal Air Force Fighter Command.

In a broader sense, the pattern of the struggle was set between the two world wars, and Mr. Townsend begins *Duel of Eagles* in 1918, introducing the men who were to shape both air forces. Much of this is familiar ground, but the book has been extensively researched, and among the new material offered are graphic accounts of the bitter clashes between British service chiefs and of the secret training of Luftwaffe pilots in Russia.

As a counterpoint, the author simultaneously traces the early lives of several boys, British and German, who were to become Battle of Britain flyers, adding his own experiences as commander of 85 Squadron (Hurricanes). All this is tightly packed into the story, which jumps, often with confusing abruptness, from cockpit to chancellery, from pilot to prime minister. *Duel of Eagles* is hardly an introductory text; it is best read with some prior knowledge of the battle's chronology, of the personalities involved, and, preferably, of British idiom.

What this style does do, superbly, is to capture the flavor of the moment. A Messerschmitt pilot begins his day in a French hotel and ends it in a British graveyard. Two nineteen-year-old wives slip away from an RAF squad-

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ron's sherry party; the surviving pilots have come back, and the girls no longer have husbands. A German airman salvages a piece of aluminum as a souvenir of his first kill and finds he doesn't want it. St. Mellons Golf Club amends its rules: "A player whose stroke is affected by the simultaneous explosion of a bomb . . . or machine gun fire may play another ball. . . ." Sir Hugh Dowding, chief of Fighter Command, manipulates his squadrons with a fencer's skill while the nation he is helping to save tries to push him into mandatory retirement.

All of this is valuable; all of it is necessary for anything more than an academic assessment of the time. The analytical view is always a product of hindsight. The actual battle comes as a rush of events, momentous and trivial, that are not evaluated but merely absorbed. Without these glimpses, without knowing what people thought they were fighting for, one cannot arrive at an accurate judgment of the results. In this respect *Duel of Eagles* has an authenticity that makes it a valuable addition to the literature of a battle which has been—and undoubtedly will be—refought many times.

A former foreign correspondent, Allen R. Dodd is a magazine writer with an interest in marine and aviation history.

ERASMUS

by George Faludy

Stein & Day, 298 pp., $10

Reviewed by Jaroslav Pelikan

■ Alexander Pope called him "Erasmus, that great injur'd name"; Martin Luther thought he was a rationalist and a skeptic or worse. But Desiderius Erasmus remains a shadowy figure. Behind the satires and the scholarship, what was he like? A Voltaire born out of due time, believing very little and having his doubts even about that? A bootlicker and money-grubber, addressing book dedications to the powerful and wealthy in language that even the court etiquette of his time must have found cloying? A conservative after all, lampooning the clergy and the monks but pulling back from decisive action as soon as Luther undertook to do something about the underlying evils in the church? Will the real Erasmus please stand up?

George Faludy has tried to answer these questions in his new biography. Proceeding on the assumption that "there are no new facts waiting to be brought to light" about Erasmus, he has sought instead "to reassess Erasmus's life and place in history" and to do so as one who "has been in the somewhat unusual position of agreeing wholeheartedly with his subject." The result is a study that draws most of its data from previous works, especially Johan Huizinga's *Erasmus of Rotterdam*, and therefore makes little if any original contribution to historical research. At the same time, Faludy has been restrained by his biographical format from proposing such brilliant if erroneous hypotheses as those set forth in Stefan Zweig's *Erasmus* of 1935, not to mention Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

As portrayed here, Erasmus united the three principal intellectual trends of the sixteenth century—humanistic scholarship, Florentine Neoplatonism, and the reform of church and society—and did so "more effectively than anyone else had been able to do." The humanistic scholarship was responsible for Erasmus's many editions of ancient texts, particularly his Greek New Testament of 1516. The Neoplatonism of Ficino and Pico helped to instill in him that sense of the "unity of the human spirit" which was "not only the aim of Erasmus's actions but also their very basis."

His relation to the Reformation was more ambiguous. Despite the jibe of some Franciscans in Cologne in 1524 that "Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched," the differences between the two men were more important historically than were their apparent similarities. For "in religion Erasmus advocated above all the right kind of life; Luther, the right kind of faith. . . . Erasmus wanted less theology; Luther, whatever he may have wanted, brought with him more theology than had appeared at any one time since the Council of Nicaea." Although Faludy regards detailed consideration of such comparisons as "futile," he does believe that "the pallor of Erasmus" has proved to be "more enduring" than the brighter colors of the Reformation.

Faludy's portrayal of Erasmus's character and personality, for all its evident sympathy, is neither satisfying nor profound. The author seems to be impressed by a "neurasthenia" in his subject, for he refers to it several times, commenting at one point that Erasmus was "neurasthenic and weak compared with such hearty contemporaries of his as Aretino, Columbus, Michelangelo, and Luther, as well as hypersensitive and somewhat vain." Because it has become a commonplace among modern biographers, he defends Erasmus against the charge of being "a shameless sycophant" in currying the favor of his patrons. Although he quotes the famous words of Erasmus about having no taste for martyrdom, Faludy points out that it took considerable courage for the man to be a pacifist "at a time when war was thought to be as inevitable as any other aspect of human life."

The problem of homosexual tendencies in Erasmus's personality is dealt with in rather gingerly fashion. Harder to evade is the question raised a generation ago by Werthemann, a paleopathologist who discovered that Erasmus had been infected with syphilis. Werthemann concluded that this must have been acquired rather than inherited, since it was not brought to Europe until after Columbus's discovery of Amer-

ica, when Erasmus was in his twenties. Noting that "the American origin of the disease is widely doubted nowadays," Faludy mentions the entire issue "simply as a matter of passing interest" and adds that "no one has ever attempted to set Erasmus up as some sort of plaster saint."

The narrative is marred by a host of major and minor inaccuracies, many of which should have been queried by the copy editor. It is not correct to say that the scholastics defended "Latin Averroism" against the humanists or that Jan Hus's "chief efforts were directed towards a new interpretation of the doctrine of the Eucharist." "St. Paul's Epistle to the Jews" must surely refer to what every English Bible calls the Epistle to the Hebrews. No theologian ever taught that "the Holy Spirit *precedes* the Father and Son," but there was much controversy over whether the Holy Spirit *proceeds from* the Father and the Son or only from the Father.

There are things in this book that are not generally known. I was not aware, for example, that excerpts from a translation of Erasmus's *Enchiridion* "are among the only specimens we possess of the now-extinct Baltic language Old Prussian," or that Erasmus had been so influential in Faludy's native Hungary. But, compared with the works of Huizinga, Preserved Smith, or Margaret Mann Phillips, all of which he cites, or with Roland H. Bainton's *Erasmus of Christendom*, which was published in 1969 and may therefore have been unavailable to him, Faludy's biography adds little either to our knowledge or to our understanding of Erasmus and his age.

Jaroslav Pelikan is professor of religious studies at Yale and president of the Fourth International Congress of Luther Research.

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AMERICAN RAINBOW: Early Reminiscences

by Francis Hackett

Liveright, 292 pp., $7.95

THE HOUSE ON JEFFERSON STREET: A Cycle of Memories

by Horace Gregory

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 276 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

■ For thirty-three years, between 1922 and 1955, Francis Hackett, literary critic and biographer of Henry VIII, wrote odds and ends of reminiscences about his life in the United States before he joined the staff of the *New Republic* in 1913. He died in 1962 before he could put the fragments together, a task his widow has now undertaken with excellent results. Hackett, who was born in Ireland in 1883 and came to this country in 1901 with a few coins in his pocket and a Jesuit education, proves to be a splendid raconteur, a story-spinner of wit and verve.

During his early years Hackett held a series of low-paid jobs in New York and Chicago ($12 for a seventy-five-hour week was a big income for him) and lived in a succession of cheap boarding houses. He was a telephone switchboard operator, a railway clerk, a bookkeeper in a Chicago department store, and finally the first editor of a book supplement for the Chicago *Evening Post*. With his restless curiosity he sought out all kinds of people—Isaac Marcosson, Walter Lippmann, Jane Addams, Joe Patterson (who was to found the New York *Daily News*), landladies, ladies of the street, and D. Appleton's literary deputy. His vignettes of these and others make up the substance of *American Rainbow*, and they reveal a country just beginning to bustle but still able to find time for human relationships.

Throughout this period Hackett was trying to become a writer. His interests were literary, but he was not above trying his hand at a 70,000-word article on beauty and hygiene, which was rejected because he told girls they could not eat pie and be beautiful, a point of view that displeased the publisher.

While Hackett's ambition to write was serious, he evidently had no illusions about his ability. Recalling a conversation with Patterson about Henry James, he has the candor to say: "I defended Henry James with the sad knowledge that *The Ambassadors* had baffled me so completely that I had put it aside until I had a whole fortnight . . . in which I could stalk it to its lair and discover what exactly was cooking in it."

Whereas the juices of life flow in Hackett, who is essentially unmannered, Horace Gregory comes across as a controlled, self-conscious poet and critic attempting to explain his own sensibility. His memoir also covers his boyhood and youth, until he joined the Sarah Lawrence College faculty in 1934. Born in 1898, he was raised in a well-to-do, bookish atmosphere, symbolized by his grandfather's house on Jefferson Street in Milwaukee, where *The Atlantic Monthly* and *Living Age* were staples. His tastes, unlike Hackett's, were aristocratic. Fed on a literary diet high in poets, taken to hear recitals by Robert Frost and Vachel Lindsay, among others, he started writing verse at an early age. As a student at the University of Wisconsin his major interests were donnish—he took classes in Anglo-Saxon and Latin, for example—though he also dabbled in the reformist politics of the LaFollettes. In 1923 he went to New York City, where Gregory lived in the Chelsea district and became part of the vaguely leftwing "proletarian" literary movement. This led him to the *New Masses* and an association with the communists.

Gregory's feelings about communism today are, he says, the reverse of what they were in 1925. It seems clear from his book that the party's attraction for him was romantic rather than intellectual, and that he never bothered to do much reading in Marxism.

Concerning his poetry he writes:

> Although as far back as I can remember, poetry has been an essential portion of my experience, I believe the writing of poems comes from a deeper source than that of physical reflex and personal being. For me, at least, the source is of a voice directing actors in a human scene, in which even my own voice is that of an inspired character in a play. I feel that my poems are actually dramatic poems overheard beyond the footlights of that scene.

This credo perhaps explains why Gregory's reminiscences have about them a remoteness from his times. He was there, of course, but as a detached observer rather than a participant. His book is thus more a chronicle of his young manhood than an expression of it. Hackett, who wrote formlessly of himself, is more uninhibited. Probably it is unfair to say so, but he is more of a joy to read.

"Now listen to me!"

Alden Whitman, a staff reporter on The New York Times, has just published "The Obituary Book," a selection of his obits for the Times from 1965 to 1970.

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VANDENBERG

by Oliver Lange

Stein & Day, 333 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by William Decker

■ When a writer tries too hard to add significance to his material, he runs the risk of overburdening a perfectly sound idea and smothering it with pretentiousness. Oliver Lange's novel of suspense has all the requisite elements of the genre, and when it moves it does so at a nifty clip. The trouble is that it stops too often to let the author deliver windy and usually banal philosophical comments through the voices of his otherwise interesting characters. If Mr. Lange had been content to write an adventure story and let it go at that, *Vandenberg* would earn high marks, but he evidently could not resist messing it up with a plethora of messages.

The scene opens sometime in the very near future in the wilderness of northern New Mexico. The United States has been conquered and occupied by the Russians. Eugene Vandenberg and his mentally retarded son Kevin are on the lam, hiding from the military government in the mountains they know so well.

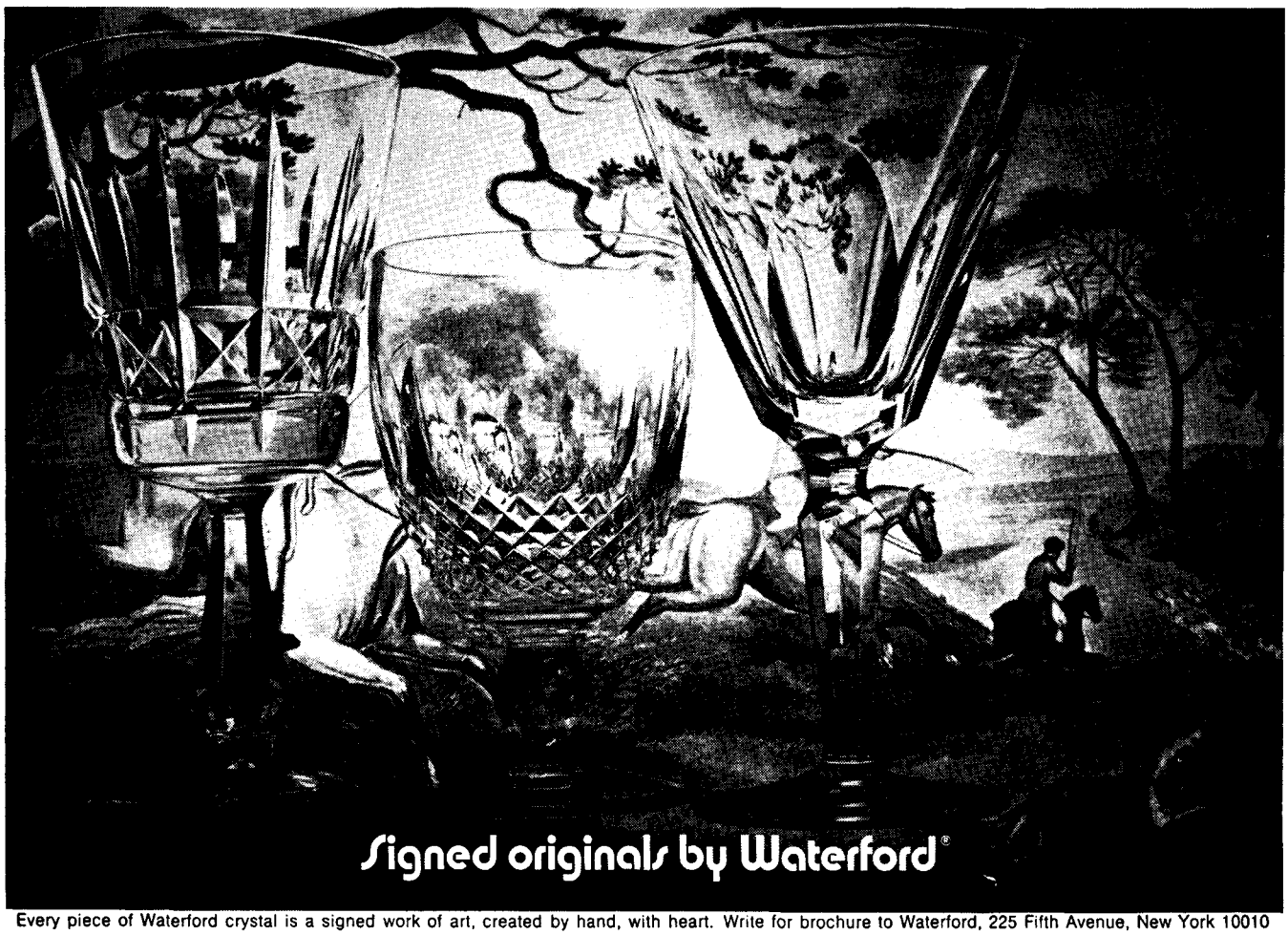
A cantankerous loner, Gene Vandenberg had dropped out of society long before the invasion. His nonconformist attitudes got him into trouble with the occupation authorities, and he was sent to a rehabilitation center to be drugged and brainwashed into docility. When he escaped he picked up Kevin, and they headed for the hills without much hope of surviving but with a vague plan for revenge and an absolute commitment to the demonstration of independence.

Interspersed with the narrative are interruptions called "communications," most of them entries from Gene Vandenberg's journals in which he tries to explain what has happened and why. They become tedious, and even though in the last scene the journals are fed into a fire and consumed, they somehow rise like the phoenix to haunt the novel. Other "communications" take the form of epigrammatical quotations, case reports, bulletins, and news items showing how the manhunt is being reported to the public. These last are repetitious to an irritating degree, since each of them rehashes the case from the beginning.

Abilene Tixier, an old friend of Vandenberg's familiar with the mountains, suddenly appears at the hideout with two armed men. Gene is wary of the

shifty old cowboy, whom he knows too well to trust, but eventually lets himself be talked into leading a raid on the camp where he has been confined. The rest of the novel is the story of that raid and its outcome, and it is splendid except for the letdown ending.

In his narrative writing Mr. Lange is in the class of the Hemingway of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*: His style is admirably taut; his characters are multifaceted and believable; he vividly recreates scene and physical sensation. His problem seems to be that he aspires to the intellectual level of Orwell and Koestler, and the atmosphere up there is just too rarefied for him. He will have to be content with the fact that he has written a good yarn that will probably make him a lot of money. *Vandenberg* has been tapped by the Book-of-the-Month Club, and was sold to a paperback publisher



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prior to publication. It should make a fine movie.

The book jacket notes that Oliver Lange is the pseudonym of a man who used to work in New York City until he got fed up and moved his family to New Mexico, where they now live six miles from the nearest phone and without electricity or running water. That is just the way Gene Vandenberg wanted to live, but the world would not allow it. Let's hope no one disturbs Mr. Lange, so that he will write another novel.

William Decker, an editor and critic, is the author of a novel of the West, "To Be a Man."

IN A COLD COUNTRY

by Michael Rubin

McGraw-Hill, 367 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Gerald Walker

■ What a curious novel this is. The first two-thirds narrates with driving energy and Dreiserian bluntness the rise of Nick Polvere from the poverty of his wretched childhood in Canada's Gaspé region to prosperity as a liquor store owner. On virtually every page powerful incident crowds hard on powerful incident: young Nick beating off a flock of Hitchcock-like sea gulls as he lugs a sack of fish carcasses to be used as fertilizer; his anal rape by older boys; his father's maiming in a freak accident and subsequent humiliating attempts to earn a living for himself and Nick. In addition, Michael Rubin peoples his pages with vivid personalities, most of whom are a good deal larger than life.

But then there's an abrupt switch: the last part of the story is told through the consciousness of Nick's daughter Nina, who does not understand this taciturn, brooding father of hers, and suddenly the prose goes all slack and effete. The section opens as Nina pours out her confusions to her psychoanalyst—confusions not only about her father but about her husband, toward whom she feels only lukewarm affection at best; about her responsibilities to her child; about her lost chance (she thinks) to be a concert pianist; about a lot of things, including whether or not to take a lover. The narrative loses all its bite and turns into a sort of verbal needlepoint. It's as if the two parts of the book had been written by different authors.

What is more, there is a deliberate gap of twenty-odd years in the story, the time it takes for Nina to be born and grow up. The intent, clearly, is to show us a grown child puzzled by the inner mysteries of a parent's character, and the consequences that flow from this bewilderment, while the first part of the book is meant to depict what made the parent that way. It is surely a serious motif for a work of fiction. But somehow the two sections never jell; in fact, they pull in opposite directions and ultimately break apart.

Nevertheless, it is a daring attempt, and a stunningly effective one in a number of scenes. This is Mr. Rubin's third book, and eventually he is going to get it all together and write one that may achieve something like—dare I say it?—greatness.

Gerald Walker is the author of the novel "Cruising."

LASSITER'S FOLLY

by Nathaniel Benchley

Atheneum, 313 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Cronan Minton

■ In his twelfth novel Nathaniel Benchley zeroes in on a tiny overgrown island on the Inland Waterway, and does a superb job of bringing it alive. *Lassiter's Folly* is relatively slight in other respects, but it has a setting for what could have been and still could be a great book if Benchley ever returns to it again. What hampers the wonderful atmosphere is a cast of brainless characters with no more substance, no more real emotional or intellectual life, than the characters on *Mayberry RFD.*

The island is Mariposa, located, Benchley tells us, somewhere between Charleston, South Carolina, and Sea Island, Georgia. Geographically speaking, the location is of little concern, since one has been on islands exactly like this in Maine, Canada, the Puget Sound —any watery area remote enough from progress to retain an exciting, mysterious life of its own. Like so many of these places, Mariposa was once rich and civilized, then lost its wealth, and its inhabitants now consist mainly of fishermen, hog farmers, a large landowner or two, a moonshiner, a druggist, several tramps, and a number of stuffy, unimportant businessmen. One could probably cover the entire island on foot in half a day, wandering through woods thick with Spanish moss, stumbling on the ruins of an old

(*Continued on page 88*)

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

THE BLANK OF THE BLANK

"The *Something* of the *Other*" is a favorite pattern in literary titles—e.g., *The Revolt of the Angels*. Michael J. Thornton of Belmont, Calif., who has dissected fifteen such titles, asks you to reconstitute them and join each with its equally mixed-up author. The rehabilitation center is on page 73.

A. *The Decline of the Native* by Eugene Carroll
B. *The Hunting of the Guard* by Jack Cather
C. *The Life of the Turtle* by Thomas Clark
D. *The Moon of the Iguana* by Oswald Congreve
E. *The Night of the Cat* by Henry Darwin
F. *The Return of the Screw* by John Gilbert
G. *The Son of the Beagle* by William Hardy
H. *The Song of the Bee* by Tennessee James
I. *The Spirit of the Lark* by Charles London
J. *The Track of the Wolf* by Lewis Maeterlinck
K. *The Turn of the World* by Maurice Montesquieu
L. *The Voice of the Laws* by W. S. O'Neill
M. *The Voyage of the Snark* by Charles Spengler
N. *The Way of the Caribbees* by Walter van Tilburg Van Druten
O. *The Yeomen of the West* by Willa Williams

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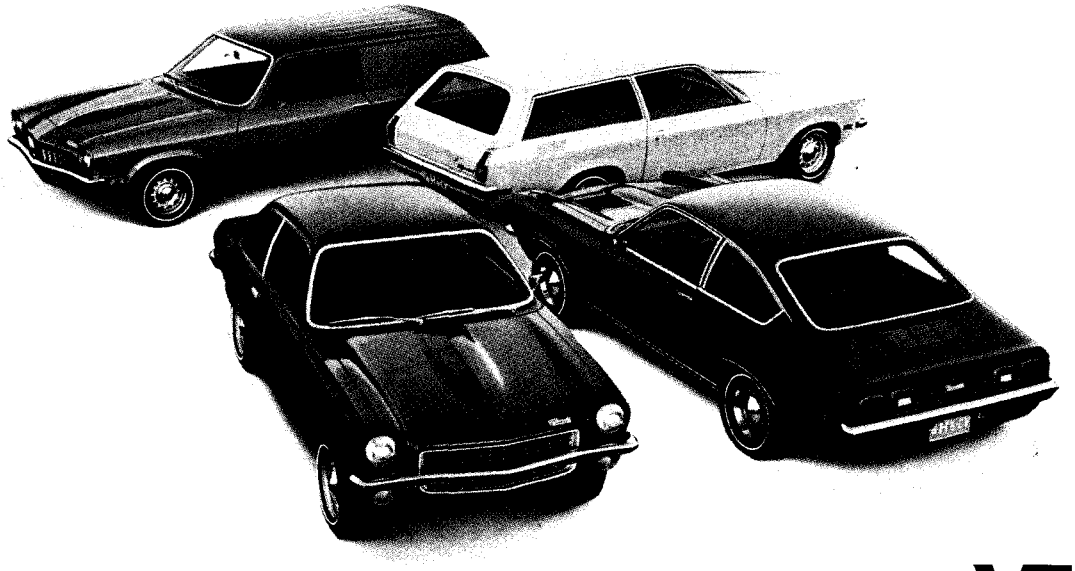

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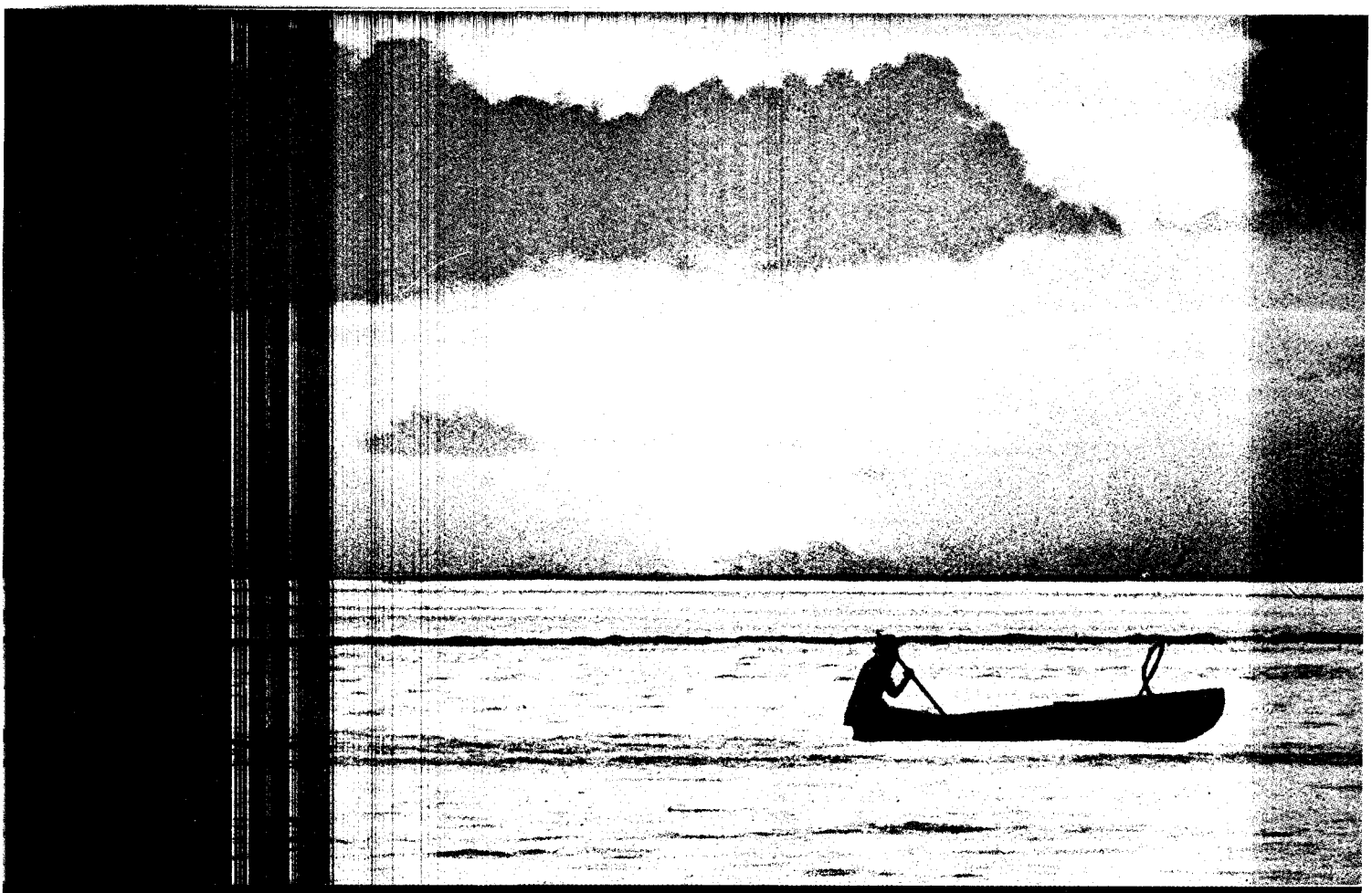

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Spring and the Traveler

A Special Section

IN SEARCH OF A ROMANTIC WORLD

With Scott in the Land of Brigadoon

by VIRGINIA WAITE

More than any other writer, Sir Walter Scott, whose 200th birthday is being remembered this year, presented a picture in words of the country he loved; surprisingly, it is a picture that is still, largely, accurate. The traveler who has read the books and who visits the Border Country that wedges south of Edinburgh and north of England will recognize the scenes immediately. But, as well, Scott's influence on the Scottish way of life was enormous. He gave back to the Scottish their pride, re-established traditions that had disappeared, and set the trend for nationalism.

They may be a part of Great Britain, but the Scots have clung tenaciously to their independence, and to a Sassenach like me from south of the border, their country is as foreign as is, say, New York to London. Its quality comes from its canny people with a faraway look in their eyes; from its climate, mysteriously misty or blowing hard; from its little towns, gray stone enclaves huddled beneath a hill or clustered by a riverside; and from its scenery, the most spacious and the wildest to be found anywhere in Britain.

As to the way of life, it simply pleases itself. Thus, rural stores may open at the convenience of the shopkeeper rather than the customer. Licensing hours might seem impossible, but with a wink and a nod there's always the back parlor. A single-track lane with lay-bys for passing is often considered sufficient for motorcar traffic because, after all, sheep are more important. Mention the wrong clan in the wrong company and they freeze; take an interest in the right one and hospitality and warmth will be the result. Some of the most riotous impromptu parties I've ever attended have been in Scotland; so have some of the worst meals I've ever eaten. But none of this dims the magic of the place, a magic Scott certainly captured. There was, though, a good deal more to his life than writing, and in tracing his footsteps, you can follow the laird, the lawyer, the financier, and the collector, as well as the novelist.

Scott the man had a dual personality. His ballads, poems, and novels reveal him as an incurable romantic with a genius for making historical events and people come alive. But actually he insisted that being a statesman and a soldier was more important than writing. Above all, he wanted to become a great laird of the Border Country, an ambition helped by his connections with royalty and consolidated by two events that revived Scotland's heritage and traditions and made him a hero. The Scots have never forgotten the events, and whether they're conscious of it or not, the man provided them with a model for living that many follow today.

Edinburgh should be the visitor's starting point, not just because it is the Scottish capital, but because Scott's life as a schoolboy and as a lawyer is woven into its streets and because it is the key to those two periods. The city is two towns, the "new" one built as an overspill during the eighteenth century and separated from the original town by the Mound, the hill formed by those excavations. The centuries slip back in the Old Town, where the dominant landmark is the castle. Here rest the Honours of Scotland—the scepter, sword, crown, and so on—which Scott himself was responsible for finding. They had been dumped in an old oak chest in the castle following the dissolution of the Scottish Parliament, and many people believed the treasure had been spirited away by the wicked English.

Sir Walter, by this time a baronet and a personal friend of George IV, persuaded the then Prince Regent to give him a royal warrant to unlock the Crown Room and, hopefully, find the jewels. Scott described the dramatic moment thus: "The joy was extreme when the ponderous lid of the chest being forced open . . . the regalia were discovered lying at the bottom covered with linen cloths exactly as they had been left in the year 1707." This, by the way, was more than a century later, and the regalia are on view to the public now.

It is not surprising that the discovery produced an upsurge of nationalism and pride, and, keeping the trend going, Sir Walter invited the King to

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visit Edinburgh a few years later. To the relief of local dignitaries, he took on the job of organizing the affair, having determined that it not only would be a great pageant but also would introduce the King as a sort of reincarnated Bonnie Prince Charlie, something that needed a good deal of imagination as the current monarch weighed twenty stone (280 pounds).

However, the visit was a wild success, culminating in a soiree at Holyroodhouse (Queen Elizabeth II's official residence in Scotland), a mile down the hill from the castle, where guests included hundreds of kilted chieftains and bagpipe bands. The King himself donned the Royal Stuart tartan for the evening, and Scott wore the Campbell tartan instead of his everyday suit of shepherd's plaid. The royal fashion caught on, and as far as the Scots are concerned, kilts are still everyday dress, though in the countryside you'll see gamekeepers more sensibly dressed for the moors in tweedy plus fours. The point about that early-nineteenth-century royal pageant was that it became the model for most Scottish festivals and clan gatherings since. A year or so ago I attended a military tattoo on the esplanade of Edinburgh Castle and I swear that if Scott had been there, he would have found this ceremony, a century and a half after his death, a familiar spectacle.

Scott the lawyer joined his father's firm in Edinburgh as a teen-aged apprentice, having attended the Royal High School there. The school has since moved twice, but the door on which he carved his initials can still be seen. Apart from the Scott family homes in the city, the place he knew best was the law courts in the Parliament House; this summer an exhibition will be held there of books, manuscripts, and pictures illustrating his life and presumably revealing that this was not his most successful period. The young lawyer paced the corridors waiting for briefs that did not materialize, and even when he later became Clerk to the Court, by his own admission he sat "thinking of anything but his business" and waiting merely to escape to his beloved Border Country.

The New Town was genuinely new in Scott's day, though it did not then include the Waverley railway station named after his series of novels, nor the nearby Waverley Market, which will also be involved in the bicentenary celebrations with a *son et lumière* presentation. Both places are within easy reach of Edinburgh's personal monument to Scott: a 200-foot Gothic spire in which the author and his dog sit beneath a canopy surrounded by characters from his books.

Sir Walter's early legal career did lead to one vital appointment, that of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, a position he held for more than thirty years, and it was vital to Scott for the very good reason that it entailed living in that particular Scottish county. It provided the excuse to settle permanently in the Border Country, first in a rented house, then at Abbotsford, and if you're in Scotland on August 14, the eve of Scott's birthday, the novelist's trail will be a blazing one, lit by a chain of beacons stretching south from Edinburgh almost into England.

Scott the author as a toddler began to collect impressions for his books when he was sent to his grandparents' farm, Sandyknowe, in Roxburghshire, to recuperate from a disease that was to leave him permanently lame. It is the same farm that today holds the key for tourists to visit the sinister tower nearby, a splendid inspiration for adventure to any small boy. Smailholm Tower is a sixteenth-century keep, built in those days when not only were the Scots and the English constantly warring but the Border lairds were always feuding, too. As a lookout, it could hardly be bettered, sitting on a rocky crag facing the distant Cheviot and Eildon hills.

Much later, as sheriff, Scott bought some property near Galashiels, pulled down the existing farm, Cartleyhole, and built Abbotsford, so named because the monks had to ford the nearby River Tweed to reach their abbey. The christening of the house was only

HISTORY'S LOVE STORIES:

by DENA KAYE

The Burtons

Antony and Cleopatra: Little remains of the dazzling splendor in which Antony and Cleopatra lived in the years 41-30 B.C., unless you count the way of life adopted by the Burtons, who most recently played the couple. Richard and Elizabeth's love story was enshrined in a news and gossip diary called *Cleopatra's Pages*, put together by the film's publicists, but the original version was set down by Plutarch.

Antony and Cleopatra first met in Tarsus, Turkey (the birthplace of St. Paul), a prosperous port in Roman times. Cleopatra arrived in some splendor aboard her purple-sailed barge, the scent of perfume wafting across water strewn with flower petals. The modern city of Tarsus is now about eight miles inland, and the harbor area is a vast marshland, but Cleopatra's Gate still stands, once one of six in the walls that surrounded the city.

Barges no longer being the fashion, it might be simpler to rent a car and drive under the gate. If this seems small reason to come to Tarsus, drive west along beautiful beaches fringed with cotton plantations, palm trees, citrus groves, and archeological ruins. Or skip Tarsus entirely and go out to the island of Ischia near Capri, where Elizabeth's barge scene was filmed.

Antony and Cleopatra were married in Antioch (now Antakya), southeast of Tarsus, in 37 B.C. Antioch was once considered the third most important city of the Roman Empire, but little is left of the ancient metropolis save perhaps for a collection of second- and third-century Roman mosaics.

Cleopatra's show place was Alexandria, 600 miles to the south. The only traces of her time are in the relics stored in the Greco-Roman museum. The water still runs clear and blue, though, along the blanched sand at Cleopatra's Beach where she and Antony lolled in the warm months. In summer, the plane flies from Alexandria to the resort of Marsa Matruh in forty-five minutes. From there, it's just fifteen minutes by car to the beach. The train and bus make the 200-mile trip year round. Just offshore is a cave - carved rock called Cleopatra's Bath. You can go by sail or by motorboat; walk or take the donkey

Launcelot and Guinevere

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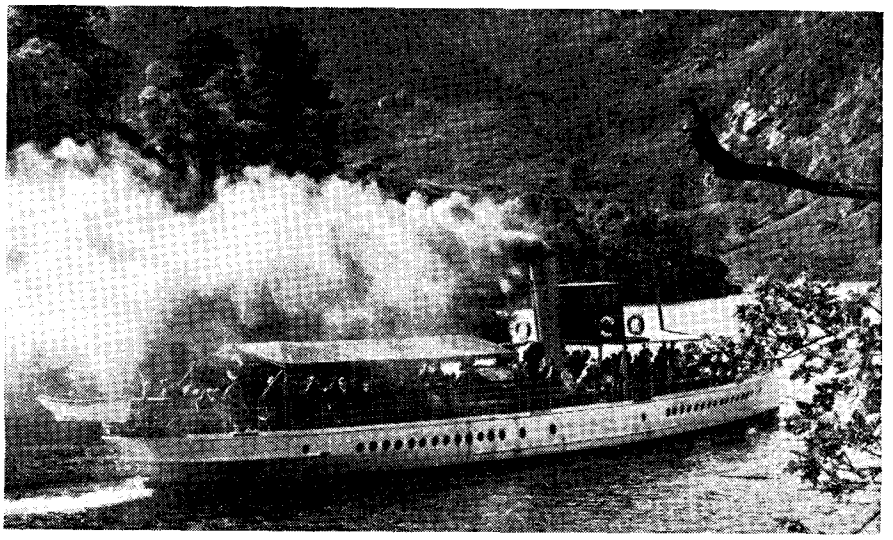
the start of Scott's involvement in his turreted, gabled mansion. The architect who designed it never came near the site; not so the owner, who supervised every detail of the building down to the carpets, curtains, and even the door handles. He called it his "Delilah," but it wasn't in fact responsible for his financial troubles. Those problems were the result of Scott's having assumed the debts of the printing firm of which he was a secret partner and the bankruptcy of his publishers. By the time he died he had nearly paid off, by the earnings from his writings, all the creditors.

Abbotsford has been open to the public since a year after his death in 1832, and the current laird (there's no feminine equivalent) is his great-great-great-granddaughter, who copes with some 35,000 visitors each year. The house is interesting not only for its fanciful architecture and Scott's personal mementos, such as the shepherd's plaid suit (a gray houndstooth design) and tall hat he wore and the writing desk with the secret drawers, but because it reveals yet another aspect of his character. He was a collector, and to what was in those times a modern home (it was the first in Scotland to have gas lighting) he added the curious, the intriguing, and the historical. What is to be seen there today includes Rob Roy's sword, Bonnie Prince Charlie's hunting knives, and Robert Burns's tumbler with some of his verses scratched upon it. The novelist also collected armor and 9,000 books.



—*British Tourist Authority*

The "Sir Walter Scott" on Loch Katrine—canny people, blowy weather, riotous parties.

In Scott's time, Abbotsford was a hard ride from Edinburgh. But today the distance of something like forty miles is easy motoring, even given the tendency of Scottish roads to imagine themselves as continuous humpbacked bridges. The Border Country is essentially a compact area to explore gently, as Scott himself did, often on foot or horseback. Memories of the man can be turned up in a dozen or more places. There's Jedburgh, for instance, where he made his first appearance as a lawyer, and a successful one at that, pleading for an infamous poacher and sheepstealer. An eighteenth-century gate near the red sandstone abbey records this visit. There's also the house where he met the Wordsworths and read to them *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The abbey he described in this book was not at Jedburgh, though, but at Melrose, whose gray stone houses

(*Continued on page* 102)

Down Heartthrob Lane with Kleenex and Camera

Romeo and Juliet

car, called a *carretta*, and then wade the fifty yards of shallow water.

As for Cleopatra's earlier love, Caesar, there are three slender columns still standing of the ancient Temple of Venus Genetrix in the Roman forum. Here Caesar had placed a statue of Cleopatra deified as Venus.

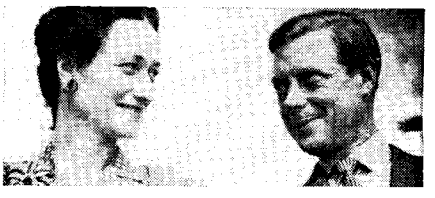
And then, of course, there are the real-live Burtons, the present incarnation of that old Nile love story.

Launcelot and Guinevere: The resonant tones of Robert Goulet, Launcelot of the Broadway production of *Camelot*, singing to fair Guinevere still are heard in the land. They float from jukeboxes, are given life by disc jockeys with regularity, and are still pulled from the original cast album in the record libraries across Middle America. More than anything else, Goulet's baritone has popularized once more the romantic saga of Guinevere, Arthur's queen, who succumbed to the knight Sir Launcelot. Before the days of *Sesame Street and Misterogers Neighborhood*, children read about Arthur and his round table, the handed-down legend that had its roots somewhere in Wales before the eleventh century. That certain bittersweet mystique of Camelot and its attendant romances picked up new meaning in the Kennedy years. "Camelot," the title song of the Lerner and Loewe show, became a favorite of the President's and after Kennedy died, his widow often asked that it not be played in her presence. The Kennedy years ebb into history now leaving the traces of a glamorous and vibrant time. The actual ruins of Camelot, or what might have been Camelot, have survived less well.

On today's maps, it is called Cadbury Castle, 123 miles southwest of London on highway A303. The ruins are scattered over eighteen acres on top of a hill in South Cadbury, surrounded by the remains of ramparts, walls, and ancient fortifications. Excavations from recent digs have unearthed evidence that a military site existed here in the time legend assigns to King Arthur, the fifth and sixth centuries. Elaborate wine containers and pottery indicate it was a home for rich and important people.

Another town associated with the

(*Continued on page* 63)



Wallis and David

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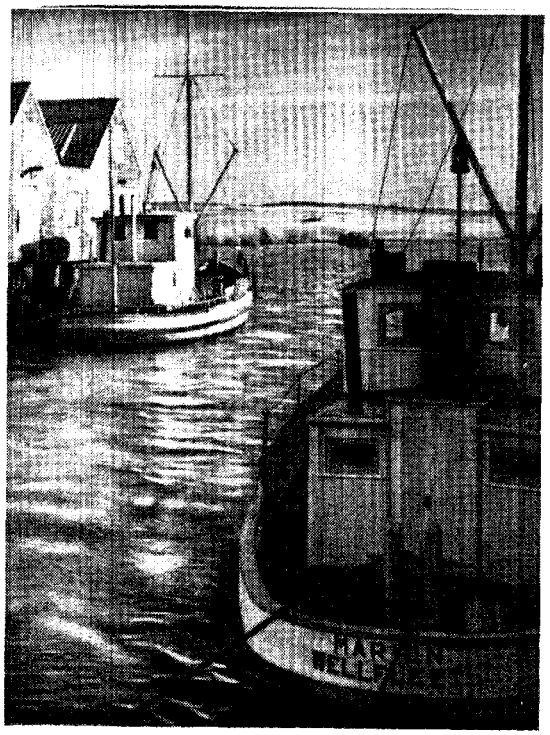

—from "Fair Is Our Land," Hastings House Publishers

Wellfleet on the Cape—"a natural treasure."

THOREAU AND THE ENDLESS BEACH

by EUGENE KINKEAD

Cape Cod is a superb vacation ground marvelously blessed with water. The great naturalist Henry Thoreau, who was a romantic of the sturdy New England type, called it "the bare and bended arm of Massachusetts: The shoulder is at Buzzards Bay; the elbow, or crazy bone, at Cape Mallebarre; the wrist at Truro; and the sandy fist at Provincetown." On the seaward side, it is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean under various names; on the landward, by Cape Cod Bay. Nowhere on the Cape is more than a few minutes by automobile from its 300 miles of coastline, much of it on both sides in the form of shining beaches. Nor does the Cape's watery wealth end there. Scattered almost its entire length are dozens of fresh-water ponds, gleaming like moonstones and reflecting the occasional cottages that stand on their brink.

But the salt-water beaches are the Cape's great glory. On them during the height of the summer season visitors by the thousands disport themselves, the small fry, under guardianship of parent or nurse, triumphantly equipped with pail and shovel for digging and general engineering operations.

The most magnificent of the beaches, the Great Beach as Thoreau called it during his walks along it, runs uninterruptedly up the ocean side of the Cape from Nauset Harbor near the elbow to the tip at Provincetown, a distance of nearly thirty miles—a natural treasure unique in this country. Its bluffs rise often scores of feet behind the wide, hard-packed strand, affording a breathtaking view of the ocean rolling free and clear to Portugal, most unforgettable in a wild autumn storm, a sight that would delight any romantic, nineteenth-century or otherwise.

Today the Great Beach—with enough land behind it to comprise 27,000 acres—constitutes the Cape Cod National Seashore. It lies less than 200 air miles from better than 10 per cent of the nation's population. So it is not surprising that since its opening in 1961 it has had more than twenty million visitors. Last year four million arrived.

Most of them, of course, came during the heat of summer. But the Cape is alluring in all seasons. For close to twenty years, I have known this. From an old house in Truro on the Pamet River just back of the Great Beach, I have sampled its charms practically around the calendar. Early spring finds the shad-blow whitening the hills; later, the beach plums and locust flowers bloom. In the autumn, the weather is divine—blue and gold for the most part—often well into November. And in October, as Thoreau said, the landscape wears tints that only a Cape Cod landscape ever wears. Winter, which I've also tested once or twice, offers a satisfaction all its own. It is quiet—beautifully quiet, I find—after the turmoil of New York City. A walk wondrously soothes the nerves in preparation for the later open fire. And the winter Cape presents no Air Unsatisfactory days, at least not yet—a fact that the Cape's permanent population of 90,000 fully appreciates.

Walden's recluse—meetings on the shore

The name dates from 1602. Bartholomew Gosnold, an English explorer, found shoals of cod off the Cape. Bedrock has never been reached. The peninsula is a fragile child of the last ice age. In dying some 15,000 years ago, the glacial ice sheet piled its sand and boulders into the ocean east of what is now Massachusetts. Still not too steady, the quavery mixture loses a little each year. Fortunately, however, as the Great Beach annually recedes a foot or two to the west, the winds build up the crest of the dunes at the back with sand so that each year the cliffs seem as high and wide as ever.

Before the retreating cold of the glacial epoch, the first tree on the new land was probably the dwarf arctic willow. By the time the Pilgrims had landed three hundred and fifty years ago, however, the Cape was magnificently forested. White pine and white oak grew tall. So did beeches, birches, hickories, and hollies. Only a few clearings for farming had been made in the woods by the Indians. Bits of this original forest may still be seen on the Cape's thick upper arm at Mashpee and Sandwich.

Some two hundred years later, when Thoreau visited the Cape, the land was almost deforested. The settler and his enterprises had devoured the trees. Wood was so scarce that wreckers, whose ordinary business was scouring the strand for the goods of destroyed ships, searched hungrily for it to provide material for fuel and house construction. Thoreau describes one of these whom he met on the Great Beach

(Continued on page 75)

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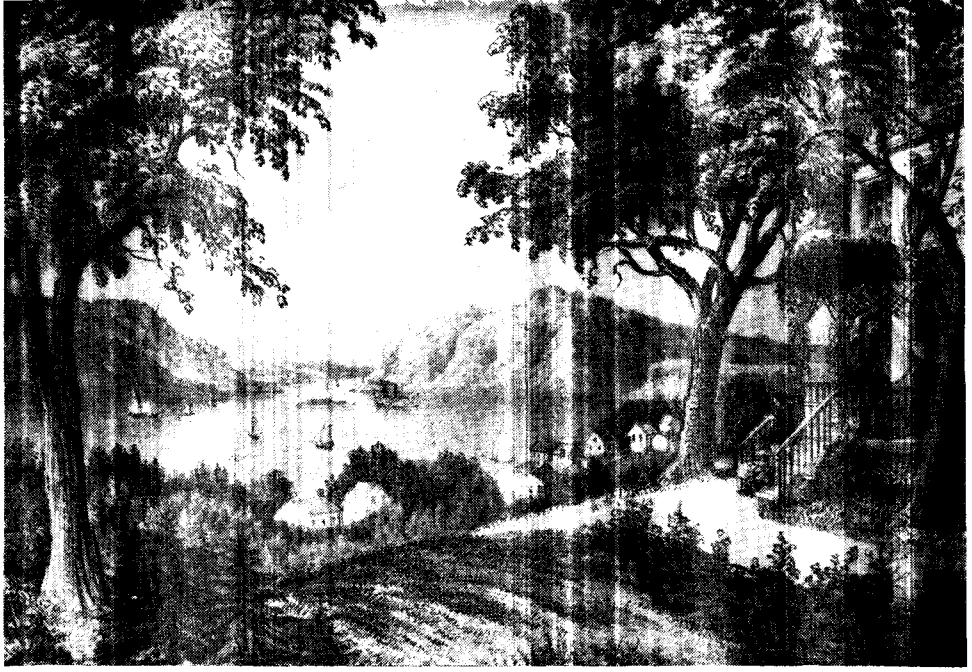
IRVING AND THE MISTY VALLEY

by CARL CARMER



—Bettmann Archive

Newburgh on the Hudson—"long leafy tunnels, splatters of shiny water."

From the eight-sided, many-windowed cupola that surmounts my eight-sided house, I can behold not only the wide Hudson moving massively toward the sea but many a century-old dwelling planned long ago by people who thought the homes would be a credit to the neighborhood and a reminder of the period's love of beauty. To the east, I can see without the aid of binoculars the turrets of the Beltzhoover Castle (now known as the Halsey Castle), and I know that a rippling lake lies beside it that bears upon its surface languid white swans.

If I look south, I can perceive the old home of Colonel James Hamilton, son of the great Alexander, and I must again wonder what motives led to the wild and untrue legend that the Colonel built the house in which I dwell as a convenient abode for his son's mistress. As I look toward the Hudson, I see the long projection into its waters that gave the little town of Piermont its name, and history tells me that Daniel Webster once sat in a rocking chair on the floor of an open flatcar and was borne away by the first train of the then just completed New York and Erie Railroad bound for a dinner in Fredonia, New York, on Lake Erie.

On the east bank of the Hudson stands a big yellow house called Nuit. Its very name suggests the hours of evening when shadow supplants a western glory. The cobbles leading toward the entrance were shipped across an ocean from the streets of Marseilles and had a history of their own long before they left the shores of France to glint under a stretch of American sunset. North of Nuit you pass other homes or sites of vanished houses romantically named—Netherwood, Locust Grove, Windcliff, Ellerslie, Leacote, Tivoli, Rose Hill.

Broadway is the "river road" on the east side of the Hudson. An extension of the same Broadway that all America knows, it runs all the way to Albany. It passes the top of Main Street in Irvington, and, as it does, the summer traveler may look down through a long, leafy tunnel to a splatter of shining Hudson water.

Running parallel to that green-lined tube lies another named Sunnyside Lane, which meanders to the charming and whimsical cottage that housed Washington Irving in his latter days. Restored to the exact image it presented when America's first world-famous author was its occupant, the house still looks as if it were wearing a cocked hat (as Irving said it did). No restoration in the nation makes visitors feel more at home—perhaps because it continues to exist in the company of more august castles and mansions that grace the countryside. It sits in delightful modesty beside the great river, conveying more successfully than any other restored dwelling in America the character, the sly humor, the imaginative fancy of the man who chose to live in it. Sometimes when Irving would visit neighbors, he would bring with him one of his own house guests, as happened with the renowned Swedish writer and spinster Fredericka Bremer, who was so elated that her host did not fall asleep, as he usually did before the dessert, that she must record the fact in her diary.

—Sleepy Hollow Restorations

Sunnyside's Squire—peace by the river.

The staff of the Sunnyside Restoration has been so successful in its research that many of the homely day-by-day practices, routines, and habits, which assume significance only when attributed to a great man, are revealed. The sensitive visitor of today grieves with the long-dead Irving when he comes upon the gravestones of his dogs, or rejoices with him when he finds that shaving after midnight can provide a temporary relief from the torture of sleeplessness. It is no wonder then that the writer's warm humanity seems to lie concentrated within the old Dutch house and the simple pattern of his final years.

When he died in 1859, just after completing his biography of Columbus, ours was not the only nation that mourned. England and Spain—particularly Spain—still remember. Irving's simple grave at Sleepy Hollow Cemetery bears a tribute from Longfellow:

> Here lies the gentle humorist, who died
> In the bright Indian Summer of his fame.
> A simple stone with but a date and name
> Marks his secluded resting place beside
> The river that he loved and glorified.

Another restored dwelling worth a

(*Continued on page 73*)

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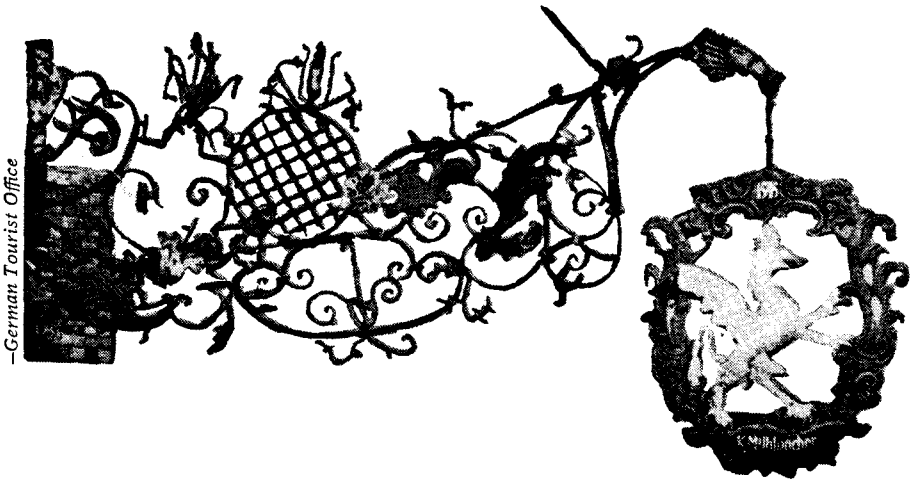

—German Tourist Office

DOWN AND OUT IN DINKELSBÜHL

by RICHARD ATCHESON

In the summer of 1955, I was twenty, I was bewildered, and I was by myself in Munich, fast running out of money. I felt shabby and sorry for myself, and when I would see a more solvent American come spinning, laughing, through the revolving doors of some elegant hotel, I would resent him a bit—but of course I also felt vastly superior in my proletarian grubbiness. Vaguely Isherwoodian—playing poor, because I could have sent an SOS to my parents but was too proud to. So I restricted myself to one meal a day, a bratwurst and Afri-Cola at a sidewalk stall just across the street from the Rathaus, timed to coincide with the once-daily parade of mechanical knights in the Rathaus clock—whirr, click, *baum, baung, baum.* Terrific. My daily floor show. The rest of the time I haunted churches, crypts, and museums; rode streetcars; walked in parks; and went to concerts at night. I was too shy with my German to speak to *Münchener* and too arrogant to speak to American tourists. So I was lonely.

Consulting my dwindling supply of travelers' checks, I was also desperate. I figured I'd better get out of big cities and try to stretch my bucks in some country place. A kindly clerk at American Express gave me advice. "Go to Rothenburg," he said. "It's in the heart of Franconia, a beautiful part of the world, with many castles and fortresses and ancient towns. They call the road through that part the Romantische Strasse, because it is, you see, very romantic."

So I bought a bus ticket, very cheap, to Rothenburg and left the next morning. As the bus sped along the autobahn toward Augsburg, I studied my map, quietly flipping over the names of the places I was going to see: Donauwörth, Nördlingen, Dinkelsbühl, Rothenburg, Creglingen, Ingersheim, Bad Mergentheim, Würzburg. Best of all: Tauberbischofsheim. What a marvelous name to call a place, deliciously tasty. German is such a juicy, crunchy language. I practiced the movement of those place names in my eager mouth, twirling my tongue delightedly around their baroque squiggles, especially celebrating, at the end, "Dink-els-beeuul." Like a bell. Nobody on the bus heard me; I was mouthing silently. But they must have thought I was crazy—which is the first assumption Germans make about tourists, anyway.

From Augsburg, a Swabian city and, to me, not particularly interesting, we turned north along the Romantische Strasse, a meandering sort of narrow highway that brought us quickly into farm country. I enjoyed gazing across fields and through woods to see an onion dome over here or a spiky pinnacle over there, and I liked the little farm villages we passed. The fat bulk of the bus squeezed through ancient arched gates, shouldered farm carts off cobbled streets. I hadn't known such places still existed in Europe, and loved the sensation of careering into the past. I was overimpressed with Nördlingen, my first walled city, because I didn't know what was to come. I thought its helmeted towers and quaint old buildings were charming, but it did seem that the citizens weren't keeping things very neat. We stopped for lunch in Dinkelsbühl, an altogether fantastical town with towers, spires, and gables everywhere; and each window blooming with flowers in window boxes, and the breath of the Middle Ages blowing damply out of every arched, stone doorway. The bus passengers went in a body into the Deutsches Haus, Dinkelsbühl's fanciest hotel and loveliest building, once a nobleman's house; there, they took their (doubtless) expensive lunch. I went down the street until I found a modest *Gasthaus*, entered, and sat myself at a plain, wooden table. Two men eating at one end looked up long enough to say, *"Grüss Gott,"* and I greeted God back to them with the best accent I could muster, hoping they had taken me for a native. A smiling, plump woman took my order, which was (it never varied because it was all I could say without stumbling over the words, and, besides, was invariably delicious) *Schweinekotelette, mit Bratkartoffeln, gemischte Salat, und ein Glas Bier.* Whew. But the lady was asking me something. Oh, God. *"Grosses oder kleines?"* she was inquiring. Wow, what a relief, I knew how to answer. *"Grosses, bitte,"* I replied, opting for a big one to celebrate my private and admittedly doubtful deception.

Burping pleasantly and congratulating myself on having had delectable eats for only three marks (about 75 cents), I reboarded the bus, and we continued our slow and scenic way toward Rothenburg, which at first sight was ravishing. The bus lumbered across a stone bridge spanning a moat, through an arched gate flanked by towers, in the city wall, and entered a narrow cobbled street with high and steeply gabled houses on both sides. We finally came into a central square and stopped before the striking Renaissance facade of what could only be the Rathaus. I climbed a flight of steps to the portico, which ran the length of its ground floor, and found a little office labeled *Verkehrsamt*—the city tourist office. I told the lady at the desk that I was seeking the most inexpensive accommodation available in the town, and she gave me the names of three families that would provide me with bed and breakfast for a very modest fee. The nearest place was a house in the Herrngasse, the street where nobles once lived, immediately adjoining the Rathausplatz; so, I went there first, past an ornate fountain in the middle of the street, under a long row of lindens, along a cobbled sidewalk lining a series of handsome facades, mighty houses, certainly as lordly as could be. Directly across from a rather

(*Continued on page* 44)

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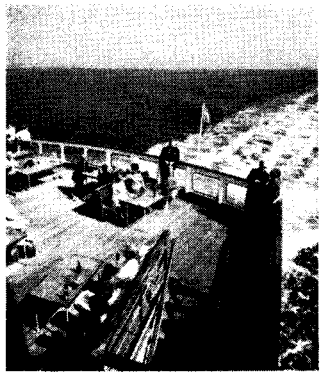

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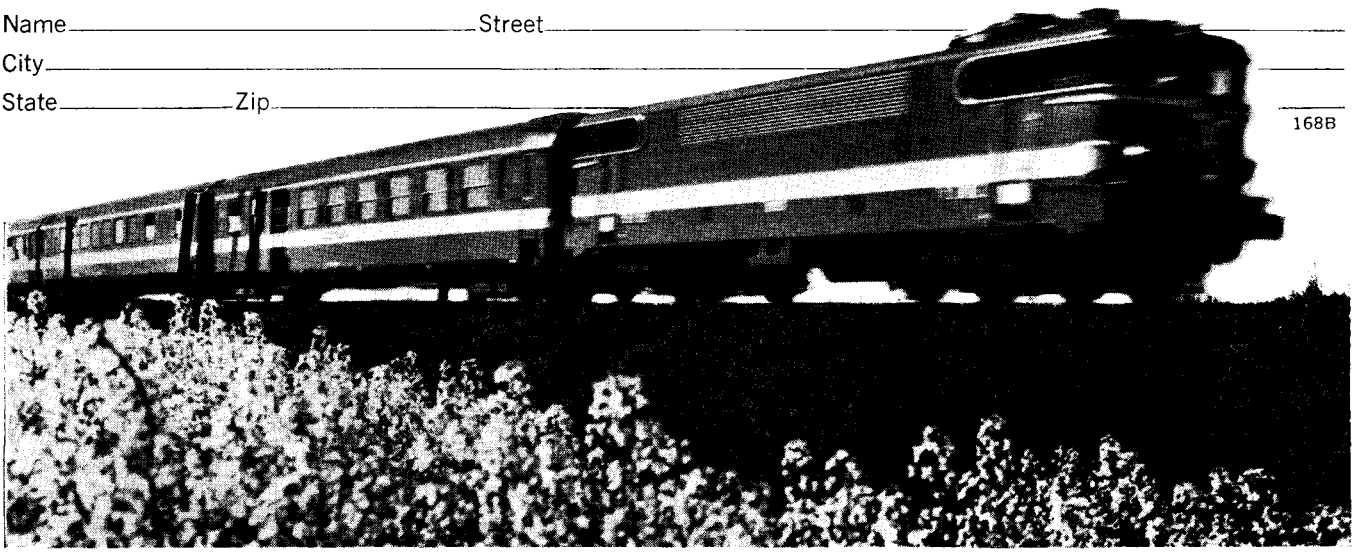

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severe Gothic church, I found the house I was looking for: a pale, weathered rose color, shooting straight up from the sidewalk, a towering five or six stories, stair-stepped at the front to a mid-point pinnacle. A great arched door and, alongside it, an exterior iron bellpull decorated with iron rosettes. I pulled, and high above me a little set of iron bells clanged next to an upper window. Directly the window was thrown open, and a rosy-cheeked woman poked her head out to inquire my business. I can't now remember how I conveyed my business, but she got my point in the end, came down to let me in, and, pulling aside a vast and creaking oak door, ushered me into the bosom of her life and family.

I know that sounds like a cliché, but I can't help it. It's what happened to me. Gertrud Amberger-Wagner was the lady's name; without a word of English she made me welcome and at home at once, so that with no delay I felt almost a part of things in her house and in the town. I had a little white room at the back of the first (not ground) floor, looking out over the flower and vegetable gardens that hid behind the Herrngasse, but from the first I was invited to join Trudl and her mother (I was to call her Mutti) in their elegant front parlor for early supper every evening—a simple meal of bread and cheese and coffee that was not included in the price of my room but was offered out of kindness. Probably because I looked hungry.

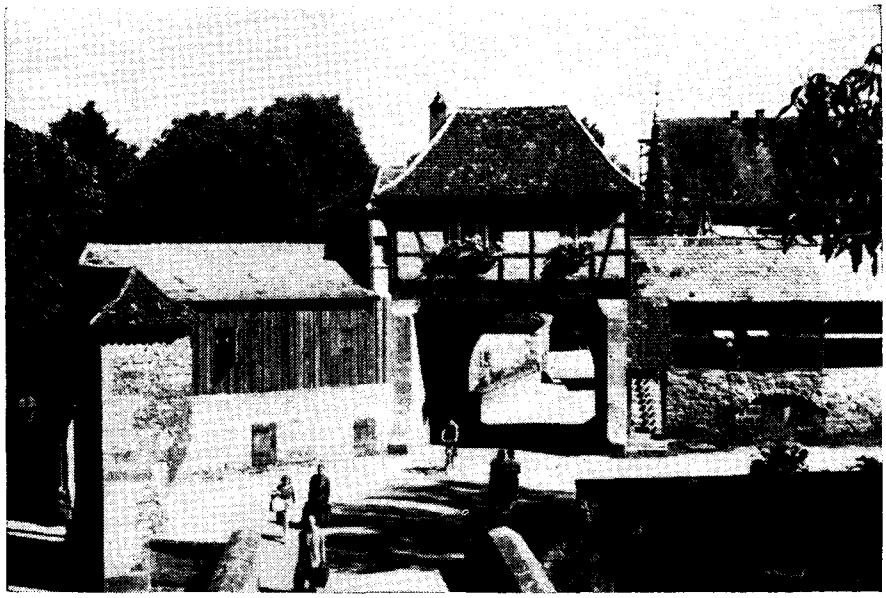
On my first night in town I wandered by myself in the moonlight, disbelieving the Walt Disney beauty of the place, thinking that nothing could possibly be so lovely, so authentic, and yet so alive. It struck me as marvelous that the house I was staying in was 600 years old, that the entire walled city had changed scarcely at all since the Middle Ages. Coming from a world of built-in obsolescence, it seemed to me very little short of miraculous that Rothenburg should stand so sturdy, so patient and permanent, for so many hundreds of years after it was built. I stumbled along the city wall in the dark, peering by moonlight out into the Tauber River Valley, and pretended I was an archer waiting for the foe. I sat in the back of a cold, damp church and watched vigil lights flicker under stone statues that had stood in their niches through centuries of religious strife, beneath a roof that had sometimes sheltered worshipers, and almost just as often shielded horses, or grain, depending on who was running the town. I passed a *Gasthaus*, was tempted by the golden glow coming from a row of frosted windows, entered to take a glass of golden-pale Franconian wine in a green, stemmed goblet, and then made my way down the Herrngasse again. Digging into my jacket to produce the gigantic key Trudl had given me, I slipped an ancient bolt, the great door creaked inward, and I climbed the groaning stairs to my room at the back, groping the last half of the way in chill darkness because the light was timed for faster footsteps on the stairs.

I remember the first morning with particular clarity because I had never in my life seen two women work so hard. From the moment Trudl knocked with a breakfast tray at 7, she and Mutti were a whirlwind of activity—cleaning, scrubbing, sweeping, cooking, working like truck horses. Every bed had to be aired—sheets and fluffy comforters suspended across the sills of gaping windows. Every inch of floor and stair had to be scrubbed by hand, until everything was very, very *sauber*. I felt like a primordial slug alongside their frenetic activity, and suggested I clear out to make room for the housecleaning. Trudl agreed, but if I would wait just a little while until the most important cleaning was done, she would undertake to guide me about the town. She felt that, with a German-English dictionary between us, we could manage. And it turned out that we could. In fact, we had a wonderful time, laughing over our language barrier until it sort of evaporated, as we worked out elaborate charades for each other, picking up words here and there to support the dumb show. In this way I learned gossip of all kinds—that the nuns of the Middle Ages received midnight callers from among the clergy, that so-and-so across the street was receiving midnight callers nowadays.

In the Jacobskirche, the principal church of the city, we studied Tilman Riemenschneider's magnificent altar piece of the Holy Blood, with the center panel depicting the Last Supper, all of it carved from a single lime tree. Riemenschneider was the great fifteenth-century Franconian sculptor whose work can be found everywhere along the Romantische Strasse. So great was he, in fact, so moving his figures, so lifelike, that the Rothenburgers took it into their heads that nobody could be that good without trafficking with the Devil. There was only one thing to do, of course, and they did it. They broke all the bones in both his hands, which put an end to his devilish genius.

His sculptures came to fascinate me. So one day Trudl proposed a long walk, down the steep cliffs below the city walls, through the Tauber Valley, to Creglingen. "If you like Riemenschneider," she said, "there is something very special I have to show you." We walked eleven miles on country lanes, through the pretty, gentle country of the valley. We were most of the day getting to tiny Creglingen, stopping constantly to visit with farmers, and once, for a long spell, to picnic on the banks of the Tauber and to nap. In midafternoon we came at last to the village, and to the Herrgotteskirche, a simple little country church, quite unadorned except for lichen on the crumbling walls and a yawning graveyard to one side. Inside was the prize of our pilgrimage: Riemenschneider's most famous altar piece, the Assumption of the Virgin—Mary

(*Continued on page 72*)



—*Eric Lessing, Magnum*

Rothenburg on the Tauber—long rows of lindens, cobbled walks, lordly houses.

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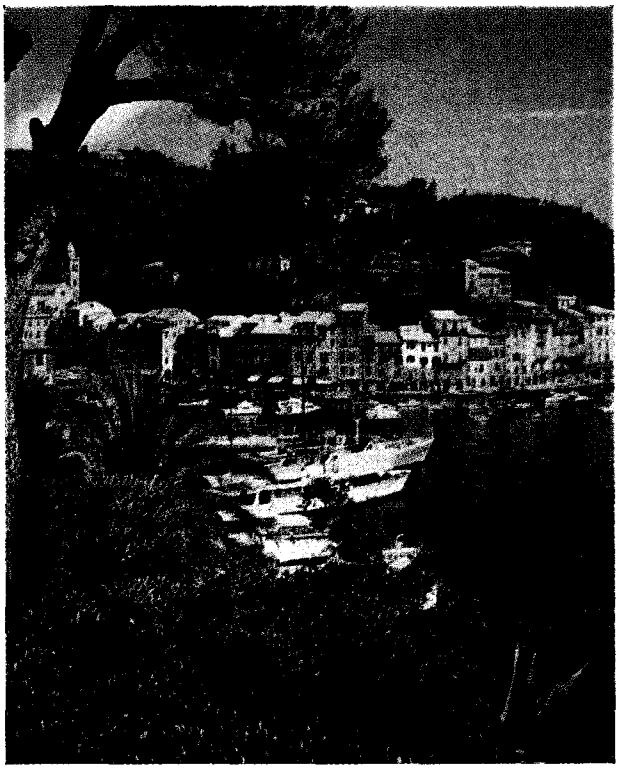

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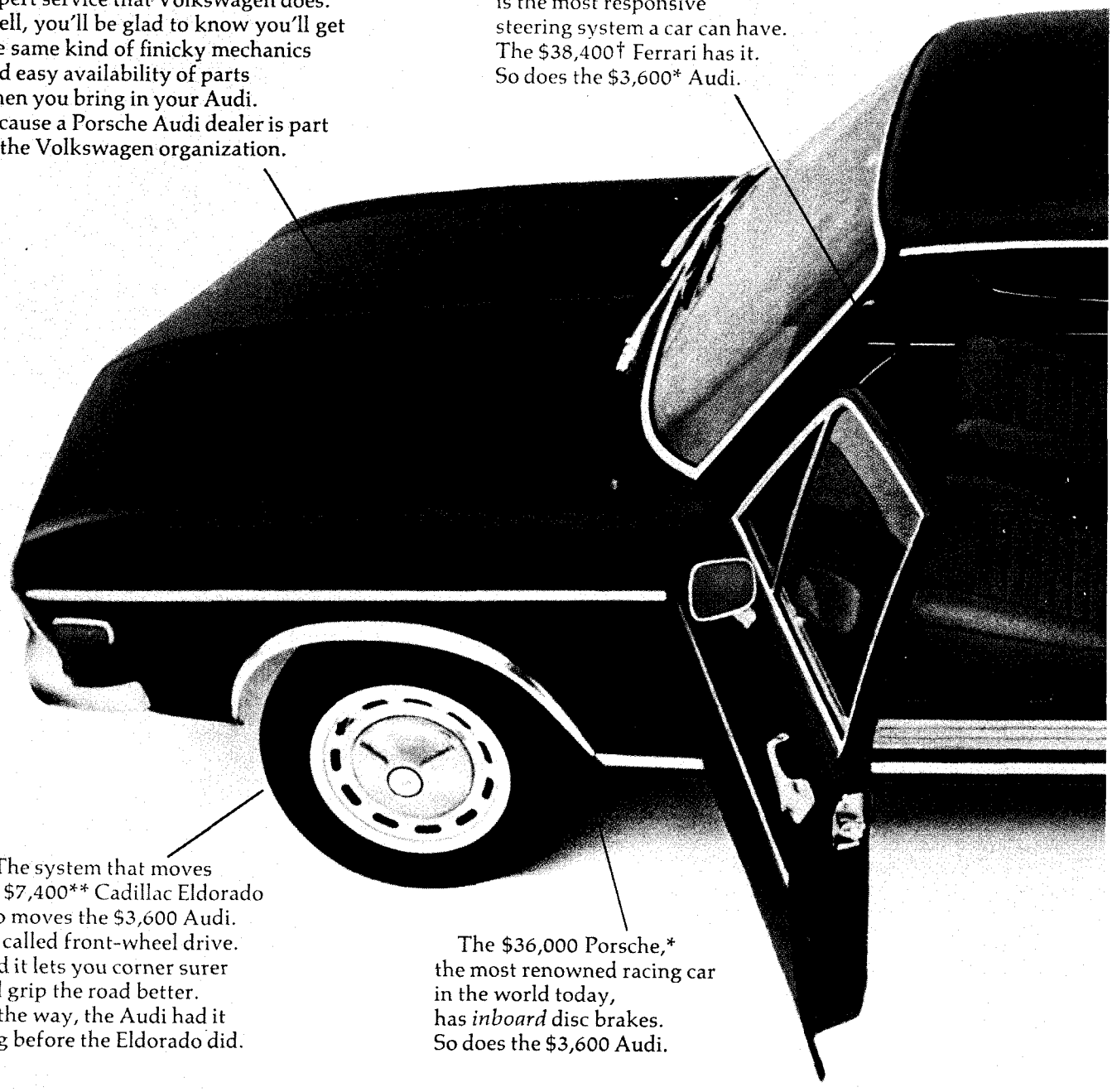

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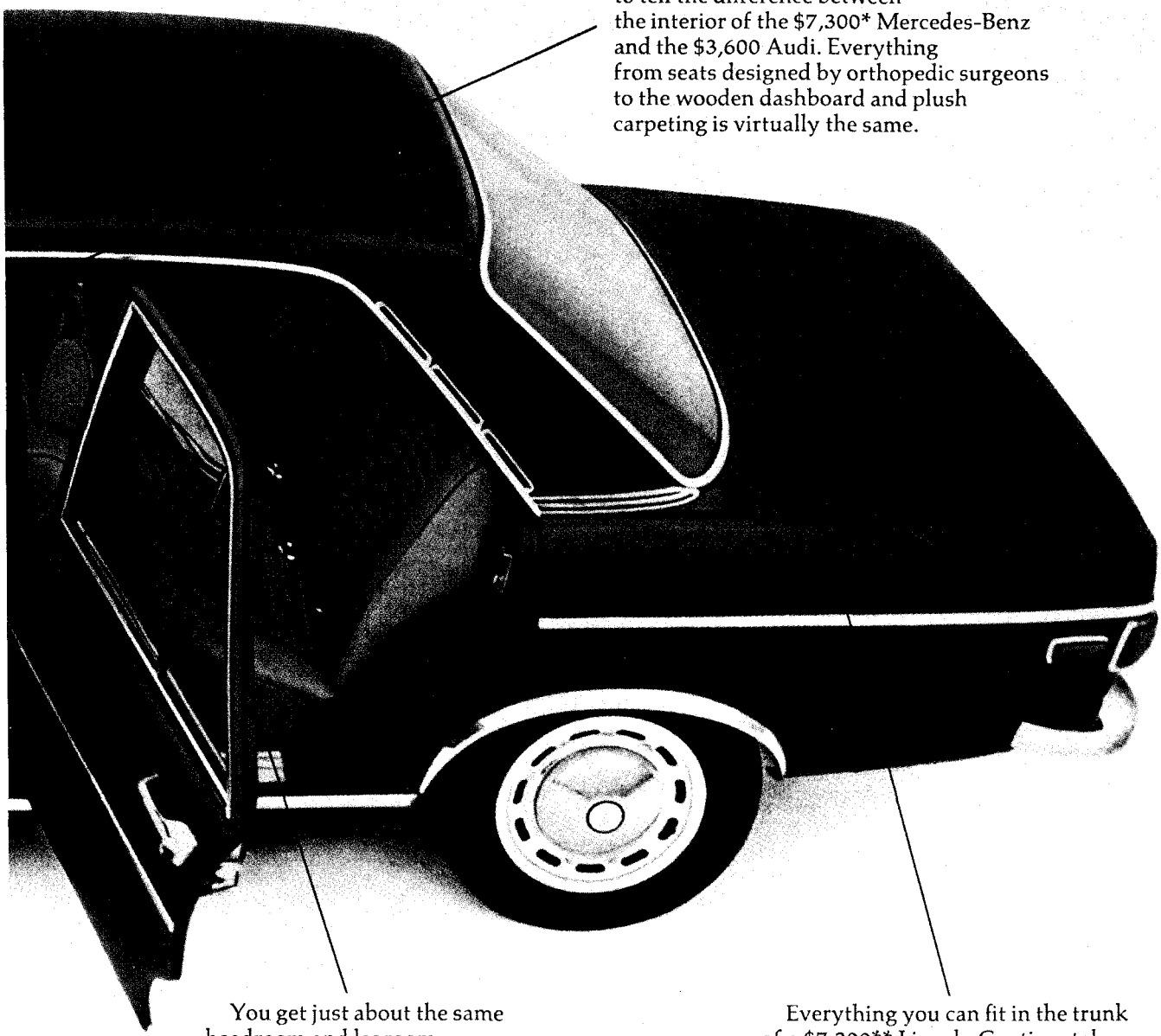

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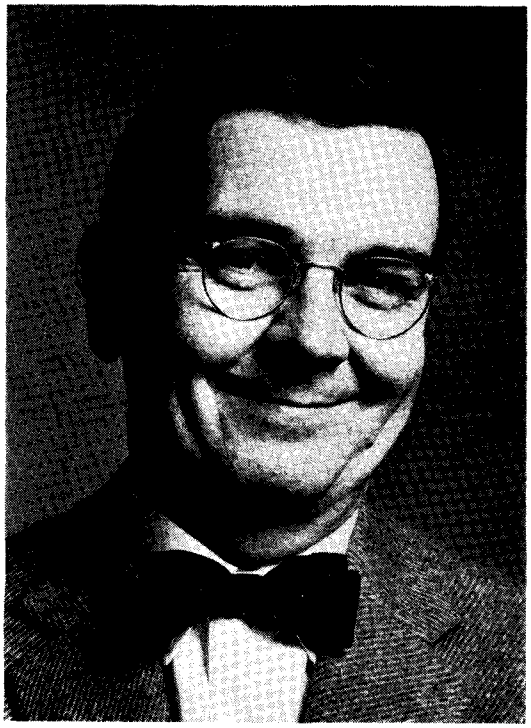

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FROM MARTINIQUE TO MALMAISON

by MARLISE SIMONS

The seasons slip by imperceptibly in the tiny parish of Trois-Ilets on the West Indian island of Martinique. The mongoose fights the snake, the cane is cut, and the dead are buried in alabaster tombs that are sturdier and shinier than the homes of the living. Trois-Ilets does not forget its departed sons and daughters. One is Aimée du Buc, the Sultana Validé of Constantinople, another is Léon Dupont, the holy man of Tours, and a third is an empress named Josephine.

Josephine was not only Empress of the French during her stormy marriage to Napoleon Bonaparte but also Queen of Italy and Duchess of Navarre. The people of the little village on a southern bay of Martinique call her their *impératrice*, but in the parish register she appears as Marie Rose Joséphine Tascher de la Pagerie. She was baptized 208 years ago in the font to which the children of Trois-Ilets are still brought today.

Empress Josephine was called Yéyette on her father's plantation, and Rose by her first husband in France. All of Paris society knew her as Rose until Napoleon came along and changed her name to Josephine. "The incomparable Josephine," he called the pretty and sensual woman he loved so much that he went shopping for her between battles and wrote to her from his command in Italy: "I hope you will be able to join me at my headquarters, never to leave me again."

The domain of La Pagerie, where Josephine grew up, lies across the bay from Fort de France, the sprightly capital of Martinique in the French Antilles. A small ferryboat shuttles across the water in fifteen minutes. The long way around is by a hilly road on which squat frogs take the right of way. The road meanders through banana groves, past almond trees and frangipani, and ends in a little glen just a mile outside Trois-Ilets. Here, by the Croc-Souris River, Joseph Gaspard de Tascher, son of French settlers and owner of La Pagerie, ran a busy household during the 1760s. He and his wife, Rose Claire des Vergers de Sanois, also a white settler, had three daughters—Désirée, Manette, and Yéyette. Some 150 slaves and more than a thousand acres of land ripe with cotton, cacao, and sugar cane kept the Tascher purse well filled. The family house stood opposite the mill where oxen ground the cane, and lower down by the river was the sugarhouse where the syrup was boiled and turned into sugar and rum.

Little Yéyette and her sisters played by the stream or lazed away their days under breadfruit and indigo trees, attended by their own court of nursemaids and slaves. Late one night, according to Martinique legend, Yéyette and her cousin Aimée returned home from a secret visit to a Carib fortune-teller in the mountains. Children were not allowed out late, for at night the valley was full of dangerous snakes. When her distraught mother was about to lock up Yéyette in the sugarhouse, she was told by the triumphant little girl: "I don't mind if you punish me now, for the fortuneteller saw in my hand that one day I will be more than a queen."

Now, two centuries later, the valley luxuriates with the greens and yellows and reds of palm trees and hibiscus and tangerine parrot tongues. The old sugarhouse has crumbled, though the chimney and some outer walls are still upright and alive with vines and lizards that clamber over the seams of the hoary stones. The house where the Tascher family lived is no more. In 1766, when Yéyette was three years old, a hurricane crumpled its wooden frame and the family was forced to move to the second floor of the sugarhouse. But across a well-tended lawn and a path of lava stone stands a little homestead of grayish white stone with brown trimmings of wood and tile. It once held the family kitchen and a room where Madame de Tascher would retire in the afternoon. It has since been turned into the Musée de l'Impératrice Joséphine. The walls and shelves are filled with mementos of Josephine and her many lives—drawings, letters, invitations, a delicate handkerchief of batiste and cream-colored lace. There is a small bed of courbaril wood that she slept in until she was sent as a bride to France at the age of sixteen.

Marble Josephine in Fort de France.

The museum—and the memory of Josephine—is lovingly tended by Dr. Robert Rose-Rosette, the remarkable mayor of Trois-Ilets, who is also Martinique's chief veterinarian and a top botanist. He and Madame Rose-Rosette have spent years repairing the house and gathering relics. They receive visitors to the Empress's birthplace with the grace of French courtiers.

"I got the idea from my friends in Paris," Dr. Rose-Rosette told me as we walked down to the river from a summerhouse that he had built next to the small museum. "When I was a child, my father took me often to bathe in this little stream, the same spot where Josephine used to play. I had always taken this place for granted, until my friends from Paris began to encourage me to talk about her and her life at Martinique. So, some years later I learned that the property was for sale. I was very poor, but I wanted it so badly that I went and borrowed the money. 'Poor man, he's gone mad,' everyone said.

"The grounds had been abandoned to tropical vegetation, and we spent years cutting down trees and mending walls. And to please the spirit of Josephine, I've collected all the plants and flowers that she grew up with."

Dr. Rose-Rosette delights in talking of the Empress's life. He recalled that she spent several years of learning *savoir-faire* at a convent in Fort Royal, as Fort de France was then called. Today, young girls will pass the modern Air France office and stop to cross themselves before a statue of Josephine on the Savane, the old parade ground opposite the harbor.

At sixteen, the shy Yéyette, described as "graceful, more attractive than pretty, with chestnut hair and dark blue eyes," was sent to France to marry

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—Marlise Simons

Josephine, born at La Pagerie (above) on Martinique, passed lazy afternoons under indigo trees. Her grandest days and nights were spent at Malmaison (below) near Paris.

—French Government Tourist Office

Alexandre de Beauharnais. The liaison was engineered by the girl's wily aunt who was also Alexandre's godmother. De Beauharnais, nineteen and handsome, was a viscount and honorary musketeer and considered a very good catch in that frivolous and cynical epoch. But he turned out to be a boisterous sort who gave his wife, the simple Creole girl, a daughter and a son and then turned his libertine attentions to other women. It was the time of post-Revolutionary confusion, and along with many other Parisians and aristocrats the couple was thrown into prison. In the Rue St. Honoré, Robespierre was writing death sentences as swiftly as the guillotine could fall. The key to his apartment has also found its way to the Josephine museum.

De Beauharnais was executed, but the girl from Martinique escaped unharmed with her two children, and set about establishing herself—with a little help from her aristocrat friends and suitors—as a woman of society. Known for her great charm and kindness, she also gained the reputation of having many lovers and even more numerous debts.

Dr. Rose-Rosette is quick to defend Josephine's life-style. "She began her affairs when she was in prison. Those prisons of Paris were anterooms to the guillotine," he said, "and in the face of death everyone escaped into love affairs. Besides, she was a young and lonely widow with two children to take care of." Then he smiled: "You'll be sorry to hear she was not in love with Napoleon when she married him." She had wanted to meet General Bonaparte to thank him for presenting her dead husband's sword to her fourteen-year-old son, Eugene. A contemporary described the Napoleone Buonaparte of those first rendezvous as "that funny little whippersnapper, who wore a hat with a makeshift plume, a worn-out uniform, and ill-powdered hair that hung like spaniel's ears." Napoleon went to see Josephine again, and was received so well, first in her salon, then in her bedroom, that he asked her to marry him. Although she had other amours, she was flattered by the general's passion for her and finally consented for the sake of her children. Two days after their marriage on March 9, 1796, the twenty-six-year-old Bonaparte had to leave to command the French Army in Italy, and Josephine, thirty-two, went back to Hippolyte Charles, her seductive hussar.

The Josephine museum is full of objects that trace the incredible career and the tumultuous marriage, which lasted thirteen years, until 1809. There are bills that show Josephine's extravagance, invitations to the great balls she began to give after Napoleon's soaring successes, drawings of Notre Dame in Paris, which was covered with gilt for the 1804 coronation, portraits of Hortense, her daughter, who became Queen of Holland, and son Eugene, Viceroy of Italy. Many of the objects have been loaned by Malmaison, the castle a few miles outside Paris where she lived with Napoleon during the Consulate, and to which she retired when he divorced her for not giving him an heir. She kept a fashionable and frivolous court there, tending to her friends, her botanical gardens, her black swans. Occasionally she would visit her castle at Navarre, or go to Aix-les-Bains to take the waters, but Malmaison remained her favorite home. It was here that she died in 1814, five years after the divorce—"for grief," as one of her friends wrote.

The chateau, an easy excursion just outside Paris, still stands in a handsome park and opens its restored rooms showing war maps, books, and an armchair used by Napoleon. Among Josephine's souvenirs are her white parasol, a crystal and *vermeil* perfume bottle, and a manicure set including pearl-handled paring knives—her wedding present from the city of Paris. The Empress herself lies in a marble tomb, in the nearby church of Rueil-Malmaison.

We looked at a letter Napoleon had

(*Continued on page* 71)

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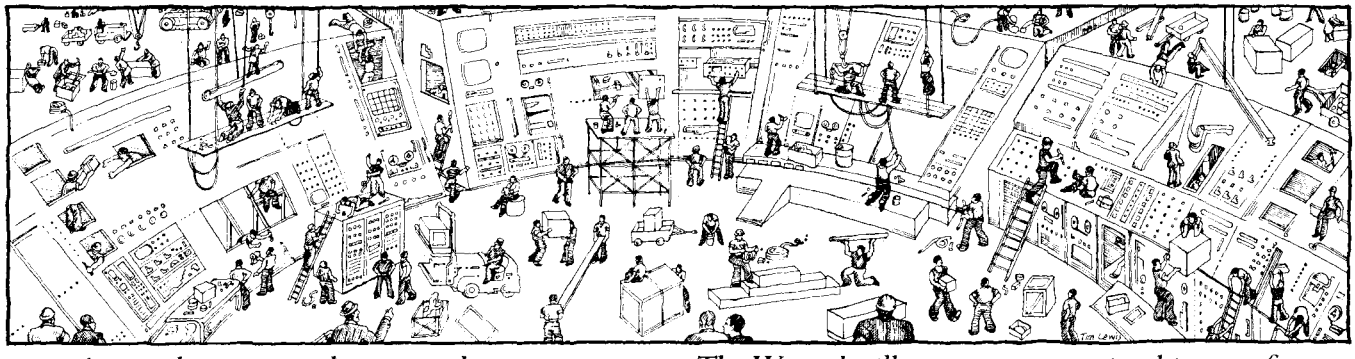
The Wizard of Avis. It has nerves of steel, an electronic mind, and a heart of gold.



Avis is about to revolutionize the rent a car industry. We're building a computer system that will be the most advanced in the business (even though our present system is already the best in the business).

It will be called The Wizard of Avis. And it will do a lot of wonderful things for us and for you.

The Wizard will connect all Avis rental, administrative, and reservation terminals, and hook them up directly to a central location at Avis World Headquarters.

The Wizard will also be programmed to be nice to people.

What all this means to you is that you'll be able to rent a sparkling new Plymouth or other fine car from Avis in less time, with less trouble, and for less money than ever before.

The Wizard will make renting a car ridiculously easy.

And ridiculously fast. Because The Wizard will remember everything.

It will remember all the information you give it when you make your reservation. And it will remember where every car is, has been and will be. Then, it will automatically locate the exact type of car you want and have it waiting for you wherever and whenever you want it.

It will also record all your reservation information on your rental agreement. And even if you should lose the agreement (perish the thought), The Wizard will duplicate it.

You can't make things much easier than that.

The Wizard will save you trouble.

Whenever you rent a Plymouth from Avis, you'll know exactly what you're getting. Because The Wizard will maintain a running history of every Avis car in operation.

It will know the make, the model, the year, how far it's gone, and what shape it's in.

Since it knows all that, it also knows what cars to rent out and which ones not to rent out.

Which means you won't have to worry about getting a bad car.

The Wizard will save you money.

You tell the rental agent the type of rate you've selected. He enters it.

At this point The Wizard takes over. And does the rest.

The Wizard will make it hard for human beings at Avis to make mistakes.

All Avis terminals that are hooked up to The Wizard will have something special called a "prompter." Each time a car is rented, the "prompter" will flash a series of messages to quickly guide the rental agent through the complete transaction.

The "prompter" will make sure the rental agent doesn't forget anything.

When will The Wizard begin?

The first part of The Wizard will be ready in a few months when it will begin handling corporate accounts.

The new reservation system will be ready in early 1972. The first automated car rental counter terminal will be in operation a few months later. And the full system, by the end of 1972.

Meanwhile you'll just have to be content with the best reservation system in the business.

It may seem like a long time to wait for The Wizard, but look at it this way.

That may be the last time Avis will ever ask you to wait.

Avis is going to be No. 1. We try harder.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

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—American Airlines

SUNSET OVER THE FABLE FACTORY

by CHARLES CHAMPLIN

The dream factory is operating with a skeleton crew. Windows are boarded up and some of the property has been sold off. They have auctioned the swords and the dancing slippers and the period settees at Metro, and there will soon be apartments where Tarzan swung and yodeled on the back lot. Over at Fox they've sold Marilyn Monroe's bed from *Let's Make Love*, and lesser treasures as well. On a late winter's day the loudest sound on the lot that Zanuck built (or made to prosper) was a dry wind whistling through the tall false fronts built for *Hello, Dolly!*

It becomes a bittersweet irony that the most profitable film of recent days was made by, but not in, Hollywood. It is a further irony that *Love Story*, in rediscovering the power of the old magic, is the most thoroughly *Hollywood* movie in years.

Love Story, in fact, does what Hollywood has probably always done best and most indelibly. The film swears that love conquers all, even death, and it presumes (correctly, on the box-office evidence) that inside every thin cynic there's a full-bodied romantic optimist, begging to be set free.

But this of course is just what Hollywood did so enchantingly for so long. No one who is, say, older than commercial television, who grew up on the movie diet of the Thirties and Forties, has escaped Hollywood's shaping hand. The myths of that lovely glib world of happy endings with virtue rewarded and love fulfilled are buried deep within us. And whatever else it is, *Love Story* is a piece of nostalgia for the simpler souls we were and the simpler, shinier hopes we had.

The wonder is that it took Hollywood so long to remember romance. For even in a drastically different day for the industry as well as the country and the world, Hollywood has continued to have a powerful appeal: a capital of glamour and romance, the myths of the dream factory.

The cars with out-of-state license plates still crawl the green, steep, twisting streets of Bel Air, their passengers squinting over new (but usually inaccurate) maps of the movie stars' homes. Tens of thousands of tourists each week board tramcars for the tour of Universal City Studios. And those same thousands, and more besides, still make pilgrimages to the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard to examine the impressions left in wet cement by earlier giants (and such later giants as Dick Van Dyke and Anthony Quinn).

And, curiously, although much is gone and changed, much of the mythic or near-mythic Hollywood still remains and is able to evoke the days when the life it lived seemed more vivid and interesting than the stories it told on the screen.

The headquarters of this romantic Hollywood is perhaps still the Beverly Hills Hotel, with its awesome service and its bungalows and the likelihood of encountering Fellini or a prince or the Burtons in the lobby. Other places claiming to be In come and go, but the hotel's Polo Lounge, dark and almost severely elegant, is yet unsurpassed as the toniest place in town to quench a thirst. Dorothy Parker once described the Beverly Hills Hotel as the place where the elephants go to die, and it has held on to that monumental splendor.

The Bel Air Hotel, nestled invisibly in Stone Canyon, two or three miles west of Beverly Hills, is reached by an Old World footbridge over a swan pool that could as well, symbolically, be a moat. It appeals to the Hollywood visitors (John Huston and Arthur Godfrey among them) who choose to be even farther from the madding crowds.

Some of the landmarks are gone. Prince Mike Romanoff's regal restaurant in Beverly Hills quietly folded, although the Prince is occasionally visible as an aide-de-camp to Frank Sinatra. The Garden of Allah, perhaps the most storied of all the shrines of early Hollywood, was sold in 1959 after a slow, sad decline, and the villas in which Scott Fitzgerald and Robert Benchley had lived were razed to make way for a savings bank.

But Dave Chasen's Restaurant on Beverly Boulevard at the eastern edge of Beverly Hills carries on handsomely, with the ribald drawing by James Thurber in the men's room and, in the foyer, a portrait of Harold Ross of *The New Yorker*, who lent Dave money to open his original eating place. The drinks are sincere, the food is superb, the prices are high, and the customers constitute the residual glamour of Hollywood. When Jack Warner tossed a party after the recent re-release of his

(*Continued on page* 61)

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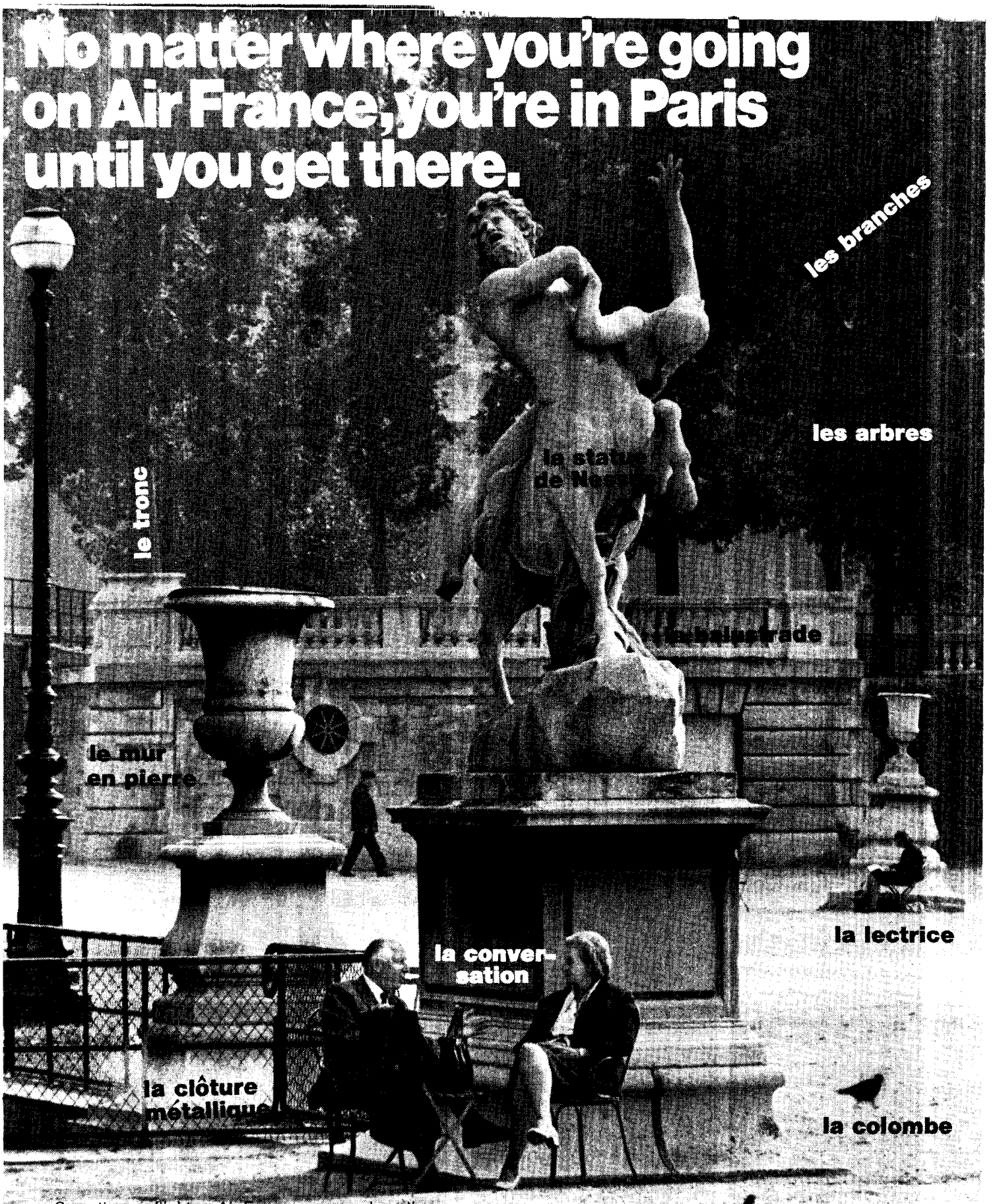

Sometimes a flight on Air France serves only as the beginning of a business trip or an all-too-brief tour. On those occasions it is more important than ever to fly the airline that lets you lean back and enjoy the flavor and ambiance of the most satisfying city in the world. Because Paris is the soul of every Air France jet. Fly with us soon to Europe or Mexico or Canada or the Caribbean, and spend the flight in Paris. For more information, call your Travel Agent or Air France.

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

The Tuileries Gardens. Two minutes away are the Rue de Rivoli and the Louvre Museum.

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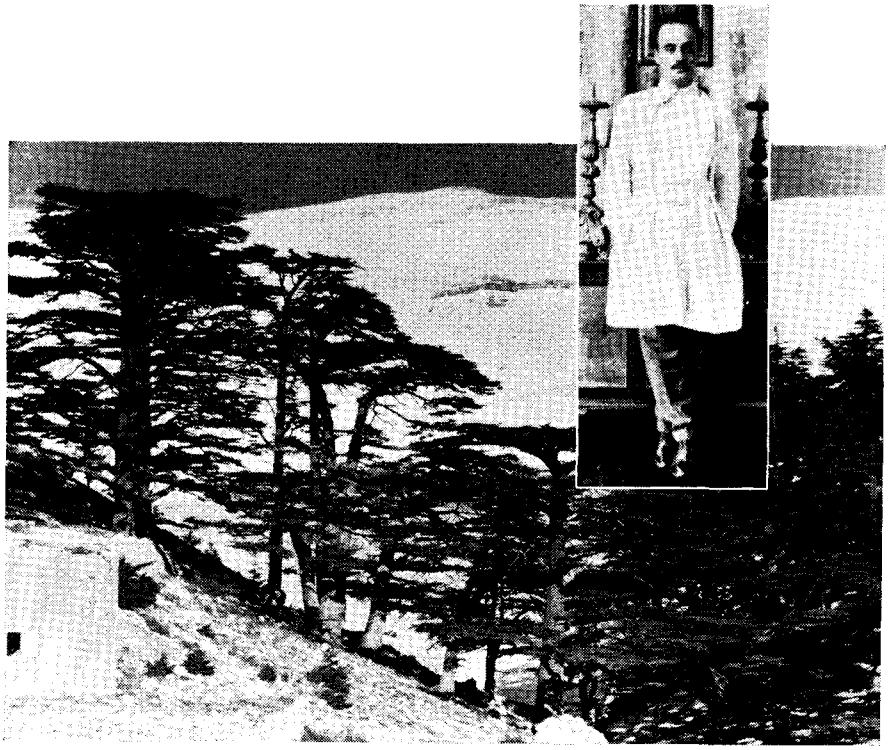

—Cedars photo, Monkmeyer; Gibran photo, Mrs. Alfred Walster Lawson

Gibran and the cedars of Lebanon—"Let there be spaces in your togetherness."

TALES OF A LEVANTINE GURU

by SHEILA TURNER

A lot of romantics are going to hate this, but they might as well know the truth: Kahlil Gibran is buried in a gift shop.

He lies in state, the coffin covered with plastic flowers, counters on either side selling souvenirs, in the old Mar-Sarkees monastery at Bsharri in the highlands of Lebanon. Meanwhile, his 20,000-word essay *The Prophet* has become Alfred A. Knopf's best seller of all time. This year the four millionth copy will pass over the counter.

Fewer than 2,000 copies were sold in 1923, the year Knopf brought out the first edition by the young Lebanese immigrant, whom he had met in a New York coffeehouse. The book began a heavy run after World War II. By the early Sixties it was starting to appear on best-seller lists at campus bookstores across the United States. Now words of *The Prophet* are replacing traditional biblical wisdom at hip public events, especially weddings:

> Ay, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.
> But let there be spaces in your togetherness,
> And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.
>
> —"Of Marriage," *The Prophet*.

I discovered Gibran in the Fifties, when *The Prophet* already had become a kind of underground bible. We would read it before taps every night at summer camp in the Michigan woods. To the girls in my cabin, Gibran's views on love, marriage, friendship, and other human conditions "between birth and death" seemed even more profound and relevant than those of Erich Fromm. In recent years, my worn copy of *The Prophet* has rested undisturbed on a high shelf next to Milton's *Paradise Lost*. But I dusted it off and reread it last fall before leaving on a trip for the Middle East. More than ever, I wanted to visit Bsharri, where Gibran was born in 1883 and spent his first eleven years.

On a Saturday afternoon in mid-October, I arranged to drive from Beirut up to Bsharri with a friend and U.N. official who spoke Spanish first and English second. We both had a smattering of French, and he was learning Arabic, so we felt confident of negotiating the journey. A few minutes into the mountains and one is light-years from the elegant-slovenly Beirut. The mountains are eroded and barren, having been stripped of their cedars to build Solomon's temples, the ancient Egyptian navy, and, more recently, the Turkish empire's railroad cars. The cedar has become Lebanon's national symbol because of its reputed strength and endurance. More than a million acres recently were replanted with help from UNESCO, but the trees grow slowly and aren't big enough to be noticed yet.

We passed a monastery that blended into the gray cliffs as if nature had created it and the cliffs simultaneously. As home territory for the Maronite Christians, these mountains have numerous monasteries and shrines. The Maronites fled here in the fourth century to escape persecution by rival Christian sects, and their community endures to this day. Gibran's maternal grandfather was a Maronite priest.

After a two-hour drive up sharply winding roads, through tiny ivory and red villages, past gorges and waterfalls, my friend pulled over to the side and pointed down at an idyllic little town of red-tiled roofs and graceful church steeples rising from the floor of the narrow valley. "That's Bsharri," he said.

Bsharri has 4,000 residents, mostly farmers. As with most communities in the area, its harsh terrain is terraced for cultivation of vines, apples, and mulberries. Average cash income is about $200 per year, which may explain why more Lebanese are living outside their own country than within.

Gibran's mother gave up on a drunken husband in 1894, gathering her four children and emigrating to Boston. Little of young Kahlil's life is known, except that he was a moody child, given to fits of rage and religious meditation. He also showed early talent as a painter and poet.

Later, he used visual images of Bsharri in his writing and talked of returning there to live, but he never made it. From New York, he wrote:

> Would that I could gather your houses into my hand and like a sower scatter them in forest and meadow.
> Would the valleys were your streets and the green paths your alleys, that you might seek one another through vineyards and come with the fragrance of the earth in your garments.
>
> —"Of Houses," *The Prophet*.

Gibran went back to Beirut from Boston to complete high school, then on to Paris where he came under the influence of Nietzsche's ideas. He wrote a long poem, *Spirits Rebellious*, denouncing the Maronite Church's collaboration with Turkish rule of Lebanon. In Beirut, the poem was burned

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in the market place, and Gibran was excommunicated and exiled. Five years later, however, he was forgiven.

At twenty-seven, after more years in Boston and Paris, Gibran settled in New York in a Greenwich Village studio at 51 W. 10th Street. He lived and worked there for twenty-two years until 1931, when he died of liver cancer at age forty-eight. During this time he produced *The Prophet*, nine other short books, and countless mystical paintings and drawings. Poetry circles led by Gibran were established in six cities, and countless admirers materialized, especially Syrian immigrants.

In Lebanon, his work went unnoticed until the people of Bsharri learned that Gibran had left them all future royalties from his books to be used for "civic betterment." At first the bequest didn't amount to much. Some was spent to bring his body home and to install it at Mar-Sarkees, the abandoned monastery at the edge of town that Gibran had wanted to buy for his studio. Some funds were used to set up a small museum in the center of town to house his paintings and personal belongings. Later the money grew, and some of it was used to run sporadic Gibran poetry festivals. Some was invested in real estate around Bsharri and Beirut. Some even filtered down to the poor.

Representatives from leading Bsharri families administered the Gibran fund without much conflict until royalties started to swell. With increased money came greater power and people began to push and shove to get on the committee.

Gibran's only surviving sister, Mariana, still living in Boston, made her own bid when the copyright on *The Prophet* came up for renewal in 1947. She claimed future royalties should belong to her. The courts ruled against her, but the New York lawyer who had saved *The Prophet* for Bsharri felt he deserved 25 per cent of all future royalties as his fee. Some villagers felt the 25 per cent was a bit steep and called for a new committee and a new lawyer. Election results were disputed, and now Bsharri has two committees and two lawyers. Knopf is holding a hefty sum in a New York bank until the smoke clears and they can figure out who gets it. The Lebanese Minister of the Interior has been called in to set up peace talks. And an estimated half-million has been frittered away in fees for lawyers and executors.

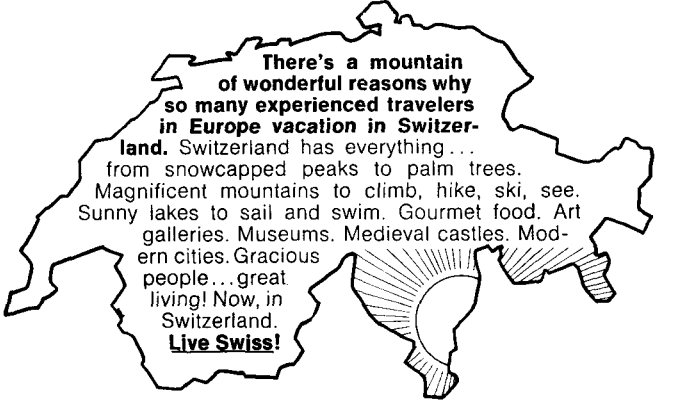
Jim Sams of Washington, D.C., the latest lawyer to enter the case, estimates that of the nearly $1.9-million in royalties since 1947, only $364,000 has reached the village.

Bsharri looked peaceful enough in

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Swiss Alps are 68,000,000 years old. Switzerland is only 680.

Just one reason why everybody in our country feels so young.


There's a mountain of wonderful reasons why so many experienced travelers in Europe vacation in Switzerland. Switzerland has everything... from snowcapped peaks to palm trees. Magnificent mountains to climb, hike, ski, see. Sunny lakes to sail and swim. Gourmet food. Art galleries. Museums. Medieval castles. Modern cities. Gracious people... great living! Now, in Switzerland. Live Swiss!

The "Unique World of Switzerland" is an exciting brochure of dazzling travel ideas and suggestions that will meet all your needs perfectly. Your travel agent has your copy—or write the Swiss National Tourist Office. New York, N. Y. 10020, The Swiss Center, 608 Fifth Avenue, Tel. 757-5944, San Francisco, Cal. 94105, 661 Market Street, Tel. 362-2260.

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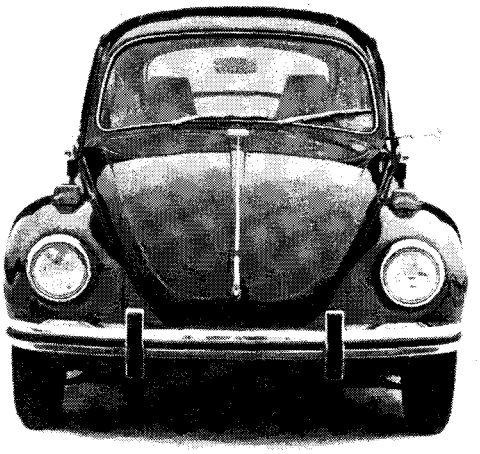
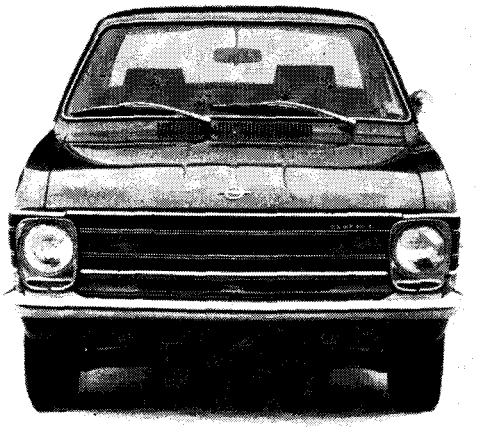
NOW THAT AMERICA HAS ACCEPTED THE EUROPEAN IDEA OF THE SMALL CAR,



Volkswagen



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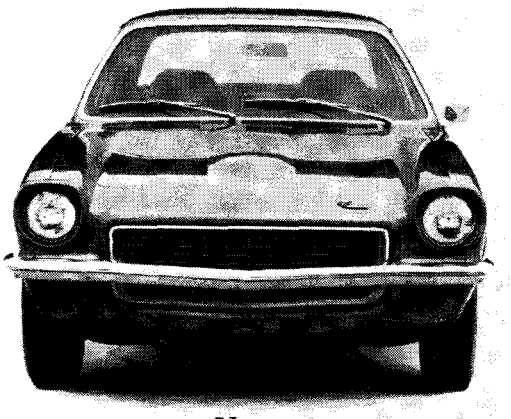

Vega

Pinto

Renault

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WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE EUROPEANS' IDEA OF THE BEST SMALL CAR IS?

In America, one gets a somewhat distorted idea of who's who in small cars.

Most Americans assume that Volkswagen invented the small car. And that Volkswagen is the biggest selling small car in Europe, as well as America.

The truth is that both these assumptions are misconceptions.

To start with, Fiat invented the small car, way back in 1936.

(It was called the Topolino, which is Italian for "Little Mouse.")

And secondly, Fiat is the biggest selling car in Europe, where they've been buying small cars for three generations.

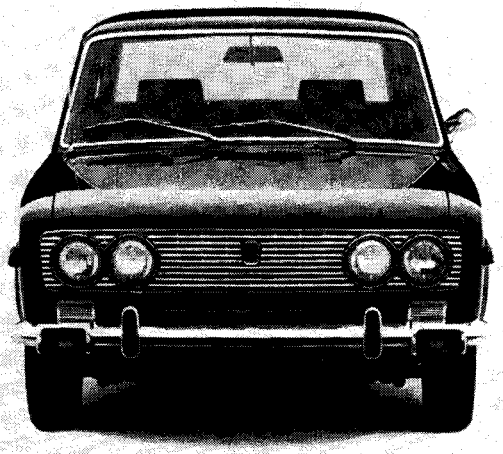
For every Volkswagen sold in Italy, eight Fiats are sold in Germany.

For every Renault sold in Italy, three Fiats are sold in France.

For every Volvo sold in Italy, nine Fiats are sold in Sweden.

You might well consider all this if you're thinking about sinking a couple of thousand dollars or so into a small car.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European. FIAT



Fiat.
The biggest selling car
in Europe.

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France for Loving Couples: Nests Along the Loire

by CYNTHIA PROULX
and IAN KEOWN

The Val de Loire is the sweetest part of France. Its rivers —the Loire, Cher, Indre, and Vienne—set a meandering pace, and everything else follows suit. Here the kings and courtiers of France came to escape the rat race at Versailles, and here they staked out great hunting estates and erected vast châteaux (Chambord, for example, sits in a park larger than Paris). They thereby initiated a châteaux race, as each aristocrat built a more luxurious castle than his rival.

Now every bend along the Loire Valley brings you face to face with a château—unknown, perhaps, but imposing, aristocratic, and alluring nonetheless. This is the playground of kings, the Touraine of the poets, and the garden of France. It rubs vines with Burgundy in the east, its principal river flows all the way to the Atlantic in the west, and to the north it touches the very fringes of Paris.

Chateau d'Artigny, Montbazon: A perfumer's nose is a sensitive thing, so when François Coty of the perfume firm built his dream house he commanded his architect to put the kitchens upstairs so that the cooking smells would pass over his head. His dream house is now a luxury hotel, his kitchens some of the most unusual bedrooms in France, his private crypt a discothèque.

The Château d'Artigny rises from a plateau, the Puy d'Artigny, above the River Indre, about seven miles south of Tours. From this perch, the château looks across a sweep of pastures, woods, and a zig and a zag of the Indre. In the distance, the big white building up on the hill between the trees is Tortinière, another château-hotel. Away to the left you can just see the château where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were married oh those many seasons ago (see page 69).

Puy d'Artigny has been the site of a stronghold since the eleventh century, but the château, for all its grace and grandeur, is relatively young; it was built in the 1930s and converted into a hotel only six years ago.

The most romantic rooms are on the third floor. Room 45 is particularly dreamy. You lead your *amoureuse* up a little flight of stairs, down another, then up a private red-carpeted stairway to a room tucked under the eaves; there's a double bed at one end, and a porthole window looking directly down on a weir, an old mill, and a field of grazing cows.

If you can't get a room in the château itself, or in the Pavillon d'Ariane, you have two other choices. On your way up the drive you pass a gatehouse, the Pavillon d'Entrée, which has three guest rooms. Ask for the one on the first floor; it's like having a country cottage all to yourself. You can get room service down there, and it's almost as prompt as it is up at the château. The other possibility is Port Moulin, just down the road. This is a small country house with eight rooms, its own lawns and gardens, right where a stream rushes under a bridge into the Indre.

The dining room at d'Artigny is distinguished not only by its unique floor, but also by one star in the *Guide Michelin*. If you have trouble making up your mind and you want some advice, here's a possible feast: *mousse de homard au corail, coeur de charolais en croûte* or *noisettes d'agneau à la crème d'estragon*, a sampling of the local cheese of the Loire, and *feuilleté des poires au Bourgueil* to top it all off. If you think the menu is expansive, wait until you see the wine list. The cellar at d'Artigny contains 40,000 bottles.

When you've settled into d'Artigny and stopped admiring the marble, what else is there to do? You could keep yourself occupied for several days without ever leaving the grounds. There's a heated swimming pool and two tennis courts. The management has marked out three walks through the forest: "Tranquil" (fifteen minutes), "Undulating" (twenty-five minutes), and "Sportive" (forty minutes); our favorite was "Undulating." The paths are lighted at night so you can go for a stroll after your *feuilleté des poires*, or get a breath of fresh air after a romp in the château's discothèque, the Caveau d'Artigny, in the crypt where the perfumer planned to be buried.

When you do finally drag yourself away from the Puy d'Artigny for a few hours, all the glories of the Loire Valley are on your doorstep. The châteaux of Azay-le-Rideau, Loches, Chinon, Amboise, and Chenonceaux are less than an hour's drive away. If you're in the neighborhood in the middle of June, you're likely to catch Henry Ford II as he lifts off from the lawn at d'Artigny in his helicopter and beats the traffic to the auto races at Le Mans.

La Tortinière, Montbazon: Once upon a time, a young writer was standing on a hilltop drowsily gazing at the river when all of a sudden the plot for *The Sleeping Beauty* popped into his head. After Beauty got her kiss and the writer became famous, nothing much happened here until a rich and dreamy Frenchman took over the hilltop and built himself a *Belle-Époque* manor house—complete with towers, a fairy-tale stone cottage, and a two-story stable wreathed in wisteria.

Now you can spend the night in any one of these three enchanted hideaways and dream your own dreams.

When you wake up, pad down to the foot of the garden for a swim in the River Indre. Or, if you feel like hooking yourself a fresh pike for lunch, the hotel will give you all the fishing gear you need, and the chef will do your catch proud with a superb sauce. Then maybe you'd like to take a horse for a canter by the riverside.

There's an excellent one-star dinner to be had in La Tortinière's cheerfully trellised restaurant. Salmon escaloped and duck with cherries are the specialties, but we recommend the chateaubriand with pâté and prunes (it sounded strange to us, too—but just try it). Then go and take in the late, late show at Chenonceaux or Chambord or Villandry.

These are among the grandest of France's *grands châteaux* in the Loire Valley. And La Tortinière sits right in the middle of them. Wherever you wander, you catch vast

From A Guide to France for Loving Couples, *a Vertex Book by Auerbach Publishers, Inc., Princeton, New Jersey.*

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and extravagant edifices peeking out of the trees at you. Some are still lived in, but most of the grandest ones have been turned into French national monuments. Which means that for a few centimes you can picnic in the same royal glade where Henri II promised Diane de Poitiers that Chenonceaux would be hers as long as he lived. (Henri kept his promise. But the minute he died, his wife kicked the beautiful Diane out and moved herself into what is still probably the most romantic house west of the Taj Mahal.)

Or better still, wait until after dinner and watch the *son et lumière* ("sound-and-light") spectacles staged against the château walls. There are usually two shows, but the later one from 11 to midnight is less crowded (also—the farther back you stay, the more breath-taking the view). If you've never seen *son et lumière* in France, you may suspect that it's either stale history or an amateurish show—or both. The fact is, it's neither. The *son et lumière* we've seen (especially at Chenonceaux, which is built like a bridge with the river racing right through it) may well be the most stirring theater in all of France.

On that historical note, head back to La Tortinière by way of d'Artigny, another château-hotel not far away. Down in the bottom of d'Artigny's private chapel (it's now a guesthouse), some very New World revelry is going on. *Voilà!* A discothèque full of high-voltage music and now-you-see-us-now-you-don't hiding places. A rousing way to end the day.

As for your room at La Tortinière, take your pick. Take an apartment (No. 12) in the tower and you'll have an apricot-velvet Roman bed in your sitting room and a small, sunny bedroom with a river view ($26 or $39.50 with breakfast and dinner).

The most peaceful spot of all to stay, though, is in the stable. You won't hear any whinnies—the former equine tenants would have a hard time guessing this used to be home. It's been converted into two nifty duplex apartments. Number 21 has a snug sitting room with a wood-burning fireplace. Upstairs is a blue bedroom laced with old beams and downy twin beds. There's a modern bathroom on one side and a terrace on the other—$26.

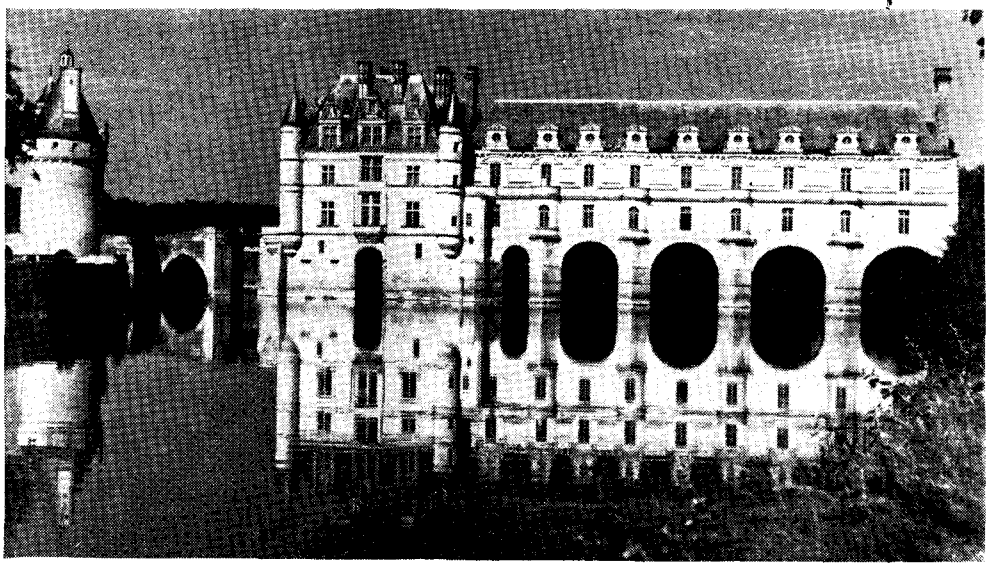
The other stable apartment (No. 22) has a sitting room downstairs and a staircase that leads to a bedroom with pine-paneled ceiling, twin beds, and a marvelous vanity corner, all delicate curtains and soft lights, designed to bring out the real woman in any real woman. The bath is pink-and-white tiles, and French doors take you out to a minuscule white terrace. Also $26.

Le Prieuré, Chenehutte-le-Tuffeau: "Tuffeau" is a kind of chalk, and the chalk cliffs beneath Le Prieuré were once carved into a series of caverns where the Benedictine monks of Saint-Florent-de-Saumur cultivated mushrooms, and where the people of Chênehutte do so to this day.

The feudal village of Chênehutte is wedged between its chalk cliffs and the River Loire, with one narrow street winding its way between solemn, gray houses. Above the village, up a skinny road designed for haycarts and plump priors, is the Prieuré.

Before there were mushrooms there were Romans. The site of Le Prieuré was once a lookout post guarding the Loire, and when you enter the Prieuré and walk down to the lobby and the terrace on the floor below, you immediately realize why. From its tuffeau-top perch, the hotel has a spellbinding view of the valley of the Loire—a forty-mile-wide panorama of willow-treed islands, riverside villages, church steeples, grand manors, and fields and farms stretching as far as a lookout can see.

There are thirty-five rooms at the Prieuré. Fifteen of them are in the main building and the remainder in bungalows in the garden. The bungalows are too much like a motel for our taste, but if they are the only rooms left don't turn them down. At least you'll be close to the heated swimming pool, and surrounded by oak, chestnut, and pine trees, and a huge expanse of dahlias, gladioli, and roses.



—French Government Tourist Office

Chenonceaux—"Its son et lumière may be the most stirring theater in France."

Except for the windows, which are too cloisterly to do justice to the view, there's nothing monklike about the rooms in the main building. Each one is furnished in period style, with lavish wallpaper to set off the elegant beds and chairs. The wardrobes are spacious and well-fitted, with valet stands and shoe cleaning stands. There are big desks for writing post cards to the unfortunates left at home. The only flaw, on the upper floor at least, is that the water is sometimes loath to visit the handsome bathrooms. If you remember this idiosyncrasy when you come to the Prieuré, you can organize your day around this fact

(*Continued on page* 60)

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and find some pleasant way to while away the time until the tub fills. When it does, fortunately, it's big enough for two.

Dining at the Prieuré is a formidable affair—the spirit of the hearty monks lives on. The cheese board alone arrives with the mingled aromas of twenty cheeses from the choice of three dozen served by the hotel—including *Le Mothe Saint-Heray, cendre d'olivet, saingorlon,* and *royal ligueil.* The kitchen, like the dining room, takes full advantage of the river flowing past below. The menu lists nine types of fish—trout, turbot, pike, crayfish, shrimps, *gigot de mer,* salmon, eel, lobster. Meat and game dishes include lamb and beef, duckling, woodcock, chicken, ham braised in the local Vouvray wine, quail, hare, venison, and pheasant. For dessert we had *tarte tartine,* a sinfully sweet tart with apples and caramel.

After dinner and a brandy in the baronial lounge, you can go into this one-street feudal town on weekends to a discothèque—in l'Auberge de Chênehutte.

The priory is, of course, cheek-by-cowl with many of the Loire châteaux — particularly some of the lesser known but splendid fortresses like Saumur, Brissac, Montgeoffrey, and Angers. The town of Saumur also has two good spots for antique collectors—M. Baudin at Rue Beaurefaire and M. Victoire at Le Pont-Fouchard.

Saumur is also the home of the French Army's Cavalry School and its celebrated *Cadre Noir.* One of its graduates has opened a riding school and stable about half an hour from the hotel; there you can rent horses for $1.50 an hour and go riding through the forests of Changlais and Vougeois.

Auberge des Templiers, Bezards: Templiers is for enjoying the simple pleasures. A snug thatched roof. A soft, wide bed. A warm welcome. A cool pool. But don't let the less simple pastimes go unsampled. For instance, sip a Lafite-Rothschild 1803 with your *faux-filet à la Berrichonne.*

At first glance, Templiers is deceivingly rustic, perhaps because it was once a stagecoach stop. But don't let all that ivy and thatch fool you. You won't have to rough it here. In fact, this is one of the most sumptuous little watering places in France—with superb food and a wine cellar to match.

The bar is a marvelous beamy

(*Continued on page* 81)

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The Fable Factory

Continued from page 52

My Fair Lady, he tossed it, almost inevitably, at Chasen's.

Time was when the Brown Derby on Vine Street, just off Hollywood Boulevard, was a kind of commissary for the whole industry. It stayed open twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, in the golden times when Hollywood produced more than 600 feature movies a year. (It makes fewer than 200 a year now.) Today, the Derby keeps calmer hours and is principally busy at lunchtime, when it is probably as sure a place to spot a recognizable star as there is in Hollywood. The walls of the high-ceilinged main dining room are covered with signed caricatures of its most famous customers, many of whom have long since paid their last tab. The Vine Street Derby is not, incidentally, the original Brown Derby, which is really in the shape of a derby hat because of the founders' intention to serve food so good you would gladly eat it from a hat. The original Derby is on Wilshire but is not part of Hollywood, geographically or spiritually. There is a third Derby in Beverly Hills, which does a brisk movie business—mostly agents who are rich but not as identifiable as their clients.

Another restaurant that has survived the town's vagaries is Musso-Franks on Hollywood Boulevard. Said to be the oldest Hollywood restaurant, it is a genuine institution, beloved for its unpretentious and comfortable décor, its brusque but efficient waiters, its simple but beautifully prepared dishes, and its sourdough bread, which has shattered hundreds of weight-watchers' intentions. Maybe for that reason you're more apt to run into writers and directors than actors and actresses at Musso's.

There are other clustering places—the Oak Bar of the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, Martindale's bookstore in Beverly Hills, a few other restaurants—Matteo's in Westwood, Stefanino's on the Sunset Strip, La Scala and Au Petit Jean in Beverly Hills—although Hollywood is notable for not being a late-hour town.

Most of the fable factories are still visible, but somehow they seem strangely industrial, even when they are active. It is as if in Hollywood's peak years the great moguls with their courtiers and their stables of stars and starlets had transmuted their studios into castles, domains that quivered to the will of this rough-cut royalty. Today, quieter, and run by inconspicuous entrepreneurs, the studios seem purely functional.

But if the studios themselves are no

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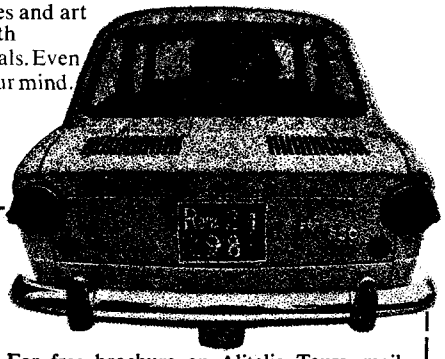

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longer charged with magic as once they were, the felt glamour of Hollywood endures in the places Hollywood lives. And I mean not only the manicured mansions of Beverly Hills poised so lucratively along those wide curvilinear streets; I have in mind raffish old mock-Mediterranean villas jumbled closely together on the steep-sloping and perilously narrow roads lacing the Hollywood hills, where you sense every house could tell tales of Uncle Carl Laemmle or Theda Bara or Fatty Arbuckle.

And I mean the flat bungalow country on the Hollywood fringes, with its peeling stucco and dead lawns, and its feeling of hopes awaiting or lost forever, the Nathanael West sub-Hollywood of extras and helpers and undiscovered geniuses.

And beyond the stateliness of Beverly Hills, Holmby Hills, Bel Air, Brentwood, Santa Monica, and Pacific Palisades there lies the coastal Hollywood, which may be the most romantic Hollywood of all. The Hollywood infusion probably began along the Santa Monica gold coast, and now runs north through the famous Malibu Colony and well beyond Point Dume.

The beach life-style is a curious blending; heavy with status, but mostly prized for its spontaneity, expensive and therefore exclusive, but rumpled and natural. It is a kind of life not duplicated elsewhere in the Hollywood ambience. The beach is as far removed as it is possible to get from the psychic tremors of the movie trade and still be only forty minutes from your agent's desk if a contract crisis blows up.

If there is a shift in the preferred patterns of Hollywood living, it is to the beach. I guess this is true because the visions of the good life among the Hollywood romantics, as among most of us, have matured away from opulence and conspicuous consumption, toward privacy, tranquillity, and some sort of speaking acquaintance with nature.

At the beach, there is the reassurance of the timeless tides. And Hollywood requires all the reassurance it can find. For its golden days are irretrievably gone and its conventional wisdom seems less and less adequate. Times change, and yet something of the past persists. The last irony of *Love Story* may be that its lesson will be overlearned and Hollywood will drown us in romance.

But the truth, which Hollywood will get to in time, is that we are romantics but not fools, whole men who need to be reminded through art of our frailties as well as our strengths and who continue to be grateful to Hollywood for reaffirming our often battered hopes.

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History's Love Stories

Continued from page 39

Arthurian legend is Glastonbury, in the area of the Vale of Avalon, about twenty miles northwest of the castle. Arthur and Guinevere are buried in what remains of Glastonbury Abbey—just a plot with a sign indicating their grave—and the ancient chapel on the hill, Glastonbury Tor, is also connected with Arthur and his questing knights.

It might be worthwhile to stay overnight in this legend-laced territory. A possibility is the Star Hotel, five miles northeast of Glastonbury, a charming old coach inn, coppery and cozy. Or one could pursue the crumbs of Arthurian folklore further into Devon and Cornwall, southwest of South Cadbury. Tintagel Castle in Tintagel Head is reputed to be Arthur's birthplace, and the towns of Slaughter and Lower Slaughter have each been passed down as the site of Arthur's last battle.

Romeo and Juliet: If *Love Story* were playing at Loew's Verona, the town tourist bureau would probably put up a rival sign reading "Now playing, the *original* love story."

From its offices in Verona, Italy, in the thirteenth-century Capulet family house at Via Cappello 27, the bureau offers more than just a legend. The original ceiling on the first floor probably witnessed both the joy and despair of thirteen-year-old Juliet. A more celebrated feature, of course, is the world's most famous balcony, which today commands a panoramic view of TV antennae.

Romance is still rampant, however, around what remains of the Convent of San Francesco al Corso on Via del Pontiere, where the lovers were secretly married. A cloister, the marriage chapel, and Juliet's tomb are all that is left now, but ah! what a setting: Lush greenery, sweetly babbling fountains, a profusion of vines, and a bust of Shakespeare are all on hand to greet romantic pilgrims. Just outside the chapel and down a flight of stairs lies Juliet's tomb, usually decorated with the flowers of other, hopefully more fortunate *amoureux*. One can solicit help for the heart by depositing problems in a mailbox for the lovelorn. A municipal employee, known as Juliet's secretary, spends the hibernating season answering the mail of the summer's tourists.

Verona is midway between Milan and Venice, about a hundred miles from either metropolis, one-and-a-half hours on the rapido train or a bit more than that on the arrow-straight autostrada.

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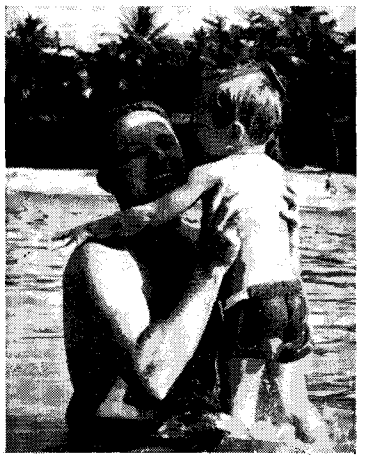

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Hotel Due Torri. An inn from the fourteenth century to 1885, it is now a deluxe, damasked establishment with each room decorated in a different period. Guests make their choice in the lobby, where a color picture of each room lights up when you press a button. Among the earlier guests were Mozart, Goethe, Garibaldi, and the Brandenburg Knights of the Holy Roman Empire.

A first-class hotel with a less illustrious roster is Colomba d'Oro, near the 40,000-capacity Arena di Verona, where the opera festival is held every mid-July to mid-August. Shakespeare is performed in the Teatro Romano in the same season, and the works could include *Romeo and Juliet, A Midsummer Night's Dream,* or *Othello.*

Abélard and Héloïse: The passionate romance of Abélard and Héloïse lasted only eighteen months, but the legend of their love has lived on since the twelfth century. Héloïse's famous letters and Abélard's poetry tell of the places where they spent their passion, joy, grief, and, for almost fifteen years, their penance.

They first met at the home of her Uncle Fulbert, which was on the Île de la Cité, then the center of activity in Paris. Héloïse, a ravishing if under-age heroine—she was only fourteen—had come to Paris to study at the university. Abélard, a handsome professor of thirty-four, was a favorite among University of Paris students. He was immediately attracted to Héloïse, and to be close to her he appeared at the home of her Uncle Fulbert offering to tutor the young girl in exchange for lodging. Fulbert later rued the arrangement and had Abélard castrated.

Héloïse was soon *enceinte,* and Abélard sent her to his sister's house in Le Pallet, near Nantes. They held a secret if belated wedding ceremony, and with the scandal bubbling around them Abélard again sent Héloïse away, this time to the Convent of St. Marie in Argenteuil, ten miles from Paris. With Héloïse away, Abélard took monastic vows, and it was ten years before he and Héloïse were to meet again. They came together at the monastery of Le Paraclet near Nogent-sur-Seine. By now Abélard was a famed dissenting religious philosopher. Héloïse's love letters, written over the next fifteen years, were translated into many languages and they have formed the base of several plays. *Héloïse* recently departed from the New York stage, and *Abélard and Héloïse* is the name of theatrical productions running in Los Angeles and London.

The trail of their romance begins at Fulbert's house, to which Abélard had come to seek lodging. They walked together on the Rue des Chantres, a street on the Île de la Cité and now part of the courtyard of the cloister of Notre Dame. Nearby, at 9 quai aux Fleurs, on a nineteenth-century house built on the site of an old abode of Abélard and Héloïse, a plaque commemorates the lovers.

They went often to pray at the Chapel of St. Aignan, at 19 rue des Ursins. And, it is said, they once made love on the stone floor of the dining room of the Convent of St. Marie at Argenteuil, although that event was not sufficient grounds for handing down the nunnery to posterity. The building no longer exists, but, as if in recompense, a boulevard has been named for Héloïse. In the park of La Garenne-Lemot, near Nantes, an altar is dedicated to them. There are grottoes named for them at Clisson, twenty miles from Nantes. Together at last and in peace, they lie in the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. Their love story has survived for eight centuries.

The Brownings: It wasn't an apple a day that finally kept the doctor away from Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It was love. The poet Robert Browning literally swept Elizabeth off her feet and out of an invalid's bed. Having read some of her poetry, Browning wrote a rather straightforward fan letter.

"I love your verses with all my heart . . . and I love you too." Later she girlishly confessed to a friend, "I had a letter from Browning which threw me into ecstasies." It may have been only the beginning, but it set the tone of their sixteen years together. Their love spilled over into everything they did and saw.

After that first meeting through the mail in 1845—Elizabeth Barrett was thirty-four—they corresponded during the winter. They fell in love through the postal service and finally met that spring. Elizabeth's tyrannical father had forbidden any of his children to marry, and finally, after a year-and-a-half, they eloped. They set out on a honeymoon trip whose route one can still follow.

Paris was the first stop, and they planted themselves for a few days at Hôtel de la Ville on Rue l'Évêque. They headed for Vaucluse, near Avignon, whose fountain was immortalized for lovers by Petrarch in his sonnets to Laura. Of course, Robert carried his bride into what Petrarch called *"Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque"* (clear, fresh, sweet waters).

They made their way to Marseilles and boarded a boat for Leghorn, not far from Pisa. (Tirrenia Line does

(*Continued on page* 69)

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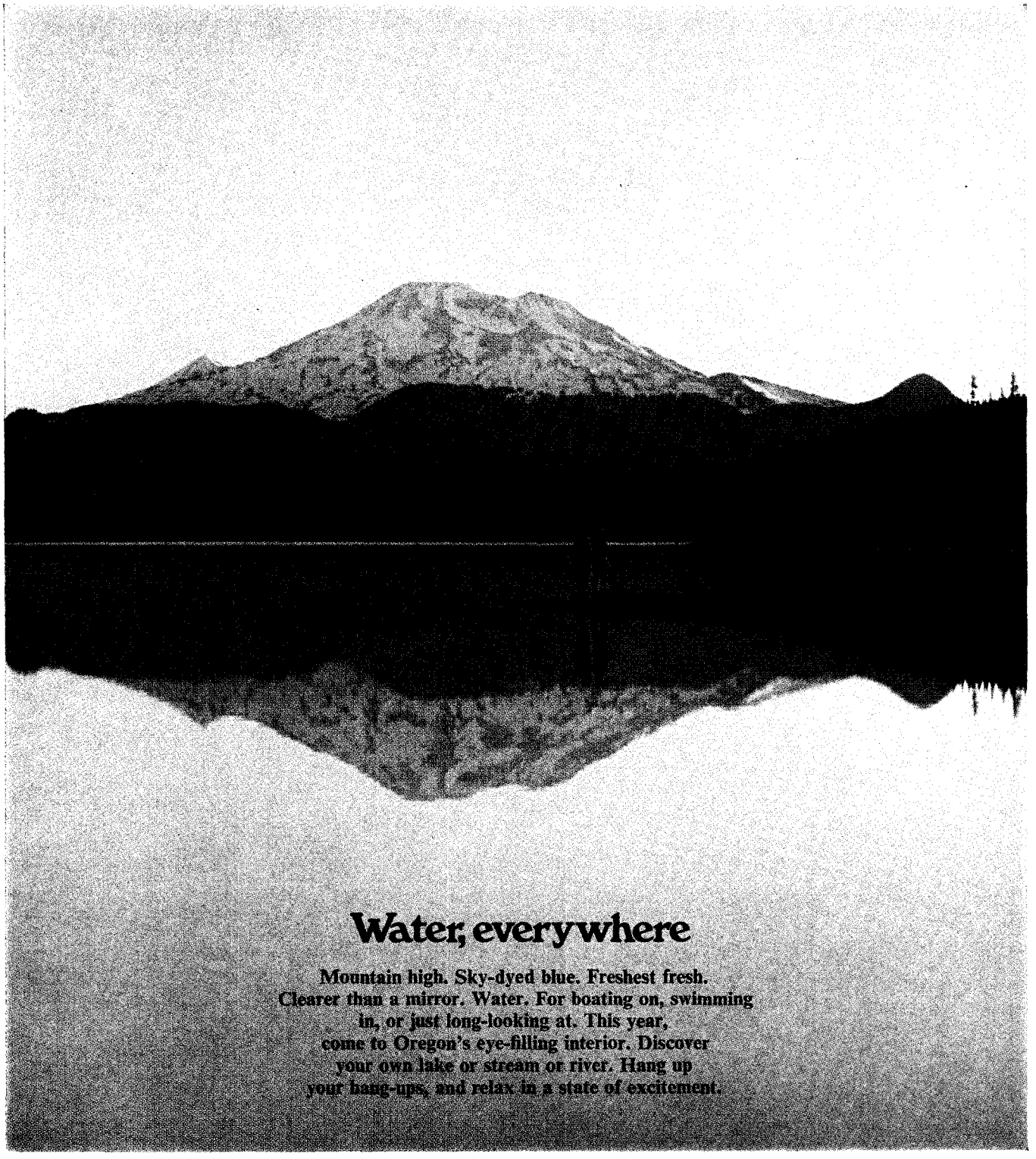

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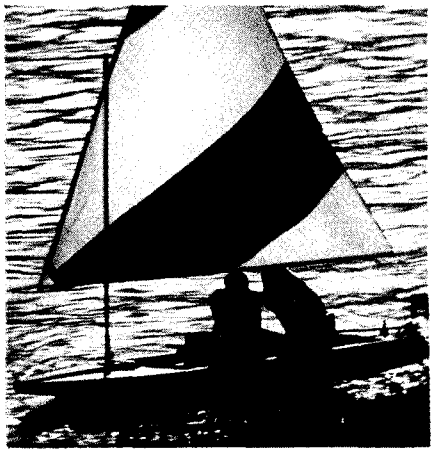

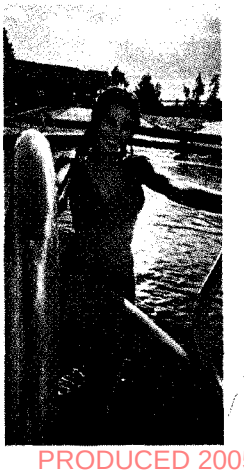

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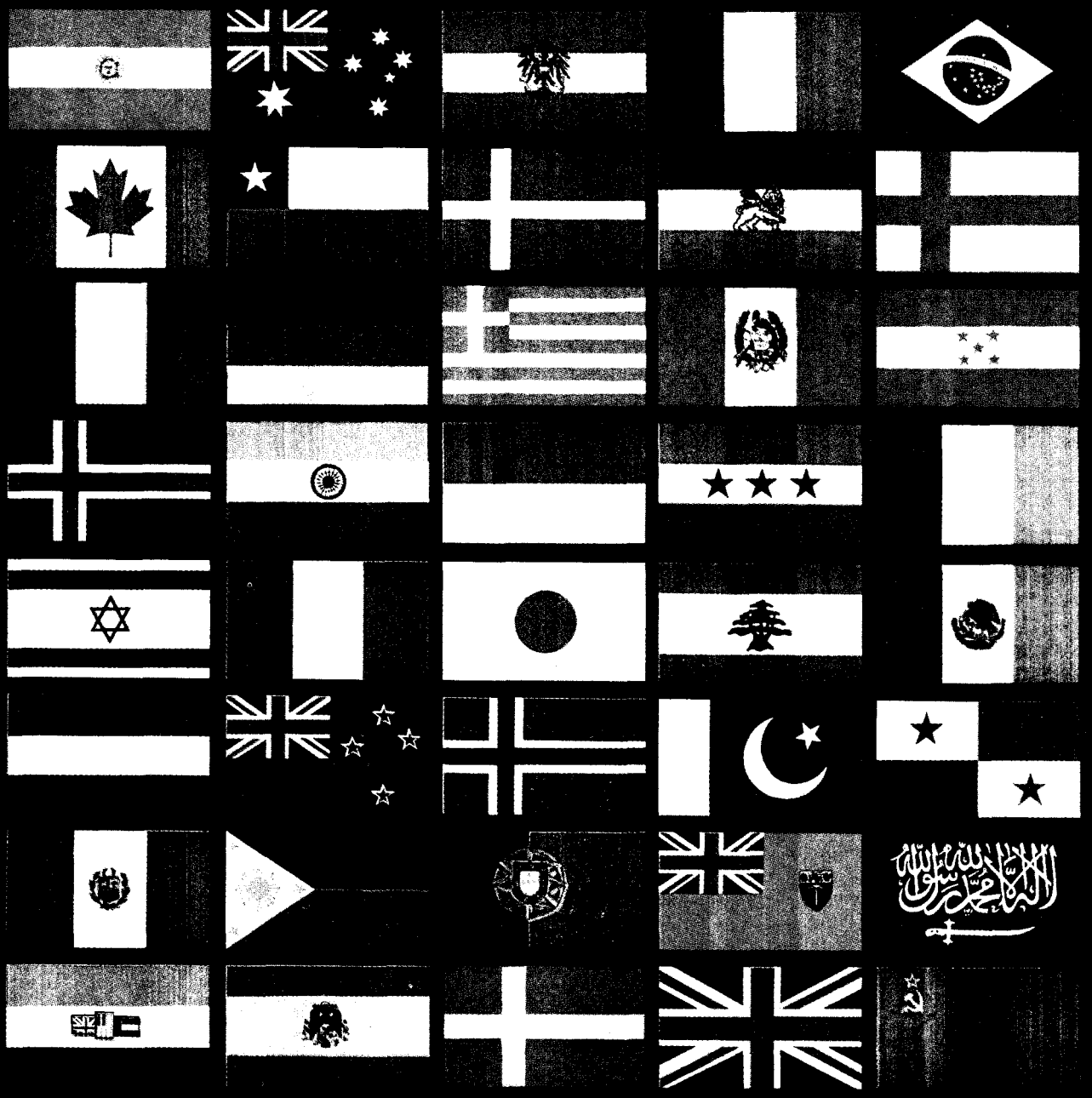

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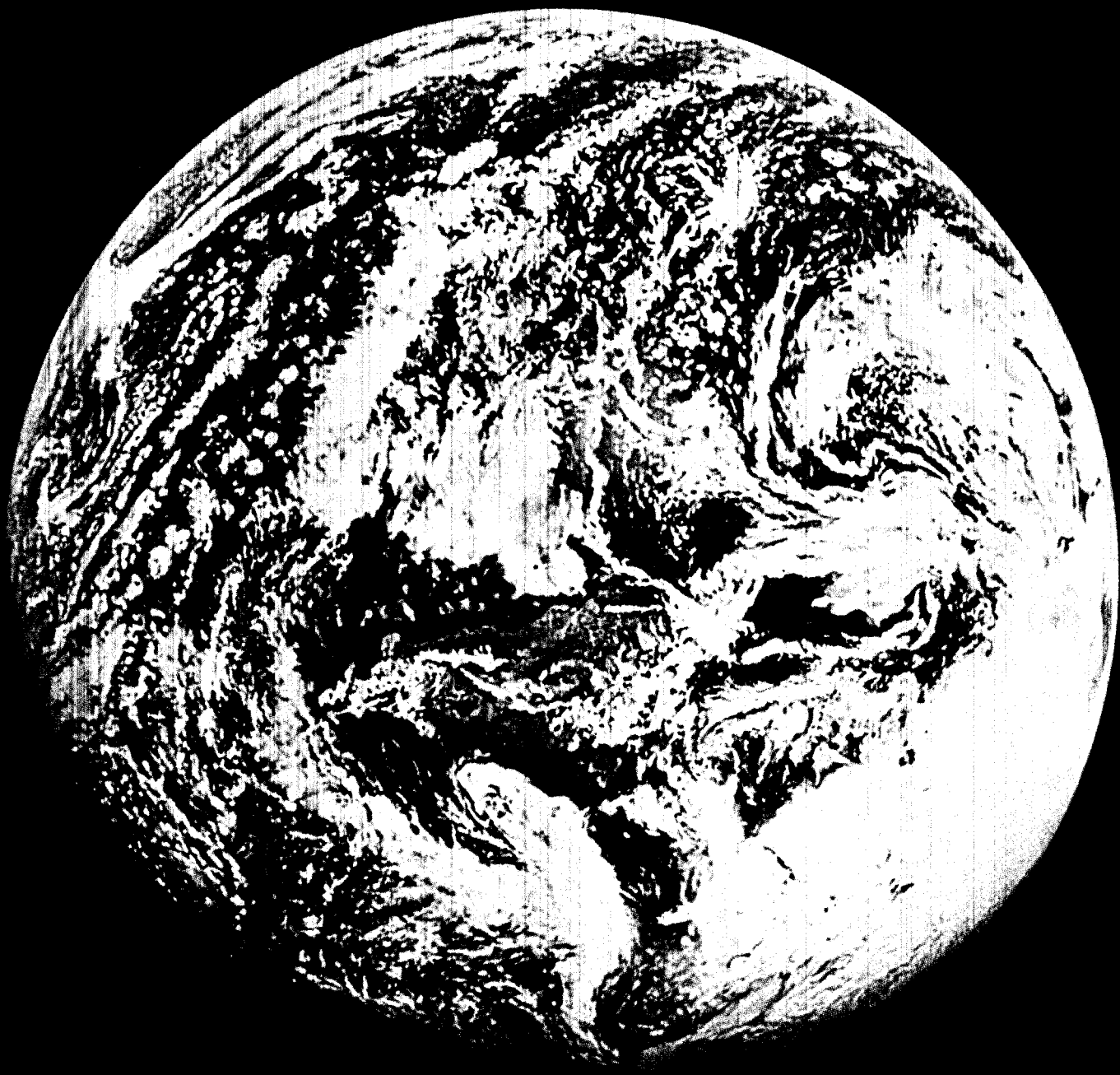

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(Continued from page 64)
this two-day cruise passing Viareggio, where Shelley was washed ashore.) Elizabeth and Robert spent the winter in Pisa in the Palazzo dell' ex Collegio Ferdinando, Via A. Bolta 56. They dined on thrush and chianti and chestnuts and grapes from a nearby trattoria.

When spring came, they moved to Florence, "the most beautiful of cities, with the Golden Arno shot through her breast like an arrow." Their first apartment was on the Via delle Belle Donne and is now the Hotel Nazionale. Soon after, they crossed the Arno and settled in their permanent nesting place, an eight-room apartment in the Casa Guidi. (The Browning Society of New York is trying to buy the apartment, having collected $25,000 toward the asking price of $90,000.)

The Brownings took long walks in Florence, often strolling down the Via Romana to the Ponte Vecchio, lined with food stalls where today there are jewelry shops. Elizabeth was particularly fond of statue gazing. Of a favorite she said, "Cellini's godlike Perseus, bronze or gold (How name the metal, when the statue flings Its soul in your eyes)."

Although Casa Guidi was home, the two poets delighted in travel. Of the shorter trips, Siena was a favorite. A usual summer retreat was Bagni di Lucca, where they walked along the Serchio and Lima rivers gathering wild strawberries. It was in Lucca that Elizabeth slipped her as yet unnamed *Sonnets from the Portuguese* into Robert's pocket and said, "Did you know I once wrote some poems about you?"

Journeying southward to Rome took eight days in a carriage, but today it's a three-hour ride. The Brownings spent many winters there, sometimes staying near the Piazza di Spagna in Bocca del Leone or in a wing of the Palazzo Barberini. Traveling to Milan, they climbed the 350 steps of the Milan Cathedral, "a sort of snow dream by an artist architect taken asleep in a dream." And, of course, they went to Venice. Robert wasn't particularly fond of Venice—an espresso in Piazza San Marco was enough—but Elizabeth loved it. "Never had I touched the skirts of so celestial a place," she said at the time.

Crown Prince Rudolf and Maria Vetsera: Late-nineteenth-century Vienna was a swirl of gold epaulettes, operas, and whipped cream. In this gay, student-Prince setting, the outings of thirty-one-year-old Crown Prince Rudolf of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and his seventeen-year-old mistress, the Baroness Maria Vetsera, seem almost pastoral. They took drives in covered carriages in the Vienna Woods and the Prater, Vienna's largest park. The intellectual, rebellious future Emperor discreetly met Maria in the apartments of his cousin Countess Larisch-Walensee at Johannesgasse 25. A favorite rendezvous was her suite at the Grand Hotel, now the headquarters for the International Atomic Energy Agency.

Although the setting seems lighthearted now, the pair had a preoccupation with death. They often talked of dying together. In January 1889, their story came to a famous and tragic end when, after a tryst at Mayerling, the royal hunting lodge, Rudolf shot and killed Maria and then took his own life. (At first the Vienna newspapers reported that the Crown Prince had died of heart failure while hunting.) A pet subject of police investigators, historians, and psychoanalysts—Freud lived just ten minutes from the palace—today's curious romantic can see what traces remain of their romance.

The exact route of Rudolf's and Maria's last visit to the hunting lodge can be duplicated today. From the summer palace, Schönbrunn, Rudolf went via the town of Maurer to Breitenfurt, where he joined Maria. Together, via Hochrotherd, Sittendorf, Heiligenkreuz, and Alland, they arrived at Mayerling. One can also make a slight detour and pass through Baden, where Maria stayed at the Hotel Sacher.

Today, the hunting lodge has been replaced by a yellow, two-story Carmelite convent where nuns still pray for Rudolf's soul. In the small church, built by Emperor Franz Joseph at the scene of the tragedy, a nun explains that the present location of the figure of Christ on the Cross is the exact site of the second-floor bedroom where the lovers were found.

Maria's grave in Heiligenkreuz is a short drive from Mayerling and bears an inscription from Job 14.2: "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." Rudolf, along with 144 other Hapsburgs, is buried in the imperial tomb under the Capuchin Church in Vienna. Several movies have been made of their story. A recent film starred Catherine Deneuve and Omar Sharif.

King Edward and Mrs. Simpson: Perhaps the greatest romance of this century was that of King Edward VIII and Mrs. Wallis Simpson, a divorcee from Baltimore. Ending the speculation of romantics, royalty-watchers, and the political heads of every country in the world, Edward stepped in front of a BBC microphone in December 1936 and made his famous abdication speech in which he gave up his throne for "the woman I love." He thereby set off a constitutional crisis in England, di-

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luted his popularity, and was reduced to a duke.

They met in London in late fall 1931, when Edward was Crown Prince and Mrs. Simpson lived at 5 Bryanston Court, and she was more and more often included in the royal activities. This meant weekends at Fort Belvedere near Windsor Park, dinner parties at St. James's, ski trips to Kitzbühel, sojourns at Cannes, golf in Biarritz, or bathing in Formentor, Majorca.

They have remembered with great affection their cruise on the yacht *Nahlin* in the summer of 1936. King Edward's party set out from Sibenik, Yugoslavia, stopping off in the many villages along the Dalmatian coast to buy provisions and to swim in the Adriatic. In Dubrovnik they were greeted by ringing cries of "Long Live Love," instead of the customary "Long Live the King."

The Yugoslavs reacted spontaneously to a couple in love, less so the British government and the Royal Family. The next six months were in the best cloak-and-dagger tradition. On the surface, King Edward's proposal for a morganatic marriage had been submitted to the Cabinet, the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and the dominions and been turned down. Actually, the international air was filled with coded telephone calls, English newspaper headlines reading "Grave Crisis" and "Constitutional Crisis," with people gathering at Hyde Park Corner as if it were the eve of another world war, private heart-rending sessions between the King and his family, and meetings with Lord Beaverbrook, Winston Churchill, and Stanley Baldwin, the Prime Minister, who was implacably opposed to any compromise.

Throughout it all, Mrs. Simpson, having received a divorce, stayed with some friends at Villa Lou Viei above Cannes.

Stanley Baldwin ultimately prevailed, and after Edward gave up his throne, he and Mrs. Simpson were wed at the private Château de Candé near Tours, France. After three months of honeymooning at the castle of Wasserleonburg, near the Wörther See in Austria, they returned to take up temporary residence at the Hotel Meurice in Paris, overlooking the Tuileries.

They shuttle back and forth now between the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York and their homes in France. They are seen dancing at Maxim's in Paris and at Raffles in New York. Kitzbühel, where they wintered, is still popular; the South of France seems as perennial as spring; the Dalmatian coast has emerged as a traveler's favorite; and their first home, the old Meurice, newly restyled, still overlooks the Tuileries, the park of kings.

Tales of a Guru

Continued from page 55

the low Saturday afternoon sun. Some Bedouin shepherds passed our lookout point and asked to have their picture taken. They were disappointed when they couldn't have copies immediately. The wonders of Polaroid obviously had been experienced.

Just down the slope was Mar-Sarkees monastery. We parked the car at the foot of a cliff and hiked a few hundred yards up a rocky mountain path, past vases of rosebuds, under a vine-covered arch, and through the entrance of the old monastery chapel where Gibran's body lies.

A young woman a few steps ahead of us unlocked the large wooden door and flipped on the lights. Confronting us were two counters sagging under the weight of post cards, literature, and carved cedar souvenirs. Off in a corner was the coffin, bathed in indirect electric light and covered with plastic flowers. We paused in front of the coffin, pawed the souvenirs, and left feeling a bit embarrassed at not having bought anything.

We visited the house where Gibran spent his first eleven years. Two little boys knocked on several doors in the neighborhood and finally found the key to open the place. They couldn't get the lights on, so they went back to the neighbors for a candle, and in the flickering light we gazed about the simple rooms.

About a mile up from the village is a rare grove of surviving cedars. Some of the 400 trees were more than 1,000 years old, and they looked holy and impressive at sunset, their branches stretching more than eighty feet toward heaven. They have survived because 100 years ago the Maronite patriarch assigned them special religious significance. A festival takes place in the grove every August. We spent the last daylight hours there, meditating until the sun disappeared. It seemed a better place to pay our respects than a gift shop.

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Martinique to Malmaison

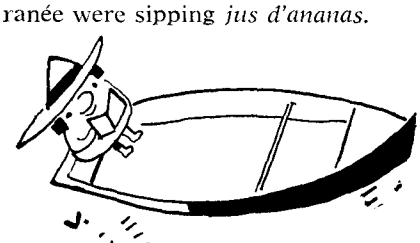
Continued from page 50

sent to Josephine. "He wrote to her constantly," said Dr. Rose-Rosette. "He was always pleading with her to join him, or at least write, which she seldom did. He was often so detailed about his passion for her that his family has censored or even destroyed some of his letters."

This letter was written in 1796 from Castiglione at 8 o'clock in the morning: "I hope I shall receive a letter from you before this evening. You know my dear Josephine what pleasure they bring me, and I am sure that it pleases you to write them. Tonight I will leave for Peschiera, for the mountains of Tirol. . . . I am sending you something to make a beautiful skirt of Florence taffeta; it is meant for Sundays, and the days you make yourself pretty. You see how generous I am, it is costing me more than thirty livres. But that is not all. I want to send you a fine crepe dress. Write me a letter specifying the quality, color, and quantity. I shall send to Bologna for it. . . . By the way. I am told that you have known for a long time and *very well* the gentleman you recommended to me for a contract. If this is true, you are a monster. What are you doing now? You are asleep, aren't you? And I am not there to inhale your breath, to contemplate your charms, and to overwhelm you with my caresses. Far from you, the nights are long and dull and sad. Close to you, one regrets that it not be night always. Farewell, beautiful and good, incomparable and divine woman. A thousand loving kisses, everywhere, everywhere."

Dr. Rose-Rosette led me out of the museum and into the garden. "Here are the flowers she loved so much," he said. "She filled her Malmaison gardens with them and introduced many new species into France: camellias, hibiscus, purple magnolias, eucalyptus. I planted them to the northeast so that the *alizés*, the northeast wind that blows over Martinique, passes the flowers and perfumes the house."

The warm West Indian afternoon was electric with the song of frogs. In the old sugar mill, converted into a little teahouse for passersby, modern-day romantics of the Club Méditerranée were sipping *jus d'ananas*.



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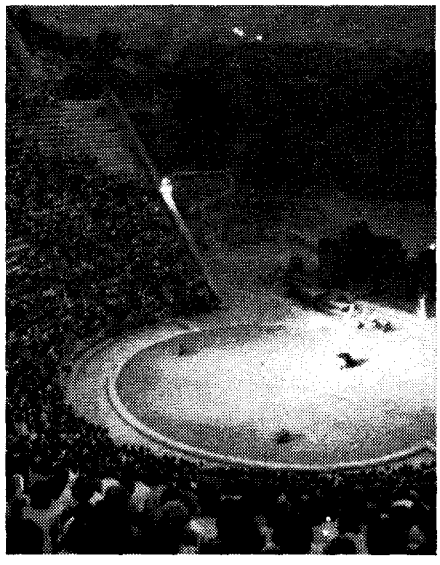

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Continued from page 44

borne heavenward by a choir of angels. We studied the piece for a long time, marveling; finally, I was ready to go. But Trudl's hand on my arm delayed my exit. We lingered, and suddenly the figure of Mary was suffused in an unearthly, rosy glow. For a moment I thought I was having a religious experience, until Trudl pointed to a window in the far wall of the church, where the sun's rays glanced through at the effective angle at just that moment. She had staged it all, just for me—with the cooperation, of course, of an architect and sculptor both long dead, and the inexorable favors of brother Sun.

In those days Trudl played the organ for the Catholic church; her official capacity as an organist in the town entitled her to practice on other church organs as well, and it was to the brilliance of her Bach that I studied the stone interiors of all those shrines. She also belonged to a small musical ensemble, and I often listened to them play and partied with them after practice. One night down in the valley, they played a small concert at the Topplerschlosschen, a tiny moated castle, and, to the accompaniment of the ensemble, Trudl sang "Der Mond ist aufgegangen," while the moon shone and the torches on the bridge flickered. I wept quietly and happily in the woods. How, I wondered, could I be so lucky?

You can be sure that I wept again when I left Rothenburg. But I have been back many times since, especially in my Army years, between 1957 and 1959. I was always driving from Darmstadt (where I was stationed) to Rothenburg for weekends, for high feast days, for special family occasions. My route then took me south from Hesse, and my favorite part of the trip was the arrival in Würzburg, the northernmost point of the Romantische Strasse. As I drove down the mountainside toward the city that marked the start of the best part of the trip, I could look out over the spires and towers of that magical city and imagine it still the seat of the prince-bishops of Franconia, the magnificient capital of all their princely pomp. Würzburg was heavily bombed in the war, and bears romantic gazing better from afar than close up, but I could never pass through the city without visiting the Residenz, that superb eighteenth-century episcopal palace that is Germany's most articulate baroque treasure. I was always in a hurry, and rarely did much more than goggle at the incredible exterior by Balthasar Neumann and gape at Tiepolo's monumental

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frescoes on the grand staircase before hastening on my way. Strangely, those specific sights remain much fuzzier in my recollection than that first glimpse of spires from the mountainside—a romantic vision that never fades and never loses definition in my memory.

Recently, I was back on the Romantische Strasse, fifteen years after I first had traveled that remarkable road. Not much has changed, except that the towns and villages are more tourist-conscious now, and the barnyard smells that once confirmed the reality of the place have been banished in most places. Trudl has two beautiful children—Angelika and Mattias—and I am now *Onkel* Dick in Rothenburg. She works sometimes as a guide for English-speaking tourists, which makes us both laugh, remembering that I was her first client; she gave up the chance to guide a coach party one day so that we could walk down the valley beyond Detwang to a little *Weinhaus* I used to love to go to. We took the children, who played in a field below us while we had a glass of good Frankenwein on the terrace, at a table with a red-and-white-checkered tablecloth, in the shade of lindens. The city stood stiff and fierce behind its battlements on the steep cliff across the valley; you'd never know it's stiff with tourists now, if you'd conveniently forgotten the century. I thought of all the bad pen-and-ink sketches I'd made from that terrace one summer a long time ago—when anything was still possible, and I thought I might become a painter. Hard at work, brow furrowed, I had done my best to forget what century it was.

I think romance is something that has to happen to you when you're young and dumb and readily dazzled, and I guess it doesn't make a lot of difference what dazzles you, when you're that vulnerable. I could be mooning now about the Bosporus, perhaps, or ghats on the Ganges, or a barque gently rocking on the Grand Canal—had I been in any of those places when I was ready for them. But, as it happened, I was poor and hungry and prone to have my heart rent—ready for romance, how else to put it?—when I stumbled onto the Romantic Road.

And I doubt that I'll ever be able to get off.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Applying the first and second letters respectively to the first and second halves of the title, and the third and fourth letters to the given and last names of the author: AODM, BMJA, CHKJ, DNAL, EDHO, FACG, GJBI, HIOB, ILM(or I)K, JENC, KFEH, LCFN, MGI(or M)E, NKGD, OBLF.

Hudson Valley

Continued from page 41

visit is a replica of a European castle built by the well-to-do merchant Phillip Paulding. His name receives scant mention these days because it has been eclipsed by that of another and even richer resident—Jay Gould. Now under the skillful management of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, this early-nineteenth-century Hudson River Gothic castle has become a popular rendezvous for audiences that delight in the music rendered by a brass ensemble playing from the tower that surmounts the porte-cochere near Lyndhurst.

The Hudson River Valley has been celebrated with paint as well as words. Irving, were he alive today, would rejoice over the current interest in the paintings of his contemporaries. Indeed, as a young man he considered becoming an artist, and his enthusiasm for art never left him. At times, he chose the pen name Geoffrey Crayon.

The sensitive Thomas Cole, considered the landscapes near the Hudson more beautiful than any in Europe and set out to prove his claim. Believing in the close relationships of the arts, he took his flute and sought rocky ravines, channels whitened by splashing waters that inevitably ran through steep tributaries to invade the level surface of the three-mile-wide Tappan Zee. Upon discovering a scene that moved him, the young painter would let his flute speak, and, once it had spoken, he would begin to imitate with his brushes and colors that part of the Divine Creator's universe he had chosen for a painting.

The immeasurable expanses of an untamed land were challenging Cole and his artist colleagues, and they accepted the challenge. On enormous canvases for the most part, they set about impressing potential patrons and purchasers. They believed that their products were meticulously accurate as to subject matter. They also were encouraged by the fact that they *and* the possible purchaser were convinced that a good picture cannot fail to have a praiseworthy "moral effect." On a highly artistic plane they were evangelists.

A high respect for art and artists permeated the Hudson Valley. Cole became a success, and so did Durand and Kensett and Bierstadt. A recent book entitled *Hudson River School*, produced by an earnest and enthusiastic researcher, Agnes Halsey Jones, lists about fifty painters as belonging to the group that won the distinction of being designated the only "school" that American artists have produced. The

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majority of these men lived happy and prosperous lives. They created a feeling of pride in our national culture that satisfied a yearning long shared by the fellowship of successful merchants and professional men of the area. The curious visitors who had come from Europe to observe the life of the new republic could no longer return to their homes abroad with sneers at "American moneygrubbers" whose lives were impoverished by a lack of indigenous and worthy cultural achievement.

At the turn of the century, however, the approval won by the Hudson River School began to disappear. For more than two generations, with Cole as its recognized head, it had met with little criticism. Now a virile, realistic, more individualistic attitude began to develop in the history of American art. The "river" as a place designation gave way to the "armory" and the "ash can." When I came to Irvington about a quarter of a century ago, old residences near mine were still called by the names of distinguished artists who had once lived beside the river—"the Cropsey house," "the Bierstadt house," and the like.

Frederick Edwin Church was regarded as a member of the Hudson River School, but at the same time he stood alone. He would not be attached to a

single age or movement. His merits as a painter were unquestioned, but there were many more facets to the brilliant unit that was this man. The Persian palace he placed on the river heights just south of the whaling village of Hudson gave evidence of his great versatility and powers of appreciation. Go, if you will, to the west side of the Hudson, cross it on the Rip Van Winkle Bridge, and look up at the Persian palace as you cross. Make your way around to the palace gate and enter. Come out of Church's world when it has satisfied you with its rich and bold colors, its oriental designs. To me it is worth the journey if I see nothing else along Henry Hudson's "Great River of the Mountains."

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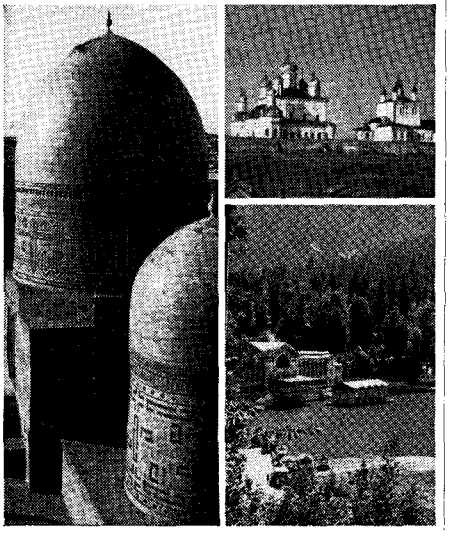

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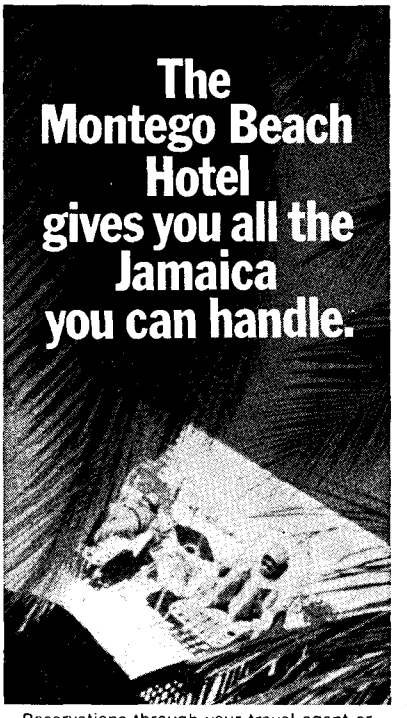

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Cape Cod

Continued from page 40

on a windy day in fall. The encounter tells much of the Cape of that period. The wrecker, in patched clothes and armed with pikestaff, appeared to Thoreau a pale sea clam on legs. His face "was like an old sail endowed with life —a hanging cliff of weather-beaten flesh." The owner was obviously grateful for whatever he could pole out of the surf—even a rotted pine log wafted down by the currents from Maine.

Near him Thoreau saw a ramshackle shelter of driftwood, a "charity house" built for survivors of wrecks, which often occurred off this roaring beach. At night chilled and exhausted seamen were well advised to wait within for the dawn rather than to try to find the infrequent houses that lay inward. A saying of the time was that they called a house on the Cape a house but a house with a shed a village. The houses, Thoreau noted, were frequently unpainted. Some still are. Also, he remarked on the irregularity of construction. Roofs would hardly lie down straight. Corners were everywhere. He might well have been speaking of the odd place I own. Its angularity apparently so intrigued the artist Edward Hopper that he produced several versions of *House on Pamet River,* which are now in various museums.

During Thoreau's visits, Truro was practically a metropolis, furnishing more than 200 men for service in the Civil War. Two large and beautiful early-nineteenth-century churches crowned one of its hills, only one of which now functions in that capacity, the other, with the decline in population, having become the town hall. At Truro's height, the community boasted 111 vessels engaged in general commerce, fishing, and whaling. The Pamet River was navigable for ocean-going craft almost its entire length.

My house, then thrice its present size, had a part in those times. The sharp-cornered northern third was a general store and ship chandlery, serving the maritime trade and resident landlubbers, the latter living to the north of the river and accommodated by a wooden walkway slung high across the water, some supports of which are still visible. When the mouth of the Pamet on Cape Cod Bay silted up beyond the engineering skill of the time to repair, the town's nautical business died, and the chandlery was moved elsewhere, as is still the custom with buildings on the Cape—land, water, or both if necessary, being used in the operation and nothing thought of it. Some years later, a second third was also removed and taken to the

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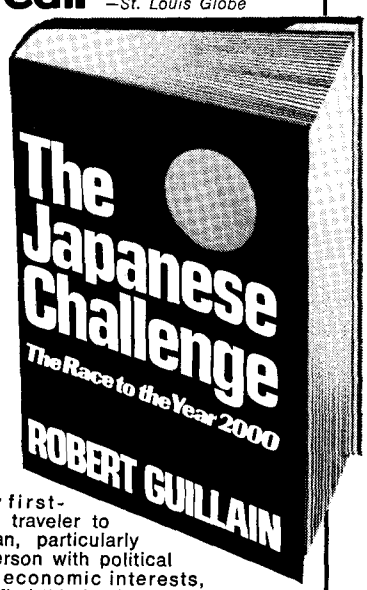

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town center, where it became a bakery, eventually burning to the ground (roughly fifty years ago). Hooper proceeded to paint what was left.

Of all Cape towns, Provincetown is probably best known. A stone monument nearly three hundred feet high marks the landing of the Pilgrims there on November 11, 1620. "Plymouth Rock? That's the name of a chicken," a loyal Provincetowner might say. "The nation should know that here, and no place else, the Pilgrims first stepped ashore." Not far from town is the spring they found, their first fresh water since England. And on Corn Hill near the bay at Truro friendly Indians gave them seed corn from caches in the earth. During the time the Pilgrims tarried on the Cape, Miles Standish reconnoitered the area in the *Mayflower*'s longboat, traveling, among other places, up the Pamet River. I like to stand on the bank in this era of moon walks and imagine him proceeding up the river in the longboat's prow, a half-dozen rowers and musketeers behind him, the moonlight glinting off his cuirass.

Today, during the summer season, Provincetown seethes and bubbles. Tourist visitors, bohemians, hippie craftsmen, WASP descendants of original settlers, and fishermen, many of them of Portuguese ancestry, mingle day and night along the town's two narrow main streets that stretch for three or four miles back of the curvature of the bay. Beyond the festive crowds, however, one may see one of the most intact historical towns in the country. Many dignified eighteenth-century dwellings or small white cottages, fronted by bright gardens, stand on the main streets or on little alleys off them.

Festivity is old in Provincetown. Soon after the Pilgrims left for Plymouth, fishermen and Indians gathered there regularly to drink and gamble. In 1714, it was offered as a precinct to Truro. But upright, devout Truro wanted no part of it. Provincetown incorporated itself in 1727. Thereafter, it went its own way. Among its claims to fame are the residencies of two winners of the Nobel Prize for Literature, Sinclair Lewis and Eugene O'Neill; the fact that its ocean dunes have often doubled in films for the Sahara Desert; that Leif Ericson may have come ashore there in 1004; and that a Chicago *Tribune* reporter in 1900 wrote that the women used the hind fin of the giant halibut for brooms and decorated their hats with the red gills of the mackerel.

The Seashore currently offers a host of attractions, particularly numerous in summer. Swimming with lifeguard protection at six ocean beaches starts in late June and continues through Labor Day. Bathing is on the cool side, for the nippy Labrador Current washes the Great Beach. But in and out of the Seashore are numerous bay beaches with noticeably warmer water temperatures, not to mention the sun-bathed ponds, couched in their glacial dimples. Again, from late June through Labor Day, guided trips to many areas begin at 9 in the morning; ecology, flora, and fauna are discussed by a competent leader.

From May through October, free surf casting on the Great Beach for striped bass and other fish draws anglers for overnight stays from as far as New Jersey. Within and without the Seashore fresh-water fishing for rainbow and brook trout and other sporting species is also often profitable but requires a Massachusetts license. Three private trailer camps are in the Seashore; others are in nearby towns.

Surfboarding beaches, self-guided nature trails, picnic grounds, and three surfaced bicycle routes totaling twelve miles are in the Seashore, and there is a series of marked bridle paths near Provincetown, where mounts can be rented. Detailed queries may be addressed (year round) to the Superintendent, Box 428, Eastham, Massachusetts 02642.

Outside the Seashore (the bulk of the Cape), the long-settled character of the country is particularly evident. Accommodations are easily found at numerous motels and guesthouses. There is much to be seen. In Brewster, for example, stand huge old street trees, spacious captains' houses, and the restored site of the first gristmill in America. Good small-boat and deep-sea fishing may be had out of Wellfleet, whose resident Lorenzo Dow Baker late in the nineteenth century introduced the banana to America. The Historical Society and the Glass Museum at Sandwich preserve evidence of the town's pressed glass, which, from 1825 to 1888, was this nation's greatest contribution to that industry. The list could go on and on.

For data on attractions not given here, or for fuller particulars, write the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, Hyannis, Massachusetts 02601, which, like the Seashore's administration center, is open year round. Also, during the warmer months, each town generally has a department of information that can be questioned directly on local matters. Remember off-season possibilities.

Times have changed since Thoreau's visits. For instance, many of the Cape's fine restaurants now offer a variety of French wines. The great naturalist might have been astonished (or dismayed) at this. Present-day visitors seem to like it.

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Packaging Jesus

THE United Presbyterian Church Division of Mass Media, which since 1963 has presented its religious messages on radio and television in spots (sixty-second and thirty-second presentations in commercial time) as opposed to programs of conventional length, has chosen Jesus as the star and central figure of its new 1971 "minispot" campaign. On or about March 1, in the nation's top twenty-five markets, local TV stations will begin to "saturate" their areas with *Rich Man*, *Shady Lady*, and *The Coin*, three TV spots produced in the Holy Land by Charles Brackbill, the Presbyterians' director of mass media. *Rich Man* (sixty seconds) dramatizes Jesus' dialogue with the sorrowful young man who desired eternal life but had great possessions (Matthew 19); *Shady Lady* (also sixty seconds) recalls the scene in the Temple (John 8), in which Christ saved the life of the woman taken in adultery; and *The Coin* (thirty seconds) is a swift, bare-bones retelling of how Jesus escaped the trap set for him by the wily Pharisees and Herodians (Mark 12), who sought to catch him on the sticky matter of paying tribute money to the Romans.

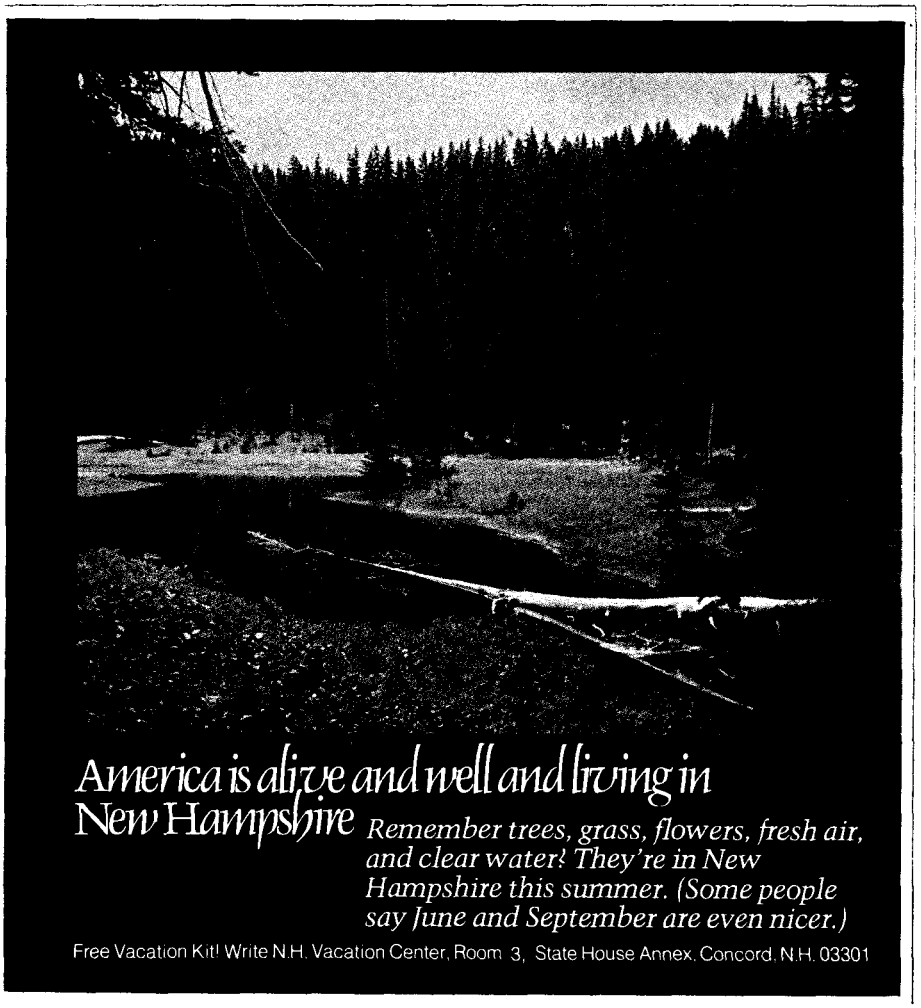
The TV campaign, which should peak around Easter, is but part of a multimedia package that includes radio, TV specials, newspaper features, a song, and a book, *The Jesus Story* by William Emerson, former editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*, to be published by Harper and Row. It all began a year ago, according to Mr. Brackbill, when workshops of Presbyterians decided that Jesus should be the theme of their 1971 mass-media effort (the TV spots are jointly sponsored by the United Methodist Church). "We found a new interest in Jesus," said Brackbill, "particularly among the young."

The object of the campaign is to help people to discover old meanings in the figure of Jesus and hopefully to find new meanings—for this Jesus of the TV spots is a forthright, rather intense young man with a black beard and a British accent who comes on with a strongly secular flavor. In *Shady Lady* (a foreshortened, rather free version of the scriptural account), he reaches out and vigorously grasps a rock from the hand of a law-and-order partisan and offers it in turn to several potential rock-throwers. The original scene has a rather contemplative Jesus writing with his finger on the ground.

In *Rich Man*, Jesus touches the reluctant saint's expensive attire and says: "You really love it all, don't you?" The secularization and the added dialogue (nobody can be sure what the real Jesus said anyway) contribute to the spots' contemporary mood, although the Jesus who emerges is hardly radical enough to shake the ecclesiastical and civil establishments. He may startle a few theological conventionals among the Presbyterians and Methodists, but he is still a "traditional" Jesus—drawn, indeed, from the pages of the Presbyterians' Confession of 1967—a vague but attractive blend of moralist, incipient zealot, and compassionate healer.

The key to the eventual impact of the minispot Jesus, however, is to be found not in the spots themselves but in where they will be spotted by the stations that run them. Take *Rich Man*, for example: How much sharper the point would be if it were run immediately before or after the exuberantly property-minded antics of Prudential's star, who goes around telling the world how proud he is to "own a piece of the rock." Or consider the anti-Establishment force of *Shady Lady* if the compassionate forgiveness of sinners were to be run immediately after the weekly righteous climax of the law-and-order troops on Mr. Hoover's *The FBI*.

As for *The Coin*—admittedly a difficult problem owing to the enigmatic ambiguity of Jesus' division of labor between God and Caesar—it, nevertheless, might cause some mental stirrings if it appeared in a newscast right after an explanation of the military budget by the Secretary of Defense. The dialectic is all. With such sharp negations present, the Jesus spots would coincide with the very reason for which the Man from Galilee appeals to today's young people: his anti-Establishment, pro-humanist values. Without the negations, adrift upon a sea of competing commercials, the spots would tend to fade into the pattern of indiscriminate, middle-America, middle-class consumerism, where the selling of the President could quite normally be followed by the well-intentioned packaging of the star who was born in Bethlehem.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Walter Terry

Ballet Bitcheries

BITCHING BEJART turned out to be the favorite sport of some local (New York City, that is) critics when Belgium's Ballet of the 20th Century, founded and directed by Maurice Béjart, made its New York debut in January in a season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music [*SR*, Feb. 20]. Whatever Béjart's choreographic faults—and they are several—the brilliance of his huge company of superbly trained dancers cannot be faulted, and the tremendous impact he had upon New York audiences could not be ignored; indeed, at many performances, the receptions were more tumultuous than those accorded the Bolshoi Ballet or Her Britannic Majesty's dancers of the Royal Ballet.

The bitching-Béjart pastime caused quite a flap as adherents and opponents exchanged volatile opinions, verbal and printed. Certain anti-Béjart *reviewers* (they were not very good *reporters*) actually seemed to be conducting a vendetta, for where disapproval (or even high dudgeon) would have been valid, something very close to hatred replaced it. That, of course, isn't criticism. But it didn't matter very much to the general public because Béjart, the *enfant terrible* as he is known in Europe, conquered the majority of his viewers.

Sometimes he is tasteless, often he is pure vaudeville, but he delivers theater to a smashing degree. If his *Les Vainqueurs* is endless and pretentious, his choreographic setting of Stravinsky's *Sacre du printemps* is, for my money, the best to be seen anywhere. And thus the controversy rages.

The American Dance Season (or marathon, as it is called), presented by the New York City Center at the ANTA Theater, has been swinging right along, sometimes to very small audiences and sometimes (as in the case of Alvin Ailey's American Dance Theater) to large ones. Because of other dance engagements in other theaters, I have not seen the total marathon repertory to date, but let me report briefly on the Paul Taylor Dance Company and on the Nikolais Dance Theater.

Mr. Taylor—pixieish, personable, and slightly overweight for a dancer—and his absolutely lovely little company appeared in an all-Taylor repertory that included dances ranging from elegant patterns set to classical music

Photo: New Arts Management

The Nikolais Dance Theater in "Tent"—"a fabulous world of fancy."

to distortions invited by electronic sounds. His new creation was *Big Bertha*, a macabre, terrifying, and generally gripping (except for its undue length) fantasy in which a gaudy calliope-like music monstrosity, with a human-sized mechanical doll, at a carnival actually destroys a family, devours souls, causes rape, and turns a human into an automaton. The music comes from the St. Louis Melody Museum's collection of band machines, augmented by effects arranged by John Herbert McDowell, and I for one shall be wary when I hear those brassy sounds again. A scary ballet.

Alwin Nikolais's very special theater art is not actually a dance art. It is, as he himself has stressed, composed of equal parts of motion, sound, shape, and color. Props dance as much as, and sometimes more than, the dancers. Elastic cages stretch and contract, as bodies rise and fall; skirts hooped like pagodas glide back and forth across the floor; a huge tent, manipulated by dancers, becomes a pavilion, and just as easily a costume for a mass of dancers. Over all swirl the sound of Nikolais's own electronic scores and his lighting effects and projections, which transform the dancers as you watch and which transport us into a fabulous world of fancy.

You'll find such titles as *Tent*, *Structures*, and *Tower*, and you will discover that Nikolais, much like the composer with his theme and variations, takes a prop and uses it in every possible adventure into fantasy. Sheer magic.

Another winner is Nikolais's brand new *Scenario*, an almost nightmarish choreographic collage of the situations, confrontations, relationships, and dramatic and melodramatic clichés that have served all too many scenarios for years. The dancers chatter, moan, shout, weep, sigh, and scream, while Nikolais's fabulous light-design projections change them from giants to midgets, from Halloween skeletons to seemingly blood-drenched figures. The costumes are actually white; with his projections, Nikolais magically alters them in an instant in this hypnotic, biting, and visually engrossing fantasy.

There can be no controversy about Inbal Dance Theater of Israel. In its all too short engagement at the City Center after much too long an absence from New York, it enchanted us with its biblical, folk, and ceremonial dances—almost all of richly Oriental cast—for Inbal's roots are in the heritage of the Yemenite Jews, who developed their own culture for 2,000 years as exiles in Yemen. The traditions are unique and wonderfully colorful, and—as translated into dance by Sara Levi-Tanai and performed by lovely girls, athletic males, and expert associates—the experience is one of rare beauty and electrifying vitality.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet, currently occupied with a six-week season at its home theater, the City Center, is in top form. Gerald Arpino's rock ballet, *Trinity*, which enchants adults and youngsters alike (no small feat these days), opened the engagement with a mighty roar for beauty, prowess, and peace. Arpino's new *Reflections* (Tchaikovsky Rococo Variations) is no roar. It is junket, custard, blancmange—pretty in a way, quite harmless, lightly classical, but with no snap. Dennis Wayne, a comparative newcomer to the company, provided that snap during his moments on stage, as he had done earlier with a manly, intense performance of the hero in Todd Bolender's *The Still Point* (Debussy). The initial two weeks of the season also came up with a stunning performance of Jerome Robbins's masterpiece of dance soundlessness *Moves*; the best *Cakewalk* (Ruthanna Boris-Gottschalk-Hershy Kay) in years (Frank Bays was terrific); and other varied works in an ever expanding repertory.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Sitting Ducks

FILM COMPANIES today appear to be in somewhat the same situation as the Ford Motor Company of yesteryear when it assessed the market potential and came out with the Edsel. Assuming that the trend was entirely anti-Establishment, that the bulk of the predominantly young audience was on drugs and assiduously manufacturing explosives in basements, and that a movie without its generous quota of sex and nudity simply wouldn't go, the industry put its 1971 models into the works, only to find that everyone was going to see *Love Story*. With an audience averaging out at about eighteen million paid admissions per week, and *Love Story* apparently getting most of them, the prospect doesn't look too hopeful for *The Sporting Club*.

It's a film that last year probably looked right on target. The Establishment is represented by a bunch of rich snobs grown either fat or stupid, or both, from Detroit automotive profits who form the membership of an exclusive hunting and fishing club up there in Michigan. At the gates of this fancy preserve, however, are the cohorts of a new caretaker, a grizzled fellow who likes to barbecue "protein" for his Nazi-helmeted, cycle-riding, pot-inhaling friends. Within the gates is a rich, spoiled, psychotic idler, given to dueling with wax pellets, and he takes sadistic glee in spoiling the simple pleasures of the membership. It all winds up in a frenzied burst of evil violence, hunting lodges exploding all over the place, a vicious tar-and-feathering, and mass orgy.

Great stuff for today's audience, or so it must have seemed at the time the rights to the novel were grabbed. Critics would be bound to like it, for hadn't *Life* magazine raised the ghosts of Hemingway and Fitzgerald in order to adequately describe the brilliance of the book? These days no punches need be pulled, so screenwriter Lorenzo Semple, Jr., and director Larry Peerce had themselves a few months of field days creating one of the nastiest, ugliest movies ever made. Richly symbolic it's undoubtedly meant to be; this is our country in its last gasp of decadent decline.

By taking on the film, Mr. Peerce was brave but not very wise, for in order to do it he had to decline when the script of *Love Story*, complete with Ali MacGraw, was offered to him. A "hot" director, just off of *Goodby, Columbus*, he undoubtedly wanted to stretch his wings, and, stretching the metaphor further, he has plummeted to earth. One reason for the failure is that there is simply no contest. The haute bourgeoisie he épatées are so foolish, ridiculous, and inept that they are like sitting ducks going down under cannon fire. When the people are not caricatured, they are clichés. Oddly enough, there are a few good moments provided by Jack Warden as the caretaker. He may not be likable (everyone else is hateful), but he is certainly colorful, and one must regard his performance as a triumph against great odds.

"Not only is it a great deodorant; it's rust-proof."

A far more modest effort called *Wanda* has a great deal more to recommend it. Since the film is written, directed, and starred in by Barbara Loden, the actress wife of Elia Kazan, one's first excusable assumption might be that the film is a sort of vanity job. But no. Shot in 16 mm and blown up to 35 mm, it tells a straight, simple, and surprisingly affecting story of a not very bright girl who has run away from her sluggish life (including husband and child) in a Pennsylvania mining town and who inadvertently becomes an accomplice of a professional thief, a middle-aged man with ulcers who has adopted bank-robbing as a profession.

Few of the actors are professionals, but Miss Loden is, and so is Michael Higgins as the thief, and they carry the picture with ease. The backgrounds are depressingly real, the people they encounter are equally recognizable, and Miss Loden has sacrificed all current fads and modishness (astonishingly, no one in the film smokes pot) in order to be merely honest. She found her tale in a newspaper clipping, then proceeded to give it life. Her cameraman-editor, Nicholas Proferes, deserves compliments, too, for doing a great deal with very little. A lot of youthful film enthusiasts are going to be looking at this film with eager interest; they may even absorb a lesson that characters are far more interesting as people, not creeps.

We are back in the realm of psychosis with *Dead of Summer*, an uncommon, even extraordinary thriller directed by Nelo Risi, a specialist in cinematic schizophrenia. His setting is the rebuilt Moroccan city Agadir. His star is Jean Seberg, the disturbed wife of a German architect involved in the reconstruction of the earthquake-destroyed city. Through her erratic behavior and flashes that might be fantasy or memory, we learn that the husband has been murdered; how, why, and by whom eventually become clear. Miss Seberg gives an eerily effective performance, and the film, quite brilliant at times, is flawed only by the director's habit of sacrificing motivation in favor of startling atmospheric effects.

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The Loire

Continued from page 60

old room glowing with brass chandeliers and a hearth full of blazing oak. Every last candlestick and tile and beam has been polished and pampered with a perfectionist's fond eye. The mantel and the bar are decked with huge copper tubs full of wheat and dried marsh flowers that look as if they'd been arranged at Max Schling's. A Chopin nocturne comes discreetly purling out from behind crimson-covered walls. The drinks are mixed to perfection. The service is faultless.

In the dining room, there is one cozy alcove just big enough for three—you, your companion, and a bottle of champagne. Be sure to ask for it on an evening when dinner is by candlelight.

Templiers's guest rooms are scattered around twelve grassy acres at the edge of the Forest of Orléans. You can stay in the main house within easy reach of food and wine. Or in a brand new pavilion by the pool. Or in a thatch-roofed cottage with pure white, windowed towers and a log fire crackling at the foot of your bed. Our choice is the thatch cottage (*chaumière* in French).

The tiniest tower room, for instance, is completely round with a silk-walled foyer, weathered old beams, and a glistening carriage lamp to see you safely into bed. Every room at Templiers is furnished with shiny new reproductions so faithful to the original antiques that it's hard to believe Marie Antoinette didn't dally in your bed.

Gourmets flock here in fall, the season for dining off France's legendary game. The forest next door to the inn is leaping with rabbit, deer, wild boar, woodcock, pheasant, and partridge. And M. Dépée, Templiers's dead-eye owner, keeps the kitchen stocked with the best the forest has to offer.

At Templiers, while the owner is out shooting your dinner, his mother (one of France's very few lady chefs with a star from Michelin) is at the market, prodding artichokes and snapping asparagus and beans to make certain they're tender enough for you.

There's nothing of special interest in the country around Templiers. But it's a natural stopping-off place for anyone headed for the South of France, the Alps, the vineyards of Burgundy, or the châteaux of the Loire. You can count on the weather here to be warm and reasonably sunny from late April to mid-October. And the pool is heated whenever there's a chill in the air.

Writers on the Road to Romance

The contributors to *SR*'s annual spring travel section are, by their own admission, romantics all. Virginia Waite, formerly the chief travel writer for the London *Daily Telegraph*, now lives in Washington, D.C., and free-lances for various British publications. Carl Carmer's first and best-known book was *Stars Fell on Alabama*, and his work on the Hudson appears in the "Rivers of America" series. He knows the region like his own backyard—because it is. Eugene Kinkead, a writer and editor for *The New Yorker* since 1933, lives in Manhattan and vacations "at a funny-looking house on Cape Cod, which the Interior Department, for reasons of its own, decided is a Historic American Building." Richard Atcheson, former travel editor of *Holiday* and a resident of Cranbury, New Jersey, will publish a book this spring, *The Bearded Lady* (the John Day Company)—"about communes and beyond," he reports. Charles Champlin has been entertainment editor and film critic for the Los Angeles *Times* since 1965 and before that spent seventeen years with Time-Life, covering such beats as London and Hollywood. Sheila Turner, an editor at Scholastic Magazines, ranges to distant and exotic places as a free-lance writer and photographer. Dena Kaye and Marlise Simons are members of *SR*'s travel staff.

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As Others See Us

MONTREAL:

Taking Limited Risks

UNLESS the Nixon administration is contemplating the sponsorship of an invasion of North Vietnam, like the invasion that it has sponsored in Laos, it is taking limited risks that have a reasonably good chance of success.

The invasion of Cambodia last spring, which provoked a furious reaction in the United States for a short time because of the involvement of U.S. ground troops, has produced the results that Mr. Nixon claimed it would. The level of fighting in the southern part of South Vietnam has dropped considerably and so has the level of American casualties. Meanwhile, the program of gradual disengagement and withdrawal of American forces has continued. The operation in Laos will, Washington hopes, produce the same results in the northern part of South Vietnam.

Providing cover for a stepped-up American withdrawal from South Vietnam is not enough, however. The United States must make political changes in Saigon. The present regime cannot rule effectively without an American presence. It is a military dictatorship dreaming of total victory. It will not negotiate with the Vietcong. A firm U.S. deadline for withdrawal would probably force the regime to give way to a coalition geared to peace, while a settlement could still be sought under Washington's protective cover.

—The Gazette.

MILAN:

Positively Optimistic

MOST AMERICANS listen to speeches on foreign policy with a skepticism born of repeated disappointments. But they no longer bother to argue against them. As for what is told them about the national economy, they frankly disbelieve it. On the social scene, there is a sort of paralysis. Even the blacks, who have nothing to lose, and the young protesters of recent years, now approaching the age of what they used to call imbecility, seem afraid to rock the boat. To say that this is the most turbulent epoch of American history seems a positively optimistic statement.

—L'Europeo.

FRANKFURT:

Dubious Verdict

THE MORE QUIET it becomes in South Vietnam, through the shifting of the fronts to Laos and Cambodia, the more easily can President Nixon continue the American troop withdrawal from South Vietnam, and apparently without loss of face, and write off this particular obligation. The burden of escalation does not fall this time on American shoulders. Whether South Vietnam can long carry this burden is more than doubtful. But Mr. Nixon, a man of sensitive personal pride, is not ready to go down in American history as the first President of his country who lost a war. The transplanting of the hapless Vietnam War into Cambodia and now into Laos, the continuation of the Indochina War "by proxy," may seem to this President to be a legitimate way out of the American dilemma. Whether history gives him a favorable verdict is just as dubious as the strategic value of the Laos intervention.

—Frankfurter Allgemeine.

Postwar Japan and the U.S.

U.S.-JAPANESE relations are taking an entirely new direction. Simultaneous with the ending of the postwar period for Japan, the same period has ended for the U.S., too, and so has the period of "postwar relations" between the two countries. The end of the postwar period can perhaps be taken to mean the following two things:

In the first place, the United States should not be judged by what it has been for the quarter of a century since the end of the Second World War. While the United States is a most trustworthy partner because of its honesty, it is, on the other hand, an extremely difficult country to deal with from the standpoint of diplomacy. De Gaulle is said to have deplored the American attitude during the war, remarking that even when the destiny of an entire nation or of the entire world is at stake, the United States must still be concerned with naïve sentiments and its complex domestic problems. There is, indeed, considerable truth in his observation. Although the cooperative relationship with the United States is of vital importance to us for our national security and economic prosperity, we must exercise great caution in our relations with the United States. What we need now, therefore, are a deeper insight and a sounder judgment than had been required of us for the solution of those problems that were the direct result of World War II and its aftermath.

The second point is to rid ourselves of a way of thinking that we have become used to during the postwar years. Would it be too much to say that we have become so accustomed to the kind of relationship we used to have with the United States during and after the occupation that we think nothing of antagonizing the United States or presenting unreasonable demands, while failing to understand the anxieties and anguish of the United States? I think the most important thing for us now is to look at the United States without illusions, without complexes, but with crystal-clear vision.

—TOSHIO KIMURA,
State Secretary for the Prime Minister, Tokyo.

MOSCOW:

On Guard

THERE IS NO NEED to prove that the policy conducted by American ruling quarters represents a serious threat to peace and the security of the peoples of the Mediterranean countries and adjoining areas. This policy cannot but put on guard the progressive public of these countries. In mobilizing its ranks to rebuff the dangerous intentions of the Washington strategists, it is ever more resolutely waging the struggle for a relaxation of international tension.

—Krasnaya Zvezda.

LONDON:

Friends and Enemies

MANY OBSERVERS in Washington believe that, when the rest of the troops have gone, President Nixon's administration plans to leave substantial bomber forces in Vietnam and at least 50,000 men to protect their bases. The heart sinks at this prospect. Nearly all of America's greatest errors in the conduct of the Vietnam War have sprung from a gross exaggeration of the strategic and political effectiveness of air power. In spite of dropping more bombs than on Germany in World War

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II, the air force has reduced the volume of supplies reaching the Communists by only 20 per cent; but in so doing it has made tens of thousands of recruits for the Vietcong and millions of enemies for the United States. It has never yet had the slightest effect on the political will of the Communist leaders; but it has appalled America's friends throughout the world. . . .

America would also run formidable political risks by leaving 50,000 men on the ground in Vietnam after the main withdrawal. She would by then have lost control of the situation to the massive South Vietnamese army. If that army chose to fight in Cambodia, Laos, or North Vietnam, how far would America be committed to support it? And if America refused support, how secure would be the lives of those 50,000 hostages?

—*The Sunday Times.*

PARIS:

No Guarantees

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT can hope to gain a substantial military advantage from the campaign now under way. It could even give him a long enough breathing spell in which to pull out a large number of U.S. troops from South Vietnam, before the American election campaign begins next October, and without exposing the troops left behind to any danger. In other words, Mr. Nixon could get over the problems facing him in 1972.

But it would be risky today to bet on Nixon's winning such a wager. The military results of the Laotian operation cannot be foreseen, to say nothing of its political repercussions.

There are no guarantees that the campaign will allow an accelerated withdrawal of American troops and a strengthening of their South Vietnamese allies.

For months the Communists have been waiting for attacks of this sort, and nobody knows just how they plan to meet them. If the U.S. President has given the go-ahead to attack Communist "sanctuaries," wherever they may be, he will probably gain a temporary respite, but it remains to be seen how long he can continue to avoid coming to grips with the fundamental problem in Indochina.

—*Le Monde.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Utterly Unconvincing

BRITAIN was on the receiving end, and the United States on the giving end, in the Anglo-American financial relationship for well over half a century. The Rolls-Royce–Lockheed crisis has now provided an opportunity for us to reciprocate, at any rate, to the extent of a fraction of the total financial favors received from the United States in two world wars and on dozens of more recent occasions.

That instead of meeting the American demand to implement a contract even at the cost of heavy loss, the government is engaged in prolonged petty haggling for American participation in the loss is a flagrant instance showing the debasement of the once-famous British character—debasement not confined to the working classes so called—which is at the root of most of Britain's troubles.

Heaven knows, we have more than enough difficulties of our own. But the plea that we could not afford the sacrifice expected of us by our American friends sounds utterly unconvincing.

—*Paul Einzig,*
The Times, London.

Church and Fashion in the U.S.S.R.

WE RECEIVED a letter from a staff member of the Kiev Research Institute who asked whether it is so reprehensible for a Young Communist League member to be married in a church. The occasion for her letter was a debate that arose in the institute after two young scientists were married in the Vladimir Cathedral and invited all their department colleagues. Some called this treachery, while others praised the couple for their daring. The secretary of the YCL committee did nothing.

We have received other letters that give pause. School children from Chelyabinsk and Togliatti write admiringly of church rituals. Their classes visited churches on excursions, but the pupils reached quite unexpected conclusions. This is our history, our cultural heritage, they say. . . . One can accept or reject various fads, such as miniskirts and long beards, but when "fashion" leads people to church, do we have the right to remain indifferent?

—*A. Zuyevsky,*
Komsomolskaya Pravda, Moscow.

Words Change with the Times

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE recently ran a letter that said encounter groups used to be called orgies. The letter did not add that the employment of five- and six-year-old children in mines and factories used to be called work, or that the presence of mentally ill, feeble-minded, and epileptic persons in prison dungeons used to be called treatment, that the right of kings used to be called government, that the impressing and shanghaiing of men into naval service used to be called enlistment, that drivel about the birds and bees used to be called sex education, or that persons capable of uttering statements such as the one this letter refers to used to be known as pillars of the community.

—*Colin C. Kempher,*
Toronto Daily Star.

The Young Germans

KINGSLEY MARTIN tells us that "there are . . . , maybe, even some internationally minded Germans of the younger generation." Only maybe? Only some? Having taught English at universities in various European countries for the past fifteen years, my impression is that the young Germans of today are the most internationally minded of the lot—as well as being delightful to work with. Inheriting a country destroyed and divided, they are by nature critical of nationalistic attitudes and of authoritarianism in the government or in the university system.

Incidentally, how internationally minded are the English? Judging by the reception foreign visitors get at the hands of our customs officials, we have still a lot to learn about the brotherhood of man. One of the questions that English *au pair* agencies ask prospective employers of foreign students is: "What nationality do you object to?" What vulgar pandering to insular prejudice.

—*Tom Fletcher,*
New Statesman, London.

Teaching Sex in Schools

A STATEMENT issued by the World Education Fellowship (formerly New Education Fellowship) and the Marriage Guidance Council of New South Wales urges that sex education in schools should be undertaken by suitably selected and trained people—either members of staff or visiting experts—as an integral part of a long-term course on "family life education" or "personal relationships."

Such a course, it is stated, could be of great value to adolescents in getting essential information about sex and in forming ethical and responsible attitudes about sexual behavior, but such group education would be inadequate without a service of individual counseling for boys and girls who felt the need to discuss sexual problems with a trained and sympathetic adult.

But it is also stressed that the most important community action to be taken is to improve and increase the education of parents and intending parents for marriage and parenthood, since it is parental attitudes and examples about sexual matters that most deeply influence the child's attitudes and behavior.

—*Clarice McNamara,*
Chairman, Parent Education Committee,
Morning Herald, Sydney.
—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Photography

Margaret R. Weiss

The Parlor Chairs, Oldwick, New Jersey, 1958.

Barber Shop, Southern Town, 1936.

—PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE BY WALKER EVANS

Double Documentary

A ONE-MAN RETROSPECTIVE spanning a lifetime career in photography does double documentary duty. It is a descriptive record of the passing here and now as well as a dossier on the camera eyewitness and the consistency of his insights.

Nowhere is this phenomenon more apparent than in a pair of long-awaited shows currently attracting audiences to the Museum of Modern Art and the Jewish Museum. At the Museum of Modern Art, John Szarkowski's selection of two hundred Walker Evans prints encompasses the period between 1928 and 1970, during which the photographer had made unmistakably his own the lean, literal delineation of isolated cultural fragments of the environment.

For Evans, Americana—every bit as authentic as the classic architectural examples from our Colonial past—is to be found in "the signs and symbols of the commercial environment, the monuments of anonymous architecture, the detritus of the industrial landscape."

Overreacting to this unorthodox premise or perhaps awed by the substantive proof, some critics credit Evans with having put into our collective unconscious the images that conditioned the way we now view the familiar world of billboards, bric-a-brac, and Brillo pads. He needs no such idle metaphysical speculation to assure his documentary contribution. What he has done with unfailing honesty and consistency—no small achievement for a camera that served Farm Security Administration propaganda purposes and a twenty-year stint in the magazine market place—is to snare subjects that intensify our awareness and invite contemplation of the commonplace around us. The barbershop facade, the postered cabin wall, the twin parlor chairs—are they part of the essential fiber or merely symbolic of the surface textures and patterns each decade brings to the fabric of American life?

In the role of cultural anthropologist, Evans inspects and isolates. His findings become facts—logically ordered, eminently lucid, and having the consistent "unmistakability" that James Thrall Soby appraised as "the most difficult of all tasks for a photographer."

Two miles up Fifth Avenue from the Museum of Modern Art the viewer will find the W. Eugene Smith retrospective, a visually demanding display of four hundred dark prints arrayed on the Jewish Museum's terra-cotta walls. Here the documentary evidence, compiled by the photographer as his personal "photo essay from 1938 to the present," chronicles the life and times of a photojournalist whose incisive re-

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porting carries its indelible signature.

At heart Smith is a crusader—for human rights and for the journalistic integrity that is their safeguard. His pictures are the eye-measure of the man: forthright, intense, admittedly subjective.

A man of quick emotions, mercurial and quixotic, he approaches his subjects more as an involved participant than as a detached observer. Doubtless this is why his most significant camera-work has invariably surfaced in long, interpretive essays—the result of months spent on location "living" the action that unfolds before his lens. And this may also be why some of the best war coverage to come out of the Pacific Theater appeared under the Smith credit line. (To him, after anguished years of rehabilitation from severe shellfire wounds, his combat photographs were failures because they did not serve as "an indictment of war—the brutal, corrupting viciousness of its doing to the minds and bodies of men.")

Many of his major stories for *Life* (e.g., "Country Doctor," "Spanish Village," "Nurse Midwife") the unfinished photo essay on the founding of a drug therapy clinic for mental patients in Haiti, the in-depth study of the city of Pittsburgh—all attest to the power of his intuitive response to people and the situations that victimize them.

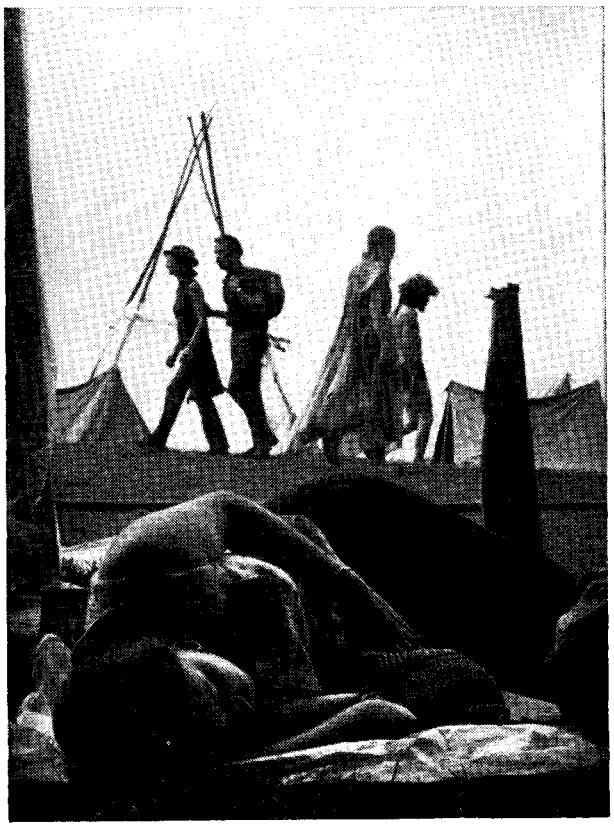
Steelworker, Pittsburgh, 1955.

Smith's preference for focusing attention on one individual—a single infantryman or steelworker, a particular migrant or midwife—personalizes the anonymous. It is difficult for the viewer not to care about the exhausted country doctor or the tearful old man who gets a comforting pat from the harried midwife. One wonders whether the young man will finally take the advice of the "Say It with Flowers" sign and whether the Haitian's "mad hands" will be calmed by the new clinic's therapy.

Film images caught by the lens of an Evans or a Smith are moments of life given their own life in metaphor. From these paper-thin slices of documentary evidence some future historian may interpret our time.

—PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE BY W. EUGENE SMITH

Mad Hands, Haiti, 1958.



Woodstock Festival, 1969.

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Doris Lessing

Continued from page 27

is allowed to breathe without shame, hysteria, or ironical defensiveness. If her course as a thinker leads her toward an arraignment of "sanity" and normality, it does so not in relish of idle tripping, or of supersubtle epistemological argufying about the nature of reality, but rather as a consequence of her moral sense of what men could become and her conviction that self-reduction is a crime against life.

And—much more important—the arraignment isn't abstract, remote from lived experience: it gains interest and persuasiveness because it is a character not a brief, an argument in the form of a person — someone whose distinction, felt on the page, lends uncommon weight to an otherwise familiar protest against standard, ready-made ways of thought. The character mentioned—Rosemary Baines is her name in the book at hand—is a member of an audience addressed by the timidly venturesome classics prof on the subject of school reform. She is a believer in human possibilities not credited by orthodox minds, and unafraid of "risky" personal commitments. ("We sometimes have to take the chance of embarrassing people," she writes to a doctor, explaining her reasons for seeking friendship with Charles Watkins, "by claiming more than they want to give—or can.") Much that is remarkable in her stems from her imagination of possibilities of human connectedness, "experimental" emotional and intellectual intimacies —a sense of life difficult to detach in excerpts from the context Mrs. Lessing creates in the book. But an edge of Rosemary Baines's freshness is somehow felt even in her flattest level of communication—for instance, the passages of her letter to the professor explaining her state of mind before his talk. She tells him that she attended the lecture with others and without high expectation:

> It was early this year, at the beginning of spring. I was spending the weekend with friends near Cambridge, ex-pupils of mine. They have small children. They were very excited, because full of plans for a new kind of school—no, not to supplant ordinary education, what the State provides, but to supplement it. Some kind of a weekend school with emphasis on unorthodox individual teaching. As I write I am conscious of a feeling of staleness and boredom—yet now as then I am attracted to such ideas. It is that I have been attracted by them so often! . . . The idea of sitting through an evening in a lecture room nearly kept me at home, yet I believe that such individual efforts to educate, enliven and provoke are vital—that any country goes as sleepy as a pear, without such efforts. More, that any democracy depends on them.

Rosemary Baines goes on to speak of the setting:

> . . . a rectangular space, coated over with plaster painted gray that was still damp—it was a new hall. It was inadequately heated. There was a wooden platform at one end on which stood the speaker—you. Rows of individuals sat to attention in front of you. The chairs were hard uprights. This is the uninspiring setting that we allow ourselves for the working-out and discussion of the dreams we dream for a better world! The village hall. The local hall. The church hall. We take it for granted, of course. A man or woman stands on a low platform with a table by him that has a glass of water on it and perhaps a microphone and in front of him a collection of people who sit facing him, looking up to listen to what he or she is saying. Out of this process come better schools, hospitals, a new society. We may take it for granted but what could it look like from outside? Very odd, I am sure . . .

And she offers a further word on her state of mind:

> . . . I was seething with rebelliousness, with emotion—why *should* one always have to sit on hard chairs in a characterless hall to hear ideas discussed, why, when one wants to be a citizen and act with others, does it always have to be like this—and why should there always be this phenomenon, people weary and angry with what is provided by society, why did we take that for granted—that it was so *always*, always had been so, must be so. Why is what happens, what is provided, always so dull and flat and negligible compared with what any ordinary person in the street can imagine as possible and desirable—let alone these young professional parents, all rather highly educated, in the hall. Twenty years ago I had been part of such a group of young parents, on behalf of my own children. Recently again, on behalf of friends' children. But what we had dreamed of, and then discussed, and then planned, and then tried to put into action, had not taken the shape we had originally dreamed of. Not anywhere near it . . . There had been results, but nothing that even approached what we *knew* was possible. Why? What went wrong? What always went wrong?

The letter thus begun—what man or woman now fighting the good fight in an activist parents' council or school committee wouldn't be moved by it?—runs on for dozens of pages, becomes an invitation (extended all vulnerably) to the prof to join some like-minded spirits in a kind of part-time alternative community. The invitation frightens the academic badly. He himself had asked in his talk, "Can we prevent these children from being trapped and spoiled *as we have been*, what can we do . . . ?," but now, like many another tokenist-reformer, he breaks off in flippant stoniness. (He writes to her that "the remarks which struck you so disproportionately—if I may be so frank!—I am afraid are one of my stock ploys. When I run dry or run out of breath, I have a few old standbys to get me started again . . . alas, I have not yet retired . . . which must be my

"Maybe you ought to go home and vacuum the living room."

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excuse for not accepting your extraordinarily kind invitation, etc.")

It's not the stoniness that matters, however: it's the substantive reality of the claimant. Like Anna soaring in love with a stranger, feeling immensely happy, sensing a new woman begin to grow within her, Rosemary Baines asks everything—more than "sanity" can give. But her motive isn't greed or possessiveness or fear of life. It is, instead, the longing to know where and how to be more, feel more, give more freely of herself to life. Creating that longing as a reality, showing it forth as natural, proper, inevitable in a fully human being, isn't the same thing, as already hinted, as writing a shapely book: Mrs. Lessing's pellmell, anyhow attitude toward her craft can't be sold as a virtue. And it won't do for an instant to imply that the generous beings represented in her pages come off as healthy outdoor types: they swerve wildly between crazy merriment and awful depression, bright-eyed futurism and blackish frustration—not a sober head, not a chancellor or chairman, in the lot. Still they are, like their creator, blessed people, proof of the survival—what mysterious luck it is!—of spontaneous intelligent hope.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1441

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1441 will be found in the next issue.

FO MVUTKUKBW DKYUVJL AZZ

YRND E YEB FVNZYVU HZQ-

ADO ZL DKU ZHB NZBAVYTA.

—LQVMVQKN EYKVJ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1440

Whenever you find you are on the side of the majority, it is time to reform.

—MARK TWAIN.

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa) and Hong Kong. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

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☐ Please send me more information.
SR 3630

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"Lassiter's Folly"

Continued from page 34

fort, and poking through an abandoned mansion built but never lived in by a millionaire who was ruined in the 1929 crash. Mariposa is just overgrown and seedy enough to delight a child, whereas an adult accustomed to luxury might pity it, be depressed by it, or even loathe it.

Harold J. Lassiter is one such adult who reacts to Mariposa in all three ways. The only thing he doesn't feel for it is delight.

Lassiter is a dimwitted multimillionaire who has visited the island on a cruise, taken pity on its residents, and later come up with the magnificent idea of abolishing poverty there by transforming it into a luxury resort. His humanitarianism, however, is not 100-per-cent selfless and pure. Mariposa turns out to be where Lassiter's mother grew up, and he can't stand the thought that she once lived in such a squalid atmosphere. What impels him to clean up the island is the crackpot notion that he can erase the depressing memory from his past. Fortunately for Lassiter, as time goes on he forgets why he wanted to upgrade Mariposa in the first place, and begins to think of his project as a holy mission and of himself as a potential saint.

He goes about fulfilling his mission in the grand capitalistic style, shipping in trucks, bulldozers, gravel, cement, sand, fertilizer, and all the other muck he needs to make the project a success. His first step is to build a monstrous marina on the mainland, which serves as the supply depot for the gigantic undertaking of building a golf course on Mariposa and an airport large enough to accommodate jets. Later on, Lassiter plans to add a computerized Combat Information Center for the command post of an operation so all-encompassing that he can only comprehend it in terms of images of making war. In fact, when he's not thinking of himself as a saint, he revels in the idea that he has the organizational capabilities of his hero General Douglas MacArthur.

The project is a dream on a gigantic scale, and it turns out to be a total flop. Tactless Lassiter merely succeeds in alienating everyone in town. He and his right-hand man, George F. Tarraday, muscle their way around the island, buying out the landowners, pressuring and harassing those who won't sell. Eventually the pressure gets so hot a murder is committed. The result is disaster for the project, unhappiness for the people of Mariposa, and disgrace for Lassiter, whom Tarraday viciously betrays.

Lassiter's humanitarianism turns out to be a total sham, although he's such a nitwit he doesn't see it. His idea of abolishing poverty, for instance, is to pay off all the tramps and ship them out of town. In his own wishy-washy way he is a modern version of Joseph Conrad's Kurtz, who merely said, "Exterminate the brutes!"

Lassiter's Folly concludes with many loose strings left untied. Why Benchley does this one can only guess. Perhaps he thought he could convey the sense of an ongoing world. Instead, one feels a little cheated—as if the novel ends too easily, without enough work. In other respects, however, it is a sympathetic book with absolutely no axe to grind.

Cronan Minton is a reporter for the Lancaster (Pennsylvania) Sunday News and writes short stories.

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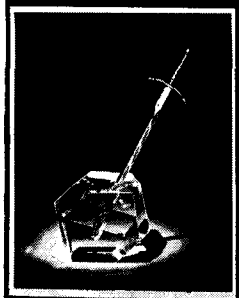

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Song, with Burden

by Gerald Jonas

My hand is on the deadman's throttle
Dead men open their lacquered eyes
The gin (the djinn) is out of the bottle
Hallowed trumpets shout, Arise!

Lovers lie—and love a liar
The djinn (the gin) is out of the bottle
"Beyond this fire burns no fire!"
My hand is on the deadman's throttle

Body and soul are one deception
If time is motion, all must move
Decay enacts its own perfection
Prophets suffer the truth they prove

My hand is on the deadman's throttle
Nothing to gain, nothing to lose
Give another spin to the bottle—
Resurrection morning blues!

The Thawing of Canada

Continued from page 18

alistically inclined political economist, has put it:

> In the pre-crisis days, those in English Canada suffused with good will (and I count myself among them) could imagine that the best stance they could take toward Quebec was to sit back and support from a distance a process of self-determination. . . . One could not imagine English Canada using troops to prevent Quebec from separating. Good-by to all that. This seemingly vague and ill-defined country, fractured and restless, has now declared its national existence with a vengeance. There would have been better ways to flex the political contours of our nation-state. But we cannot avoid the conclusion that we are interlocked and interwoven with Quebec in a way that will not allow easy or passive surgery. We are one country, and a separation, if it occurs, will be enormously complex for both sides.

Significantly, when Trudeau invoked the War Measures Act on October 16, 1970, becoming, as the London *Economist* said, "the first leader of a democratic country who has been willing to meet the new terrorism head on," nearly half of Canadians declared in a nationwide television poll that they favored invading Quebec to prevent a split-up of the country, and a phenomenal 87 per cent responded affirmatively to a Gallup poll asking whether this emergency measure was necessary, despite the fact that it curtailed civil liberties across the country. However this response is interpreted (and to many people it was highly disturbing), there is no doubt that it was prompted in part by a strong surge of gut nationalism.

The next important test of French Canada's intentions will come during the federal election next year. The separatists probably will intervene against federalist Liberal candidates and try to force the Trudeau government into a minority position, thus reducing its power. But the real crunch may be postponed until the Quebec provincial election of 1974, when Trudeau might have to go into Quebec and face Lévesque, the separatist leader, on his own ground.

By the very act of confronting our problems of domination from without and dissension from within, Canadians may be able to rework the miracle of their existence. In any case, having survived for a century as an irrelevant hunk of geography—a kind of gullible Gulliver of the North—we seem to have joined the mainstream of history at last.

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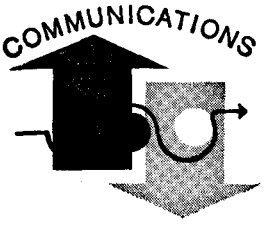

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

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Cigarette Advertising & Federal Law

The fine line between Constitutional right of free speech (or press) on the one hand and public safety (or welfare) on the other reaches another of its periodic climaxes in the new federal law barring cigarette advertising from television and radio. The theory behind this law is that most young people watch TV and listen to radio with such persistence that any advertising thereon cannot help but have its effect. The young will watch and listen, then imitate, thereby acquiring a habit dangerous to health and difficult to kick in adult years. As the years go by, fewer and fewer young will take up smoking if its advertising is banned on TV and radio, and eventually this menace to health will die when the older generations pass away. At least that is the theory.

The National Association of Broadcasters recently moved to test the Constitutionality of this law, complaining that it discriminates against broadcasting and infringes freedom of speech under the First Amendment. As John D. Morris quoted the broadcasters in *The New York Times*, "The purpose is to affirm the right of broadcasters to carry advertisements of any legal product, particularly if such advertising is permitted in competing media, such as newspapers and magazines." A spokesman for the NAB told Mr. Morris that this legal maneuver did not necessarily mean that broadcasters would accept cigarette advertising even if the new federal law is overturned in the courts. The main issue is freedom of broadcast under the Constitution.

As a result of the broadcast ban on tobacco advertising, U.S. newspapers and magazines, especially, have been swamped since New Year's with orders for full-page ads, often in color, for all of the leading cigarette brands. Big national magazines such as *Look* and *Life* have picked up as many as fifty pages in the first quarter of 1971 simply because cigarette companies are going elsewhere now that broadcasting is closed to them. Car cards and billboards, where cigarettes began advertising effectively in the 1920s (remember Chesterfield's ads inducing women to smoke — "Blow some my way"?), are now spoken for months ahead. Inside and back covers of almost every national weekly or monthly are now objects of fierce competition among cigarette companies. One tobacco schedule we heard of the other day calls for the back cover of a big national magazine every other issue for the next two years. Some magazines don't take cigarette advertising, *Reader's Digest*, *The New Yorker*, and *Saturday Review* among them, but this is a voluntary choice. *SR* has not taken any cigarette ads since the Surgeon General's report linking heavy cigarette smoking to increased cancer, heart trouble, and other killing diseases. But, again, this has been our choice. There is no federal law compelling *SR* to turn away these fertile, remunerative, but certainly debatable ads.

We have long felt that while there are subtle differences between the impact of print and electronic media their audiences are pretty much the same except at the very bottom and top of the communications scale. In general, the largest mass audiences of radio and TV tend to come from groups with less education than, say, national magazines specializing in the arts or esoteric and detailed discussion of current events. It has often been said that night network situation comedy is written at a twelve-year-old level. Contrariwise, most of the selective national weeklies count a majority of college graduates among their readers. Just the same, both young and old watch television, listen to radio, and read newspapers and magazines regularly. It seems to us illogical and perhaps hypocritical that something which is

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perfectly legal to buy in any village, city, or state in the Union cannot be advertised on one mass medium but is allowed free rein on another.

To get down to base logic, therefore, if the Congress feels so strongly that cigarette smoking is a hazard to national health, why not forbid at once the manufacture and sale of cigarettes themselves? Marijuana is forbidden by law in every one of the fifty states; so are other forms of narcotics and stimulants, particularly the habit-forming sort. It goes without saying that no radio or television station, and precious few periodical publishers, would think of advertising something actually banned by statute. If the answer is that the great tobacco-growing states are too strong a lobby to ignore, how is it that TV and radio cigarette advertising is now banned by federal law? The evidence is in, or appears to be, and the statistics are overwhelming. If cigarettes are dangerous to TV and radio fans, aren't they equally hazardous to the health of those who read? Let's ban cigarette advertising everywhere, over the air and in print, or leave it to the voluntary judgment of each publisher and broadcaster. The social mirror would soon take care of things, and application of the First Amendment would at least be consistent.

If Washington is searching eagerly for things to ban on TV, how about starting with ever more pervasive violence and brutality? Not a broadcast hour goes by but that the most flagrantly brutal scenes are shown on home screens from coast to coast. Violence, bloody mayhem, the most horrid details of torture and pain-infliction still flood television at any moment day or night in spite of solemn post-Kennedy pledges by the broadcasting industry. No sensible person would scream and holler for long that his Constitutional rights had been invaded if TV reduced by 50 per cent its moments of violence, though we believe this sort of editing should come from self-regulation within the industry and not, as in the case of cigarette ads, from a federal statute brimming with hypocrisy.

—R. L. T.

A Multitude of Tongues

"The First Amendment to the Constitution presupposes that right conclusions are more likely to be gathered out of a multitude of tongues than through any kind of authoritative selection. To many this is, and always will be, folly; but we have staked upon it our all."

—Judge Learned Hand

Letters to the Communications Editor

How Do They Know?

The absolute assurance with which statistics relating to average attention spans are proclaimed by certain writers constitutes a source of unceasing amazement. Miles David, for instance, expects us to accept unequivocally [Letters to the Communications Editor, Feb. 13] that two hours and thirty-one minutes per day are spent listening to radio, while a mere thirty-seven minutes is devoted to reading the newspaper. No doubt Mr. David is as convinced of the infallibility of those figures as are the television networks that accept so unquestioningly the degree of audience response to their programs compiled by the Nielsen organization. In neither case, I'm sure, do challenges have much effect upon those who are already thoroughly persuaded. A number of these have already appeared, so nothing I might add is apt to have an appreciable effect.

What I haven't as yet come across, though, is the matter of estimating how one's attention, when divided, can be accurately proportioned. Often on a Sunday, for example, I settle down with the huge newspapers I've just purchased, dial my radio to a concert performance, and proceed to regale both eye and ear simultaneously. The problem, then, relates to which form of communication the time I'm spending should be credited. Doubtless Mr. David would claim it as part of his two hours and thirty-one minutes, but, in all fairness, ought it not also help expand that meager thirty-seven minutes so grudgingly accorded the press?

Thomas G. Morgansen,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Delightful Country Newspapers

I have just finished reading M. L. Stein's "The News from Milford" [*SR*, Jan. 9] for the second time, and I am still delighted. As a staff writer for a South Carolina biweekly newspaper, I am amazed at the seeming similarities between the Milford *Cabinet* and our paper. Thank you for recognizing "country newspapers" and for a most entertaining article.

Mary Maushard,
Seneca *Journal*,
Seneca, S.C.

Newsboys—or Child Laborers?

It is the American newspaper, not John Tebbel's newsboy ["The Changing American Newsboy," *SR*, Feb. 13], that is in deep trouble today. He fears for the life of the newsboy. The lot of the newsboy can change only one way: an improvement. He has long since hit bottom in an ever inflationary world. The newsboy can make more money per hour raking leaves, bagging groceries, car-hopping, washing cars, or what have you.

As it is today, morning papers are being delivered so late that advertisers' ads are not read until night, when most advertisers' stores are closed. I have seen newsboys delivering the morning paper as late as 1 p.m. Advertisers are getting wise to what is happening. They do not like it!

To me it is an outrage that newspapers are and have been subsidized by the parents of the nation who encourage their children to work for only a fraction of their worth. May the day soon come when the newspapers will be forced to pay what it is worth for distribution of the newspapers, and on time at 7 a.m., too.

J. Wilson Harrison,
Spartanburg, S.C.

Black Omission

I enjoyed reading M. L. Stein's "The Black Reporter and His Problems" [*SR*, Feb. 13]. Why did the author leave out Vernon Jarrett, an excellent newsman with the Chicago *Tribune*? His reports are well organized and excellently written. He is involved not only in the black community but also in the white community. Excellent coverage on both the local and national levels. He writes a regular column for the Chicago *Tribune*.

Samuel Shapiro,
Chicago, Ill.

The Power of Good Radio

R. L. T.'s assessment of "The Second Half Century of Radio" seems a bit shortsighted. Surely he must realize that radio has already gone dimensions beyond the classical music-documentary-jukebox stage of development. It has demonstrated and will continue to demonstrate its flexibility in the field of communication.

In 1965, some seventy National Educational Radio stations were linked together for three hours in a live interconnection to broadcast coverage and the results of the German national elections. For a total cost of $12,000, this special international radio network was made possible through the cooperation of NER, Radio Deutsche Welle in West Germany, Radio New York Worldwide, and the German Information Center in New York City.

SR's Robert Lewis Shayon, commenting at that time on the establishment of a permanent, national, live educational radio network, said, "The cost would be a pittance compared to the millions spent by the big networks. The contribution would be incalculable."

Providing more immediate promise than national and international networking is the use of multiplexing and two-way audio systems to reach select groups with highly specialized information. Albany Medical College of Union University, New York, began to use two-way radio communication for postgraduate medical education in 1955. The applications of this relatively inexpensive form of education are endless. It could, for instance, be used to speed up the learning process in underdeveloped sections of Africa, where professionals are truly isolated and sometimes are years behind important discoveries in their fields.

Richard Ridgway,
Springfield, Ill.

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THE CHANGING OF THE PRESS GUARD

by JOHN HOHENBERG

HONG KONG.

Outside the battle areas of Indochina, there is a perceptible thinning in the ranks of correspondents for American news organizations in the Far East. The traffic in newsmen, commentators, and assorted touring editors, publishers, and electronic executives, so heavily inbound only a few years ago through Tokyo and Hong Kong, has now been reversed. Some of the practiced old hands already have departed, leaving their posts to younger and less experienced newcomers. Others are on the point of reassignment and retirement.

Once again, as has happened three times during the past twenty-five years in the Far East, the never very extensive news network that serves the United States is contracting. It is a time that is marked by uncertainty, indecision, and indifference—a season for the changing of the guard.

The movement is not as drastic, of course, as the recall of almost 2,000 correspondents immediately after World War II. Nor does it even begin to match the wholesale reassignment of about 350 correspondents following the agreement on the uneasy truce of Panmunjom at the conclusion of the Korean War.

The accredited newsmen and photographers at MAC-V headquarters in Saigon, for example, fell in the five months between last August and January from 172 to 156 American nationals, but many of those remaining have been dispersed over Laos and Cambodia as well.

Nevertheless, from Tokyo to Singapore and from Djakarta to New Delhi, there is appallingly clear evidence that the American public's interest in the lands of the Indo-Pacific, seldom very robust, has now receded to its lowest point since the years immediately after World War II. In Hawaii, even among many Americans of Oriental parentage, I am told that there is a profound boredom with events across the far Pacific except as they may affect relatives or friends.

It is only natural that such a turning away from Asia should coincide with the slow but steady American troop reductions in Vietnam and the less dramatic but marked cuts elsewhere in the Far East under the Nixon Doctrine. As one of the few pro-American statesmen of Southeast Asia bitterly remarked to me, "After everything that has happened in Vietnam and the lack of support the United States has received from us, I can understand why Americans generally want to get out of Asia and see us in hell. But I can't say I like it."

That, however, is scarcely the whole story behind the reductions in the news flow from Asia and the work force that supplies it. Had it not been for the flare-up in Cambodia last May and the current American-supported action by the South Vietnamese in Laos, American concern over the problems of Asia in general and of Indochina in particular would have ebbed even more. For, in addition to resentment over a lost war, American public opinion can scarcely be edified by the grubby spectacle of Japanese belligerency over trade with the United States and continued Indian leanings toward the Soviet Union. Nor do anti-American riots in the Philippines, the land of the erstwhile "little brown brother," help improve the American outlook toward the nations across the Pacific.

As if public indifference to Asia weren't sufficient ground for action, the news executives who are responsible for American coverage of the Orient have an even more compelling reason for cutting both their staffs and their investment. Television, after all, is undergoing the worst economic squeeze in its relatively brief history. Not having encountered hard times before, the masters of the electronic media have neither the resilience nor the experience of those who have survived worse situations in newspaper and magazine publication. In consequence, the woes of television are being exaggerated, and competent news staffs are likely to undergo needless suffering. The effect already is being felt.

Among the magazines that are interested in foreign affairs, too, some are intent on economizing to make up for diminished advertising revenue. Since general Asian coverage is among the most expensive and least popular subjects, it is an obvious candidate for sharp cuts or elimination in part.

As for the newspapers, many of which still maintain profitable operations in the face of often tight economic conditions, few except the leaders have ever supported staffs of foreign correspondents in Europe, let alone Asia, Africa, or Latin America. The majority of American editors, while not averse to an occasional trip abroad for staff people or themselves, feel with some justice that special attention for Asia—outside areas of direct American involvement—is not the job of a medium that must devote its principal interest to local and regional affairs.

Except for Indochina, therefore, the position of American news-gathering organizations in the Indo-Pacific areas of Asia is actually somewhat weaker than it was when I made my first survey of the coverage of the Far East for the United States seven years ago. The basic strength of the operation is still concentrated in Tokyo and Saigon, with Hong Kong as a kind of way station for part-time China watchers and others. But the coverage is so thin that when there is a disaster such as the East Pakistan cyclone, a sudden rise in the level of the Indochina War, or another of the periodic explosions in West Asia, some correspondents as-

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signed there have to be pulled out of such places as New Delhi, Manila, and Singapore, and frequently Tokyo and Hong Kong as well.

To take New Delhi as an example: When I was there not long ago, the only American news organizations that had full-time staff correspondents at work in the capital of a country of 550 million people were the Associated Press, United Press International, *The New York Times*, and *The Christian Science Monitor*. The Los Angeles *Times* correspondent had been pulled off for service in Saigon. Long-time local correspondents were serving the Baltimore *Sun*, *Newsweek*, and a few other organizations. But that was just about it.

Seven years ago, when I surveyed the positioning of correspondents and their work loads, the Washington *Post*, the Baltimore *Sun*, *Time* magazine, and the National Broadcasting Company all were represented by staff correspondents in India, in addition to those who are now on the job.

Despite Indonesia's importance as the key to the defense of Southeast Asia and its successful resistance to a Communist take-over, American coverage there is even smaller. When I was in Djakarta not long ago, only the correspondents of the AP and UPI kept vigil over a land of 110 million people for all the news media of the United States. Possibly, there was a visiting correspondent or two in the general area whom I did not meet, as happened in the survey of seven years ago. Even so, in 1964, Djakarta was under continuous scrutiny by *The New York Times*, the Washington *Post*, *The Christian Science Monitor*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*, with other correspondents coming down at regular and frequent intervals from Hong Kong and Singapore.

The editor, the specialist, the informed reader, and the student may shrug and ask, "What of it? What did we miss from New Delhi and Djakarta that was so earth-shaking?" The answer, of course, is that probably very little of consequence was overlooked at that particular time. For that matter, both West and East Pakistan were uncovered for relatively long periods in the 1960s by all except stringers for the wire services and a few others, and local correspondents still handle the day-to-day coverage from South Korea.

That is not the main point. Put quite simply, the central question is whether the news media of the United States in general have the resources, the people, and the will to maintain knowledgeable staff correspondents in important centers of Asia during the dangerous times that lie ahead.

It is all very well to say that the wire services and the foreign news syndicates of a few great newspapers will always provide adequate coverage of Asia for the bulk of the American news media, and that correspondents can always be flown to points of special interest in a hurry. That is the traditional system. It served us well until the American military became involved in Vietnam in highly unconventional ways that may, and probably will, recur sooner or later. Yet, despite the determination of the principal news organizations that cover Asia for the United States and the individual brilliance and tenacity of a handful of correspondents, the American public did not awaken to the danger of a massive involvement in the Vietnam War until it was too late.

The unhappy truth is that our traditional system for foreign coverage is not good enough anymore, that something better will have to be devised. Against the massive resources of the American government for informing and persuading the public, and the even larger engines of publicity that are maintained by the Soviet Union and Communist China for operation in Asia, the voice of the independent journalist is pitifully weak.

This is the principal reason for not being content with the services now provided mainly by the news agencies and the foreign staffs of a few newspapers and news magazines that have proved their competence. It is sheer folly to try to persuade the public that additional informed reportage from Asia can be expected from the average television correspondent who covers huge distances during a year or from others of rival media who fly to the scene of an event with little preparation.

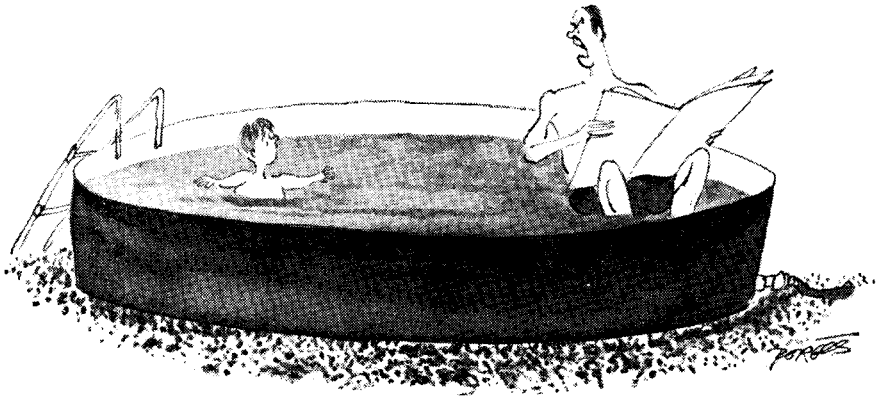
Undoubtedly, the brutal question will be raised: What is there to cover?

First of all, in the evolution of Asia, there is the continued growth and coming military revival of Japan as a world power—a story that has, until now, largely been buried in the financial pages of the newspapers, with the exception of a few leading articles here and there. Of equal importance, in the opinion of most specialists, is the emergence of mainland China from a period of intense disarray and its reopening to the world in the next decade or so. The fate of India, the world's largest democracy, is another theme of compelling interest; its descent into disunity and chaos, if that calamity should occur, would shake all Asia. What happens to Indochina in the wake of the long dreadful wars in which its people have been involved cannot help but have an effect on the United States for years to come.

Can the American people remain indifferent to what happens in Asia if the always sensitive relationships between the Soviet Union and China deteriorate into a resumption of border warfare? Would it be possible for the United States to remain aloof if the Russian presence in the Indian Ocean, minimal at present, should develop into a threat to the commerce of friendly states, such as Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, or even Australia? Could the United States merely shrug off an attempt by Communist China to take over Hong Kong in advance of the end of the lease on the New Territories in 1997? Would American interests be involved if a Communist-supported insurrection threatened a take-over in the Philippines or Taiwan or South Korea?

Merely to raise these questions is to indicate how difficult it would be for any American government to answer them, when and if the time comes, particularly in the face of an uninformed and confused state of American public opinion. Nor are these by any means the only possibilities for future American concern in the affairs of Asia. The anxiety over the possibility of two Pakistans could at some future time be almost as troublesome to Washington as the resolution of the problem of two Chinas. A change in the allegiance of

(*Continued on page* 100)



"Stop making waves."

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MISSOURI'S FREEDOM OF INFORMATION CENTER

by M. L. STEIN

When radio station WSOR in Windsor, Connecticut, sought permission to broadcast meetings of the town council, it was turned down. Unsure of his legal ground, the station's general manager looked around for advice. Someone suggested that he write to the Freedom of Information Center at the University of Missouri's School of Journalism. He did and got back a two-page, single-spaced letter that cited court decisions on the issue, gave instances of where such broadcasting is permitted (Galveston, Texas; Minot, North Dakota; and San Jose, California), and noted that a number of states, including Connecticut, have laws guaranteeing open public meetings. A copy of the Connecticut statute was enclosed.

The request was one of about 2,000 received annually by the center, believed to be the world's largest clearinghouse for information on the public's right to know. Its files include thousands of clippings, research reports, and other documents on 1,100 different subjects ranging from access to government data to the underground press. Material is clipped from sixteen major newspapers and more than 500 professional journals, periodicals, and confidential bulletins. The center also contains the files of several organizations, including those on book censorship of the American Book Publishers Council and others from the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the National Press Photographers Association.

Requests for the center's information and guidance pour in daily by phone and letter from newspapermen, broadcasters, librarians, lawyers, legislators, public officials, students, teachers, business executives, community leaders, and private citizens. On a typical morning recently, the center's director, Dr. Paul L. Fisher, Jr., talked at length with a reporter for a big newspaper concerning the refusal of printers to work with copy they deemed objectionable. A few minutes later Fisher was on the phone again—this time with a lawyer who said he had been unsuccessfully trying to get Medicare benefit manuals from the Health, Education and Welfare Department. The man was advised he had a right to them. At the same time, center staff members were mailing out materials for a high school debate, some model shield statutes for a Massachusetts legislator, and background documents for an Iowa broadcaster embroiled in a dispute over his demand to inspect teachers' salaries.

On another day, inquiries were handled from such diverse senders as a Harvard Law School professor, who wanted case histories of newsmen subpoenaed to tell about their sources, and the editor of the Garden Writers Association of America bulletin, who asked for a brochure on the public records law. She asserted that some garden writers get a "run-around" from the U.S. Department of Agriculture and other federal agencies. The recipients had only to pay the cost of photo-copying papers.

The requests come from abroad as well. The editor of the *Cameroon Times* in West Africa wrote for materials to help train his staff to be vigilant against encroachments upon his readers' rights to know.

Such activities are carried out in the FOI Center's three cramped rooms in the School of Journalism's Walter Williams Hall at Columbia. Fisher, a slender, balding New Englander who also is a professor of journalism, is assisted by an office manager and seven part-time editors, writers, and secretaries. The center also maintains a Washington, D.C., office headed by Samuel J. Archibald, former staff director of the U.S. House Subcommittee on Information, which was a powerful influence in drafting the new Federal Public Records Law. Archibald, an expert on federal access problems, handles numerous inquiries directly.

But the FOI Center does much more than process requests for information. It also produces its own publications, including the *FOI Digest*, a bimonthly summary of government and press information policies and problems, the center *Report*, a periodic in-depth study of right-to-know issues, the *Archibald Newsletter*, and various opinion and situation papers. The reports, several of them written by graduate journalism students, have covered such topics as the censorship conflict between CBS Television and the Smothers Brothers, Supreme Court decisions on obscenity, the Chinese Communist press, access to medical news, pretrial publicity in England, control of college newspapers, group libel, and community press councils. Among the *Report* contributors have been such media luminaries as Erwin D. Canham, Clark Mollenhoff, Richard S. Salant, and Joseph P. Lyford, plus members of Missouri's journalism faculty. The publications were mailed free until 1967 when the center established a subscription rate of $3 a year, which was raised to $5 in 1969. The charge reflected the facility's financial pinch in the face of soaring costs brought about by its expanding service role.

The FOI Center was born in 1959 after twenty-four representatives of newspapers, broadcasting operations, and other interested groups met at the Missouri campus in connection with the university's observance of its fiftieth anniversary of journalism education. The idea behind the center was summed up by Herbert Brucker, editor of the Hartford *Courant*, in a campus speech:

"Man has the right to know the world he lives in . . . an inalienable right to the truth concerning the whole world about [him], whatever that truth may be. . . . No censor must have the power to suppress any part of it. No bureaucrat must have the power to manipulate the facts about what he is doing so that the people will see those facts only as he thinks they should. . . . Today's struggle for the right to know is but another battle in the historic war for freedom of the press. . . ."

Backed by such sentiments and $162,000 from anniversary gifts to the journalism school, as well as outside grants, the center got off to a flying start. The university provided quarters and staff

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"Stop trying to change me."

in the euphoric expectation that it would soon become self-sustaining through support by the media and other donors. Twelve years later the School of Journalism is providing 75 per cent of the center's budget, the remainder coming from publication subscriptions and sustaining memberships of $25 to $500. In 1965, '66, and '70, the center ended up with deficits, which the university made up. That the FOI repository still exists is due largely to Fisher's untiring efforts and the firm protection given the center by Earl English, who recently retired as dean of the School of Journalism. Today, however, Fisher is casting an anxious eye to the economy-minded university administration and the state legislature, which, like their counterparts in other states, are seeking ways to cut expenses. The director broods about the time when the university may consider the FOI Center an expendable luxury compared to other academic needs.

Professor Fisher and others at Missouri blame part of the problem on the fact that the center is far less familiar than the School of Journalism, which enjoys a worldwide reputation. Despite its huge mail-order and phone business, the FOI unit is relatively little known, particularly in the communications media where it had hoped to get heavy contributions. Sustaining memberships—most of them from newspapers, broadcasters, and state and national press associations—bring in only $10,000 annually out of a total income of approximately $21,000. The latter amount barely covers the costs of postage, office supplies, and part-time help. Conspicuous by their absence are large gifts from such organizations as the American Newspaper Publishers Association and the National Association of Broadcasters.

The paucity of media support was demonstrated harshly in 1968, when the center was planning its annual conference for which representatives of government, the communications industry, the professions, and private business are invited to the campus to discuss such matters as government secrecy, news coverage of racial issues, censorship in film and television, and the journalist's protection of his sources. The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, a trading stamp firm, offered to meet part of the conference cost if the media would furnish the rest. The money could not be found, and so the parley was canceled.

Fisher is philosophical, if not embittered, by such frustrations. "Journalism education," he pointed out, "never has been heavily supported by the media. And in this case we have a relatively new facility. We reach reporters and editors, but not the people to whom they are responsible, certainly not the people who control giving. But if the news industry believes in freedom of expression, and I'm sure it does, then we ought to get more help from it. We *must* get more. There's no other organization in the world providing the center's range of services."

The center has had little luck with other sources. Said Fisher: "We've been to the foundations and have nothing to show for our troubles. They told us that if we are what we profess to be, then our natural constituency, the news media, ought to pick up the tab."

The University of Missouri hired a professional fund-raising organization, and it went directly to "the money people in the media." Only one of the persons contacted tentatively offered to involve himself in a fund drive, according to Fisher. The professional money raisers told the university that at least a half-dozen top leaders would have to commit substantial amounts of cash and time if the campaign were to have any chance of success.

Such lack of interest, Fisher observes, is doubly dismaying in view of the fact that the center, in addition to its research role, acts as an anti-secrecy advocate for the news media. The director has testified before numerous Congressional and state legislative committees considering bills to loosen or tighten government information procedures. The center, for example, fought against a U.S. Senate measure to restrict release of pre-verdict information in criminal cases. Sam Archibald in Washington waged a successful battle for the release of the name of the man who will be the nation's top censor in event of a national emergency. The Nixon administration identified him as Ted Koop, CBS News executive in the capital. Archibald also lobbied for the passage of the Legislative Reorganization Act, which provides for increased coverage of Congress and its committees. These efforts prompted North Carolina Senator Sam

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WIT TWISTER #208

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

In _ _ _ _ _ _, he now bids
the world farewell.

His Muse still _ _ _ _ _ _
him, as she has from birth,

And tolling the sweet poet's passing bell,

She _ _ _ _ _ _ him at last
from gladsome earth.

—A. S.

(*Answer on page* 100)

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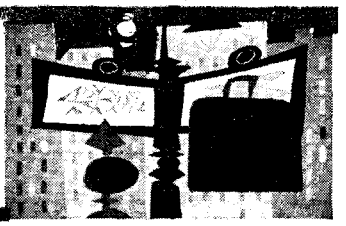
Madison Avenue



Is Advertising Education Relevant?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John J. Russell, author of the following, is an assistant professor at the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, University of Georgia, and co-owner of a small advertising agency.*

One hears a great deal today about relevancy in the classroom, and I think that it may be worthwhile to evaluate our own performance and achievements as advertising educators. Any judgment of relevancy in advertising education should be based on whether we are graduating students capable of pursuing careers in the field of advertising.

Although the student of advertising must learn basic skills and a specialized vocabulary, these qualifications represent only a minor part of our job as teachers. Hopefully, we are turning out advertising problem solvers, students capable of quickly identifying and solving advertising problems in the most efficient manner.

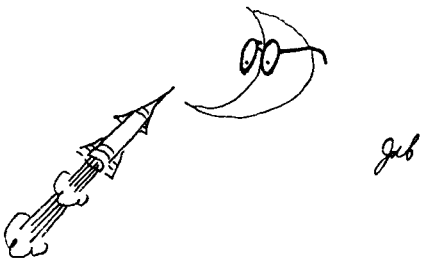
Unfortunately, there is a trend in advertising education to bring teachers into the undergraduate classroom who have never experienced practical advertising problems. The fault lies in several different quarters. First, universities tend to apply the same faculty appointment criteria to all departments of the university, regardless of special problems within each department. Since the Ph.D. is increasingly becoming mandatory for any tenured rank, advertising departments are forced to exclude from permanent faculty positions top applicants from industry in favor of Ph.D.s with inferior qualifications for undergraduate teaching.

In addition, advertising departments recognize that reputations are built on faculty publication records. Thus, they tend to favor exposure in esoteric publications over consulting, faculty internships, and applied research for individual advertising problems. There is no implied criticism here of purely academic research in advertising, but rather a plea for equality for all types of legitimate activity in the field as qualifications for an advertising faculty.

It is significant that classroom relevancy is in danger during a period of mounting demands from students for practical knowledge. I have noticed in the past five years an increasing reluctance on the part of advertising students to accept information until an instructor proves his knowledgeableness with his subject. Unfortunately, student fears about instructor competency and experience are often warranted. We have a situation wherein people are allowed to teach both advertising and public relations when their only contact with the field is through textbooks. It is as absurd a situation as having a chemistry professor who has never carried out an experiment teaching quantitative analysis.

Moreover, the problem is not new but rather a product of shortsighted graduate education in advertising over the past decade. Many journalism graduate programs seem to encourage applications from students with no practical or classroom experience. Of course, many fields can supply advertisers with top-flight employees other than those holding B.A.s in advertising. However, if one closely examines most graduate program requirements, it seems that having a journalism or advertising degree is of only minor benefit to a student's continuing in the field. Persons without previous academic background in advertising or equivalent practical experience need take only two or three courses to be certified as having the necessary training to continue toward an advanced degree in the field.

A related problem is the graduate program itself. There seems to be the feeling that the occupation of advertising is something to be avoided in the graduate classroom, with emphasis put on theories of advertising and other only partially related fields. Again, let me stress that I am not advocating the elimination of the theory, but neither is it right to eliminate the pragmatics. Isn't a rigorous course in copywriting and creative planning or media selection a reasonable requirement at the graduate level? Yet, few schools include any of the techniques of advertising in their graduate programs.



As both a teacher and occasionally an employer, I expect an advertising graduate student to understand the common-carrier concept and value-added. At the same time, I do not feel that I am asking too much for him to know how to use *SRDS*, draw up a rough layout, or write an advertisement.

While I don't pretend that every student or teacher of advertising falls into one of these categories, the fact that any number do is appalling. There are many faculty members who come to the classroom after several years of solid experience in the field, others continue to improve their skills as advertising practitioners after they enter the classroom. We in no way face an insurmountable problem in advertising education. However, the danger signals are out, and they should be heeded. If they are not, we run the risk of increasingly failing in our obligation to industry and, more importantly, to our students.

The problem then is a cyclical one. Graduate schools are graduating inexperienced and, in some cases, inept teachers, who in turn impart their lack of knowledge to undergraduates. If advertising education is to make a serious contribution to the field of advertising, we must be aware of our shortcomings and take steps to correct them. Some tentative propositions are in order if advertising education is to make the maximum contributions.

• Undergraduate workshops in advertising production and planning should be set up in all advertising departments. In a few instances, campaign courses and classroom projects already offer this training to the undergraduate student, and it has been found that the programs that offer the most benefits to the students are those coordinated through local advertisers and agencies. Finding available projects is difficult, but once local advertisers find that student production can be of mutual benefit, the problem often is one of how to choose from those available.

• Graduate programs in advertising should demand some practical experience before applicants are accepted. The amount of experience must be determined by each department; however, the applicant with no experience will find little of value in the theoretical concepts taught at the graduate level unless he can relate them in some

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THE OLD NEW JOURNALISM

by JOHN TEBBEL

In the Age of Plastic Aquarius through which we are presently struggling, something dismaying has happened to journalism, something that would, if carried to its logical conclusion, end whatever progress the craft has made in the nearly three centuries since Ben Harris struck off the first newspaper in America.

What has happened, substantially, is the establishment of an action-reaction pattern between older and younger writers that has revived subjectivity as the accepted journalistic writing style, and condemned objectivity as a hoary icon of the past with no meaning for the present and no substance in fact in any case. Young writers on university campuses see subjectivity deified in the best magazines and in the most admired writers of the literary establishment. They not only accept this as their own standard, in the way young writers always have, but they carry it to their own extremes and then, after graduation, bring the results back into the mainstream, further debasing former standards painfully arrived at over the past hundred years.

In all of this, there is an obsession with self, a kind of perpetual ego trip or literary paranoia. One is asked to believe, for example, that the state of Norman Mailer's psyche as he views a public event is far more interesting and important than whatever he is viewing. This leads quite easily to the conviction that the reaction of a reporter to the news is more important to the reader than the news, and to the even more prevalent absurdity that the critic is more important than the work he criticizes.

This phenomenon is, one supposes, the natural product of a generation so turned in on itself that the outside world has no reality and is of no interest to the individual except as it affects his life. The prose expression of this state of mind is often referred to as the New Journalism—again, a term that could be expected from people to whom the past is either a myth or a lie, if not completely irrelevant.

The fact is, however, that the New Journalism is merely the Old Journalism, experiencing a reprise in a century that had all but forgotten it. From the time newspapers began in this country until the nineteenth century was nearly half-completed, the press was utterly subjective, irresponsible, and unabashedly activist. The newspapers before the Revolution were no more than propaganda organs for contending factions. They did not hesitate to lie or distort in order to advance their cause, whether patriot or Tory. In the case of the patriots, one might argue that it was a just cause, except that this would lead inevitably to the conclusion that the end justifies the means, presumably anathema in a just society.

After the nation was established, the press became the tool of the two new political parties, and there ensued what is so often called the Dark Ages of Journalism, when activist propaganda of the most scurrilous kind filled the pages of newspapers, some of them secretly supported by the two great protagonists Hamilton and Jefferson. Once more, it must be presumed, the excuse was that the ends justified the means.

It took journalism a long time to recover from the excesses that began with Washington's administration and lasted through Jackson's. Not until James Gordon Bennett, Sr., established the concept of the modern newspaper with his *Herald*, in 1835, did the press begin to move toward reporting the news as news instead of as activist propaganda. It is a tribute to what was accomplished in a very short time that even in the terrible passion of the Civil War, the reporting on both sides was, by and large, more factual than partisan, notwithstanding the journalistic outrages the press committed against Lincoln. From the battlefield, the journalists returned eyewitness accounts with a high degree of accuracy and lack of bias.

Slowly, this approach to the news gained ground as the century moved toward its close. Reporting became less and less subjective, more and more factual. In the pages of such newspapers as the New York *Sun* and the *World*, the ideal of objectivity appeared as something worth striving for, and while there were many exceptions and excesses, newspapers of the twentieth century came to regard this ideal as standard operating procedure.

When did it all begin to change? Probably not until the frenetic Sixties, when the times began to come unglued. The passions of the poor, the black, and the young produced an underground press that sneered at objectivity and returned wholeheartedly to the activist, propagandistic past. "Objectivity" became an old man's word, as though the self-evident fact that it did not and never had existed in a pure state negated any necessity to pursue it.

Nowhere was this theory more ardently advocated than in the campus press. Following the New Left theory that the only legitimate role for a university to play is to be a staging area for social action, campus newspapers became little more than the agitprop arm of the Movement, and it soon became as difficult to find real news in them as it would be in the press of any authoritarian country, whether governed by Right or Left. Thus even such highly respected campus papers as the *Michigan Daily* began to read as though they were being produced in a basement by a mimeograph machine. The polished professionalism that once distinguished such papers was openly sneered at by the new order.

A survey of the campus press today discloses that conditions have not improved much. Many of the papers still read like exhortations to the faithful instead of news reports. Obscenities are used as though there were no difference between James Joyce and a porno shop, but that is only one more evidence of the poverty of language that afflicts so much writing today on and off the campus—in itself a reflection of the repetitive dullness of the spoken word.

The young editors are not entirely to blame for this state of affairs. They live in a time when the novelist passes as a reporter and is honored above the man who thinks his emotions must be subservient to what he observes. It is a time, too, when the ego is the payoff, when the national motto seems to be: "The greater the fraud, the greater the reward." The campus editor can hardly be blamed for being unwilling to march to a different drummer than do his contemporaries.

Everywhere the new-old subjectivity makes itself evident. One of the most common symptoms, which has crept insidiously into news reporting and is now so prevalent that it is almost a cliché, is the narrative lead. Once this was considered to be a legitimate but only occasional variation on the standard summary lead. The experimental newspaper *PM* used the narrative lead so often that it became a trade joke, but then the style reverted to its for-

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mer status until the Sixties. Now even the best newspapers use this fiction technique. True, as some argue, it makes the newspaper more readable, but it also makes the facts hard to get at for those who are unwilling, or don't have the time, to wade through a half-dozen paragraphs of the reporter's narrative style to discover what his story is about. The narrative lead has its place, but when it is used indiscriminately for every kind of news report, it becomes an irritating bore.

I. William Hill, associate editor of the Washington *Star*, enumerating the sins of the campus press in a recent issue of *Quill*, the Sigma Delta Chi magazine, remarked about its lack of humor and its bad-tempered writing. While the editors reply that it is impossible to be otherwise in a humorless, tense world, it does seem strange that this kind of prose should be characteristic of a generation that does so much talking about love and gentleness and peace, and which is not nearly as humorless in its daily lives as the elders think.

What is more to the point is Hill's complaint about the "slanted, incomplete reporting" and "scorn of local [campus] news," which he lists among the seven deadly sins of campus journalism. With some outstanding exceptions, college newspapers have never been particularly distinguished for their coverage of campus news, but that could have been attributed to a parochial lack of concern about what was really happening around them. It is unfortunately true that there is more solid news about what is happening on campuses to be found in the pages of the good alumni magazines and newspapers than in the college and university press. There seems much less reason for this situation now that students are deeply concerned with their campus environment, and have more to say about it. Yet the columns of many papers are filled with the same old confrontations and pseudo-confrontations, the same weary exhortations, the same intramural struggles among factions in the student body.

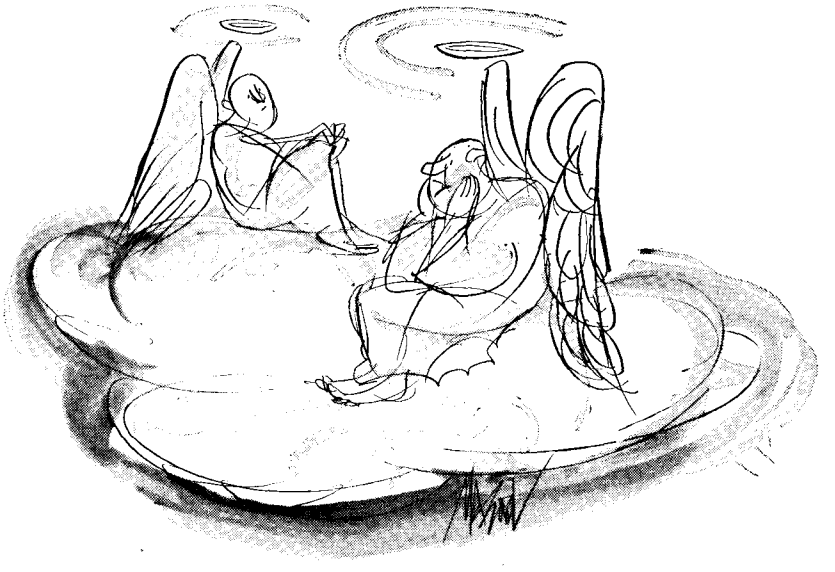
One does not expect high professional writing standards in the campus press, although they are sometimes attained, because these writers are, after all, learning journalists. In this department, however, the papers have generally succumbed to the subjectivity of the times, and in a great many of them there are no discernible standards at all. Not only is the reporting slanted and incomplete, but often it sounds like leaves torn from the reporter's diary, unedited and unadorned with anything resembling style. This is a sad thing to contemplate in view of the considerable writing talent to be found on the campuses these days. Apparently, not many of the talented are working on college papers, and some who do have had their talents corrupted by activist propaganda.

In light of the situation the campus press finds itself in, it is all the more strange to hear in the classroom the complaints about the Establishment press, which is accused of the same sins the student newspapers are themselves committing. The feeling, apparently, is that these sins are being committed on the wrong side. In fact, one of the most fascinating aspects of press criticism these days is the similarity in the attacks from Right and Left. One of the things both sides have in common is their hatred of newspapers and their disbelief in everything they print. The reason, of course, is that both Right and Left think the press should be the propaganda arm of its particular movement. The press of the socialist world adheres to Lenin's original doctrine that the only function of the press is to serve the people, meaning the government. While the Right is clever enough not to state it in such bald terms, its complaints about the press come down to the same belief. Thus Mr. Agnew and his friends proclaim that the press is too critical of government, while the campus activists assert that it is not critical enough and serves those in power instead of the people.

If it is true that the effectiveness of a free press in a democracy can be measured by the confidence and support given to it by the electorate, then it can only be concluded that the American press is in a bad way. On the campus, in spite of the excessively partisan role so many papers have played, the result has not been an unwavering vote of confidence and belief on the part of student bodies. Many students tend to view their own papers with the same degree of distrust they bestow on the Establishment's. When the best student papers act responsibly in a campus crisis and become purveyors of information rather than propaganda, as some of them have in the recent confrontations, their readers appear to respond with something like gratitude, and the general cynicism diminishes a little. Where a campus is large enough to have several small papers, upholding differing radical views, the True Believers read only their own paper, and many other students read none of them.

Off the campus, creeping subjectivism in newspapers is a matter of concern for thoughtful editors and publishers. Some of them already have had a difficult time with young reporters, fresh from the troubled campuses, who want to carry over their college activism into the newsroom, who scorn any attempt at objectivity, and who want to turn the newspapers into still another staging area for the revolution. To assign such a reporter to any story involving social issues, and there are not many others, is certainly no guarantee of unbiased reporting.

If subjectivity should win, the press would be right back where it was at the beginning of the republic, and one has only to look a little further into history to see where this march in the other direction could lead. It is axiomatic that in societies where the subjectivity of the press hampers the operation of strong governments, the governments move to control the press absolutely. Benjamin Harris was the first to find that out in America. He may not be the last.



"You know what I think? I think eternity is a drag."

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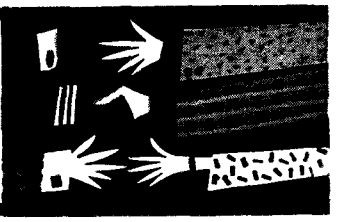
Public Relations



Truce Talk

Traditionally, American big business has fought government regulation of its operations. Virtually as an article of faith, it has rebuked all governments, regardless of party affiliation, that have attempted to develop and then enforce legislation that would hamper the freedom of management to run its own show. Business insisted that it alone should decide how to conduct itself in marketing, in labor practices, in hiring, and in all conditions under which company products are manufactured. Government has always been treated as a natural enemy.

Of course, business has lost battle after battle, often following clamorous confrontations. Whether pure food and drug laws, truth in lending, truth in packaging, or labor legislation was the issue, business has generally opposed regulation that time has shown was certainly in the public interest. Not out of simple contrariness did management oppose any and all forms of regulation but because managers felt that governmental interference would hamper their ability to function effectively.

When abuses were pointed out, many business leaders fell back on self-regulation as the answer, although in major issues history has shown that self-regulation has failed. It could not succeed, for in the highly competitive arena in which business is conducted, the sleazy entrepreneur, always trying to cut a corner and make a quick profit, has had little concern for the long-term survival of the competitive system, let alone for the public good. It is clear that in case after case the bad has tended to drive out the good and only the power of government has been able to curtail business abuses.

It is difficult to find a major industry that has not at some time fouled the air or the waters. Belching smokestacks were considered signs of progress. Using rivers as sewers was thought a part of the price of economic growth. Polluting the air was believed to be the price of railroad and motor transport. A short time ago there would have been little public outcry over such oil spills as those that recently occurred at San Francisco and New Haven. But public awareness, changes in society, and national insistence have altered the climate of opinion at government levels as well as in some corporate executive offices. The nation's demands can no longer be brushed aside.

There are signs now that on fundamental issues there is a change of view by more sophisticated managements. This is true in some of the larger corporations where senior executives have thought through the problems of their relationship with government. They know that guerrilla warfare against government will not solve problems. They know that environmental pollution will not end if the government would only go away and leave it to business to assure that the seas and the air are cleansed. They know that the problems are of such magnitude that they will be solved only if business and government work together and if the burden to be borne is applied fairly to all industry. They also understand that only government can assure that there is no competitive advantage for those corporations that refuse to accept their public responsibilities.

Several important industry leaders are beginning to advocate government regulation in some fields and are making it clear that only government can assure that there will be an even-handed approach. One of the business leaders who has struggled with the various means of clearing up environmental pollution has begun to advocate government regulation as one part of the solution. He is J. K. Jamieson, chairman of the board of directors of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), the nation's largest oil company and probably the largest in the world.

Late last year Mr. Jamieson spoke before the second International Clean Air Congress in Washington, D.C., on the role of industry in air quality. He urged a more active role for industry around the world in the long-term battle to achieve a clean environment. He stressed that today people are concerned and often angry about foul air, that the threat to their well-being is resented, which Jamieson called a "new mood of constructive discontent."

It was on this occasion that Jamieson asked for a closer relationship between industry and government, so complex and difficult is the job of cleaning the air and the seas. He also asked for a heightened interest by all industry in finding a way out of environmental pollution that goes beyond national boundaries.

More recently, Jamieson put his views on the cleansing of the environment this way: "There's nothing new about U.S. industry opposing government regulation of its activity. Even with air or water pollution at issue, many industries have tended to oppose regulation because of cost or inequity. In many of our activities, we still oppose government regulation. But this must not be the case with environmental quality. Here, we must favor standards that require all companies within an industry to make the same cleanup efforts and to bear the same burdens, while being able to gain the same rewards. That is a solid reason to welcome feasible air and water quality standards.

"Industry is in a sound position to advise government as it establishes air and water standards. Yet, in many instances, it is clear that there could have been a more effective mutual effort. Part of the blame for its lack falls on industry. At times, we have put off acting because all the facts were not known. So, government goes ahead and sets standards without much contact with industry. Then, industry complains that it wasn't consulted sufficiently, and that the standards are too tough. The credibility gap created by industry's historical opposition to any regulation has widened as the government and industry have repeatedly disagreed over what pollution controls were possible or necessary."

How far Jamieson will carry his campaign for governmental regulation, time will tell. It is a break with tradition. Undoubtedly, he will receive support from other corporate executives who have also come to the conclusion that only governmental regulation can further the objectives of a clean environment and that it is the only effective way to assure that a corporation with a sense of responsibility will not be penalized because of the actions of an unconscionable competitor.

Hostility between business and government is a hangover from an older era. To act as if nothing has changed since *The Wealth of Nations* was published, or even since the early days of Franklin D. Roosevelt's attacks on "economic royalists," is to refuse to face reality. And a businessman who lets his prejudice interfere with good sense can't run a successful company for long. —L. L. L. Golden.

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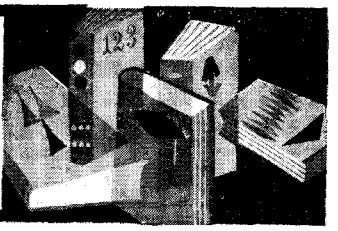
Books in Communications



The Press in War and Peace

It is hard to overestimate the scope and ambition of John Hohenberg's new book *Free Press/Free People: The Best Cause* (Columbia, $9.95). He begins with the dissemination of news in the days before print and carries the story with a truly formidable diligence through the cataclysmic events of modern history one by one to the present day, showing in each episode the interaction between press and event. The roots of the free press are found in the openness of Athenian democracy and in the principle of public accountability. The press itself was born in suspicion, opposition, and contempt. Its first proprietors were dignified as "newsmongers," its products as "broadsides," its correspondents as "scriveners."

The press has never been entirely free of these earliest suspicions. Whenever it was in actual league with the government in power, it was least popular. Wherever it opened a number of channels of information and exhibited diversity of interest and independence of viewpoint, it was strongest. Mr. Hohenberg doesn't dwell too long on these rudimentary beginnings, not that he ever forgets first principles.

His purpose is to show the press through wars, revolutions, domestic crises, dictatorial suppressions, and modern technological upheaval. This is a hugely panoramic view, and the book is heavy with the effort to be inclusive —despite the felicity and speed with which Mr. Hohenberg sets down the individual events. It is the Will Durant approach. The disconnectedness of the outline seems troublesome. The book proceeds on two tracks—one tracing the theme of a free press, the other historical happenings. There is no naturally developing story line for free press other than this sometimes artificial parallelism.

Yet putting these reservations aside, and conceding the immense labor and difficulty of the task, one must affirm that Mr. Hohenberg, professor of journalism at Columbia University, has written an impressive history on an ennobling theme. For range and comprehensiveness it won't soon be surpassed.

There are many shrewd details, none more satisfying than his quotation of Beaumarchais on censorship in *The Marriage of Figaro*: "They all tell me that if in my writings I mention neither the government, nor public worship, nor politics, nor morals, nor people in office, nor influential corporations, nor the opera, nor the other theaters, nor anyone who has aught to do with anything, I may print everything freely, subject to the approval of two or three censors."

Predicting the Future: Man's innate conservatism, his tendency to project the assumed stability of the present onto the future, gets in the way of technological forecast. So saying, with the help of some RAND studies, Ben H. Bagdikian takes a hard, fact-filled look at the future of the news business in *The Information Machines* (Harper & Row, $8.95). He finds that "every major step in the news process" will be substantially changed between 1975 and 1980. By 1979, for example, reporters will be able to transmit their stories from the scene by means of light, portable keyboards connected to the newsroom by radio or telephone connection. Presumably this makes obsolete the reporter with a pocketful of dimes and the rewrite man with headphones. By 1982 copy editing and front-page makeup will be done on a cathode-ray tube with the editor holding a light pencil. But the withering away of the newspaper as we know it and the storing of text and graphic material inside a computer for selective retrieval is probably distant beyond 1995. All the home-information systems presently projected are dependent upon cable, and Mr. Bagdikian quotes the experts as foreseeing cable reception becoming widespread by 1979.

A trained newspaperman, now assistant managing editor for national news of the Washington *Post*, Mr. Bagdikian does not neglect the drawbacks of the miraculous speed-up of the information processes. Wrong information can get there just as quickly as the right. Suppose information does come faster and more efficiently. What do we do with it? How do we deal with it? Where's the feedback?

Mr. Bagdikian deplores the homogenization of news by mass communications. But one benefit may follow the futuristic technology: the economic possibility of miniaturizing communications systems to deal with the unit of the community. In the next decade there will be more local, small-circulation newspapers, and cable TV can be aired selectively to small sections of the population.

Time and again the book sinks under its freight of facts, tables, and statistics. Some chapters only radio experts will want to wade through; others are only for TV specialists. The surfeit of information sometimes verges on the ridiculous: "All the recorded scientific and technical literature in the history of man—omitting, for the moment, literature, law, government, and accounting—reached 2.3 trillion words by 1970."

The computer goes a little mad sometimes. But on track, this book is a valuable guide to the future, and the RAND charts in the back help us to anticipate the nature of the terrain that will open up in the late 1980s.

The Last Word: Most editors believe that the obituary page, next to Letters to the Editor, is the best-read section of the newspaper. The many elements that go into this curiosity—Who has gone today? Is there anyone I know? How is his life summed up?—are not all working for *The Obituary Book* by Alden Whitman (Stein & Day, $7.95). The subjects of most of these full-length obits from *The New York Times* are world-famous. The deathly white book jacket with its black gothic type and funeral border may induce negative anticipation of the contents. This would be wrong, for Mr. Whitman is a lively writer at the deadline of death. The obits are thoughtful, carry the essential data, aim to express the essence of personality, show care in research—all the more remarkable when done on deadline—and remain entirely readable even after the pressure of immediacy is lifted. For Whitman, the subject already of an *Esquire* piece by Gay Talese, is a master of his craft, turned loose by his newspaper to do just this, a journalist so committed to his assignment that he even interviews potential subjects in advance, in Paris, London, and Independence, Missouri.

The subjects range from Broadway press agent Richard Maney to Albert Schweitzer. What they have in common are their outsize personalities: T. S. Eliot, Norman Thomas, Blanche W. Knopf, Ho Chi Minh, Bertrand Russell —a graveside total of thirty-seven. One would not expect Whitman and the *Times* always to be adulatory. They are frank about some of the blindness attributed to the well-ordered life of Schweitzer. The irascibility of Le Corbusier, the historical irrelevancy of Kerensky are weighed. The obituary is not as substantial as biography, not as slight as character sketch. To see what it really is, this is the book.

—Stuart W. Little.

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New Times in the Far East

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some of our Asian allies of today cannot by any means be excluded with the dawn of a long tomorrow. Nor can the United States, merely by turning its back, divest itself of responsibility for what happens between North and South Korea, North and South Vietnam, Moslem and Indian Kashmir, or insurgent forces and the government of Thailand.

Fortunately for the American news media, the younger correspondents who are now coming into the Far East have a lively appreciation of the importance of their assignment and are well aware that they are the ones, in the main, who will be telling the story of revolutionary Asia to their countrymen in the declining years of this century and perhaps the beginning of the next one. They are, for the most part, vigorous and aggressive individuals with a demonstrable preparation for sensitive and thoughtful reportage from Asia.

In numbers, the newcomers are comparatively few—right now perhaps two-score or less out of an estimated total of about 600 full-time foreign correspondents who are employed all over the world by American news-gathering agencies. But their influence already is being felt. They are trying, often with the sympathetic cooperation of their home offices (and sometimes against opposition from their superiors), to broaden and deepen the character of news reporting from the Orient. Some, who were assigned to the Indochina War, are numbered among the twenty-six dead and the thirty missing correspondents in that conflict.

The newer correspondents who remain at Asian posts have impressive credentials for the most part. Some, who survived their indoctrination as war correspondents, bring that kind of experience to their assignments outside Indochina. Others are recent graduates of local newsrooms or younger men on statehouse or Washington beats with excellent educational backgrounds. A few of the most interesting newcomers are from American universities, where they specialized in Oriental languages, history, and culture, with a relatively brief delay en route on wire service cable desks or similar chores on newspaper or news magazine foreign desks.

On their records to date, these are the best young foreign correspondents who have come to Asia since those far-off days when the American public first read dispatches bearing the then unfamiliar by-lines of Theodore H. White, Relman Morin, George Sokolsky, Edgar Snow, Tillman Durdin, and A. T. Steele. They are perfectly capable of covering the Asian assignment during the coming decades, but it remains to be seen whether they will be used to the fullest extent.

There will be many a naysayer, in journalism and out, who will argue that the United States is sinking deep into isolationism, and, anyway, the nations of Asia as a whole are outside the bounds of American national interest. For those who believe such nonsense, there can only be a rude and disillusioning shock one day. From Pearl Harbor to Tonkin Gulf, that is the lesson of American history in the middle of the twentieth century.

It may well be that there will be a continued decline for some time in the number of foreign correspondents serving the United States in Asia. But eventually, if the news organizations themselves do not halt the essentially wasteful course of contracting the independent American news network, it is quite likely that events themselves will reverse the trend. That has happened before. Without doubt, it will happen again, for the breaking of the news, with its swiftness and surprise and stunning impact, invariably changes the outlook of both the journalist and his companion-in-arms, the historian.

"Candid, illuminating,"* "Red Barber calls 'em as he sees 'em on network vice presidents, account executives and big league baseball owners . . . The Old Redhead turned autobiographer is no addled case of nostalgia . . . A hard-eyed play-by-play."—*Life*. "Frank enough to give insight into the rise of radio-TV as a dominant medium . . . Full of anecdotes . . . a delightful and informative book."—*Newsday*. "Essential for all students of journalism and recommended generally."
—*Library Journal*.
$6.95 at all bookstores

THE BROADCASTERS
Red Barber

*Saturday Review Syndicate

THE DIAL PRESS

FOI Center

Continued from page 94

J. Ervin, Jr., chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and a passionate civil libertarian, to cite the center's "valuable contribution" to the Senate's information studies. Kudos also have come from Russell E. Hurst, executive director of Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalistic society, and J. Edward Murray, former chairman of the Freedom of Information Committee of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

The center does not always get such high marks in its home state. One critic noted editorially that it has yet to challenge the secrecy of the University of Missouri's Board of Curators. The center also came in for criticism from liberals when it failed to take a stand on behalf of a woman who was forced out of her position as a state library consultant in 1969. She had publicly protested the suppression of an underground newspaper on the Missouri campus that had been closed on the grounds of obscenity. Fisher frankly admits that the center, because of its dependence on the state legislature for its subsistence, cannot be as effective locally as it is in the country at large. Both the president and chancellor of the university serve on the center's board of directors.

The university has offered to provide a new campus site for the center, which long ago outgrew its present quarters. Plans are drawn for a building to contain a library, offices, seminar rooms, and an auditorium for events sponsored by the center. Construction will be held up until about $1-million can be collected from media and other sources. Lack of funds also is preventing the center from going ahead with other projects, one of them being a special freedom of information kit for high school students. Other needs include a full-time legal counsel and additional staff for further research in such areas as international communication problems.

As justification for the Freedom of Information Center's continued existence and support, its bulletin displays these words by James Madison: "Knowledge will forever govern ignorance. And a people who mean to be their own governors must arm themselves with the power knowledge gives. A popular government without popular information, or the means of acquiring it, is but a prologue to a farce or a tragedy, or perhaps both."

Answer to Wit Twister, page 94: verses, serves, severs.

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Madison Avenue

Continued from page 95

way to current problems in the field.

Many undergraduate programs offer opportunities for student internships, which are perhaps the best short-run experience available to most students. An area for exploration is co-op programs similar to those established by schools of engineering. In these programs, students alternate going to school and working in industry during a five-year B.A. program.

• Course requirements for persons with no advertising at the undergraduate level warrant reappraisal. The prevailing system mentioned earlier involves a student's taking as few as two undergraduate courses, sometimes with graduate credit, and being certified as having the equivalent of a B.A. in advertising.

We might well take a cue from our brothers in schools of business where the typical program requires that a person entering a graduate business program be required to fulfill the undergraduate core for the bachelor's degree. I believe the ease of entrance to most journalism programs cheapens their value to the prospect and implies that undergraduate programs offer little of value.

• Once departments of advertising take steps in the direction of getting the kind of student most desirable, the next logical step is to examine faculty-hiring practices. A Ph.D. in either marketing or some field related to communication is increasingly becoming a requirement for the teaching of advertising. Yet, it is quite possible to acquire a Ph.D. in one of these fields and have virtually no knowledge, practical or theoretical, of the field of advertising as it should be taught on the undergraduate level.

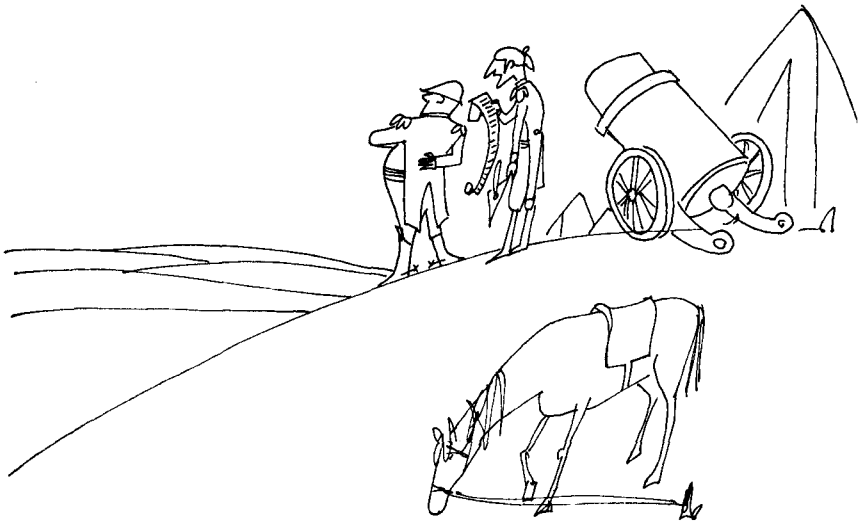
We should treat the M.A. with several years of practical experience as a necessary and important part of our undergraduate teaching staff. We should demand that those with doctorates demonstrate some success in the field of advertising before being employed. While this may seem harsh, there is certainly a precedent in the post-doctorates common throughout the sciences.

• Finally, improvement of practical skills by the undergraduate advertising teacher should be encouraged and rewarded with salary increases and promotions every bit as much as for those in academic research. Lip service is often paid to the dynamic nature of the field of advertising and how we must all constantly try to keep up. Yet, the man who goes into his advertising class armed with firsthand experience of what is happening in the field is often overlooked in favor of the man who publishes in acceptable journals. Advertising departments should also actively solicit summer faculty internships for faculty members who desire them. This approach is particularly important for schools not located in advertising centers.

As an experiment, go down your faculty register and ask how many of your faculty have written an advertisement for publication in the last five years. How many of them are currently engaged in media planning or placement? Do any of the faculty have access to agency research, or do they consult with agencies or businesses on their advertising problems?

If not, can you guarantee that your undergraduate students are getting the kind of education they should?

—JOHN T. RUSSELL.



"Sir, a public opinion poll shows 17 per cent of the public believe you should fight the Duke of Wellington at Nivelles; 29 per cent believe you should fight him at Wavre; and 54 per cent believe you should fight him at Waterloo."

Three Views of the Fourth Estate by John Hohenberg,
Columbia School of Journalism

FREE PRESS/ FREE PEOPLE
The Best Cause

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With Scott

Continued from page 39

sit sheltered beneath the Eildon Hills. This abbey, now in ruins, cropped up in several books, and it is one of a quartet of great Border abbeys.

Scott described Kelso as "the most beautiful if not the most romantic village in Scotland." It has since turned into a busy market town, but the grammar school the writer attended for a few months and where he first met his lifelong friend James Ballantyne, the printer, is commemorated on the site of the abbey nave. Ballantyne printed the first two volumes of *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. When a favorite uncle of Scott's living near Kelso died and left Scott the property, called Rosebank, Scott sold it a few months later for £5,000 and put the money into Ballantyne Press. It was the first of many such gifts to rescue the printer from financial disaster.

Selkirk naturally has a statue to its famed sheriff in the market place, and Peebles has yet more connections with Scott's literary life. He used the inn there in one of his books, met the Wordsworths there, too, and was often a guest at the fifteenth-century castle above the Tweed and a mile west of the town.

Finally, there's Dryburgh Abbey, whose lands had belonged to Scott's great-grandfather. There were no male heirs, but the Scott family retained the right to "stretch their bones" in the abbey. Scott's tomb is only seven miles from his home, Abbotsford. In his lifetime, Scott always stopped his carriage on the top of Bemersyde Hill to admire the view. It is said that the horses, out of habit, did the same when they were pulling his hearse to the funeral. It has been known ever since as "Scott's View," and whether on foot, by horse, or by car, no one fails to pause there now.

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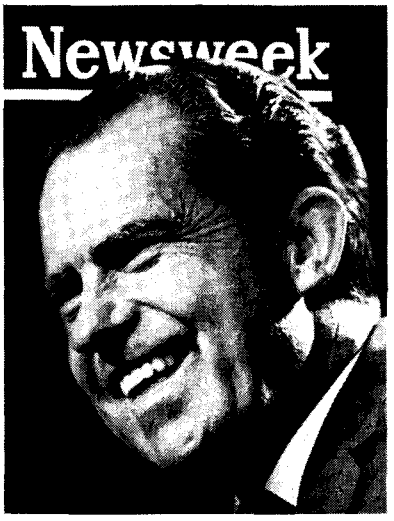
Sure, you've heard of Newsweek ...but have you read it lately?



Newsweek's quoted everywhere these days. On TV by Walter Cronkite and David Brinkley. In columns by Joseph Alsop and William Buckley. On Capitol Hill by leaders of Congress. If you haven't read Newsweek yourself lately, here's a quick taste of some recent issues:

"His countrymen assume that the President is committed to leaving Vietnam and to turning over the conduct of that tragic war to the South Vietnamese. They assume that his talk of a 'low profile' means that the U.S. will no longer bolster its affluent allies in Western Europe with legions of American troops. They assume that his promise of an 'era of negotiation' with the Soviet Union foreshadows a reduction in the staggering cost of the nuclear arms race. Yet these are not necessarily safe assumptions."

"The Eastern Seaboard's increasingly tatterdemalion commuter system of public highways, private autos, capitalist railroads, semi-socialist subways and buses can no longer handle the job of getting people to work and back. In one of those frightening epiphanies not unlike the recent dawn of awareness of air and water pollution, the nation seems to be snapping awake to the danger that anyone who can't walk to work in the morning may just be too far away."

"... there is growing concern among Washington officials, conservationists and even some industrialists that too many companies are declaring war on pollution mainly with TV commercials, lavish brochures, press releases and ads in newspapers and magazines—without doing enough actual spending to wage the war effectively."

"Behind the new 'flexibility' on the part of Israel's government lies the realization that public sympathy toward Israel has declined in Western Europe, that an important segment of American youth—including Jewish youth—has become disenchanted with Israeli militance, and that even in Israel itself the younger generation grows weary of the continuing crisis. The loudest doves of all, in fact, were some Israeli students at the University in Tel Aviv who openly demonstrated in support of 'the national rights of the Palestinians'."

"Perhaps the most important trend is toward non-enforcement of the marijuana laws, at least as far as pot possession is concerned. Certain 'free zones' have become tacitly accepted, where marijuana can be smoked—and distributed almost openly. One is college campuses. Another is rock festivals. Probably the freest zone of all is the middle-class living room."

"Successful Presidents develop a sort of blood relationship with the citizenry, which helps to make them unbeatable—they are dear old dad (Eisenhower, and in a different way, Roosevelt), brave big brother (Kennedy), or rich uncle (Johnson, when he was riding high). President Nixon has never established this sort of blood relationship."

Go to the original source: Newsweek

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 102)

MUSIC

GUITARISTS—Too busy to practice? Five minutes weekly teaches folk strums, barres, melody. Beginner—advanced. Samples 10¢. Steele's, Box 114, San Rafael, California 94902.

DANCE

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL. Theatre and School. 39th summer, "The University of the Dance." 9 or 6 weeks concentration on ballet, modern, ethnic, and related subjects. Distinguished faculty. College credits available: Graduate and Undergraduate. Open Berkshire skies and 10 weeks of varied programs by important professional artists are unique positives for students. Information on school and/or Ted Shawn Theatre: write The Director, Box 287-R, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

PERIODICALS

BRITISH MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS—Also specialized journals. Free catalogue listing nearly 1,000 British periodicals with dollar prices. Tel. 212-695-3715 or write British Publications, Inc., SR, Subscription Dept., 545 Cedar Lane, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-31, Los Angeles, California 90025.

PHOTOGRAPHY

SUPER '8 FILM FESTIVAL—An international competition exclusively for the amateur and hobbyist taking Super '8 movies. Write for details and entry application. Super '8 Motion Picture Film Festival, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Sayre Woods Shopping Center, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

MAKE AMATEUR MOVIE on ecology of Lake Superior during your vacation. Write G. B. Andeen, Chassell, Michigan 49916.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

FREEDOM OF THE HILLS with ski touring equipment and clothing. WOODY'S CRACKER BARREL, South Londonderry, Vermont 05155. Trails, rentals, ski school. Free manual and catalogue.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

MONTESSORI TEACHER TRAINING—Next course June 22nd-August 6th. Live, learn on beautiful campus. Fully approved. AMS Certified. Write: MMTTC, 1010 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60622.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

DYNAMIC OUTDOOR LIVING and . . . A World Need For Communication. Youth, ages 16-20, join in a dynamic living and learning experience of the Summer Institutes of Nations, where foreign scholars from Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East teach about the cultures of their peoples. Plenty of fun and recreation while learning how to think rather than what to think. Nonprofit, 10th year. West and East Coasts: redwoods near San Francisco, hills of Vermont. Nations: P.O. Box 1146, Berkeley, California 94701.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program operated by CRANBROOK SCHOOL for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. " . . . the summer experience was a total success."—Rod Serling. For information, write H. R. Motley, Jr., Box 801, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

BURNHAM-BY-THE-SEA, Newport, Rhode Island. Coeducational Summer School for students 12-18 on beautiful oceanfront estates. All subjects. Small classes. Reading skills, study habits, typing. Music, art, drama. Olympic pool. All sports. Delightful social life. 22nd summer. Bulletin. George Waldo Emerson, 57-R Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Massachusetts 01060.

L'ECOLE AIGLON LANGUAGE SCHOOL—French and Spanish taught in the South's unique language school at the University of the South in Sewanee, Tennessee. Summer sessions under direction of European instructors. Young adults (13-18) learn and play in cultured surroundings while conversing in French and Spanish. Write for complete details. C. Jean Sennyey, Box 305, Bell Buckle, Tennessee 37020.

SCHOOLS

PIONEER YEARS (3rd) preparatory school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Salting Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexican village) into standard pedagogy. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth . . . magnificent scenery . . . thirty horses . . . all secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

CUSHING ACADEMY. Coeducational since 1875. Grades 9-12. College prep. Classes average 12. Trimester basis. Senior seminars. Scholarships. Honor societies. Teams in major sports. Skiing, riding and tennis. Film and Art Festivals. Field trips. Choir, modern dance. Nondenominational. Write: R. D. Klarsch, Admissions Director, Box S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430. Tel: 617-827-5911.

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KENTS HILL SCHOOL. Coed. Grades 9-12, P.G. 14 miles West of Augusta in Belgrade Lake area. Accredited college prep. 146th year. Outstanding faculty. All sports. Superb ski program—4 slopes, 2 tows and 30 metre jump. Headmaster, D. S. Jacobs, Kents Hill School, Kents Hill, Maine 04349.

GIRLS . . . WHY ROGERS HALL? A school for the new age. Student oriented, not teacher dominated. To help you find yourself in an atmosphere of concern and trust. College Course. General Course. Accredited. Stowell R. Mears, Headmaster, Rogers Hall, Lowell, Massachusetts 01852. 617-459-0531.

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OAK GROVE-COBURN. A Friends boarding school for girls with coordinate COED DAY PROGRAM. Grades 7-12. Est. 1849. Preparation for leading colleges. New science hall, gym, auditorium, dormitory in modern fireproof quadrangle. 500-acre campus. Scenic winter sports area. Riding. Music, art, speech. Activities. Andrew C. Holmes, Headmaster, Box 304, Vassalboro, Maine 04989.

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COLLEGES

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MONTESSORI INSTITUTE OF ATLANTA teacher training course for teaching children 2½-7 now accepting applications for September 1971. Accreditation and diploma granted: Association Montessori Internationale. Write P.O. Box 12054, Atlanta, Georgia 30305.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711, Dept. SR.

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"SEA GOLD" (AMERICAN) CAVIAR. Superb! Ask stores. Norton Sales, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

FLAVORED COFFEES! Cafe Orange-Spice; Cafe Anisette; Cafe Cinnamon. All three coffees (total 12 servings) $1.95. DOOR 26, 3131 Southwest Freeway, Houston, Texas 77006.

IDEAL FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS: The gift they'll remember! Katzings famous Dutch Black Chocolates, world-honored for 97 years. Distinctively delicious! 2 lb. Gift box, postpaid, send $7.50 and mailing address to Katzings Famous Candies, 110 East McClure, Peoria, Illinois 61603.

BAY LEAVES. Gourmet favorite, generous portion, recipes, $1.00. Box 548, Tiburon, California 94920.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 371, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

FAMOUS NEW YORK CHEESECAKE. Box 498, Lenox Hill Station, NYC 10021.

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RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder. Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 3-1-B, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC 10018.

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FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

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MAKE PEOPLE SMILE . . . with our historical bumper stickers. Free catalogue! Write: Hobby, Box 93-AD13, Lafayette, California 94549.

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1971 Ph.D. POLITICAL SCIENCE, fascinating 30 year resume, wants challenging, responsible academic position. Box Z-642.

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EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY for man or woman of proven executive and administrative ability who believes that there is more to living than making a living. One of the nation's foremost art museums, concerned with improving the quality of life, elevating standards of understanding and appreciation, and responding creatively to urban problems, seeks a director of development to help mobilize greater public support. We are looking for someone who is not content to see what will happen but who is determined to make the right things happen. If the shoe fits, send resume to Box Z-956.

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TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

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OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades, Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs, International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

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(Continued on page 108)

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EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from page 107)

SOCIAL ISSUES IN MEDICINE your life style? Young, dynamic physicians wanted to play key role in innovative group practice in rural area. Single system caring for migrant farm workers, self-paid, medicaid. Administrative work provided. Hospital next door, plus major teaching hospital backup. Must enjoy working with ancillary personnel; Spanish language asset; equal opportunity. Salary competitive. Located in ski, sailing, boating country. Write, call Kenneth Naples or Arthur Liebert, Administrators, c/o Rochester General Hospital, 1425 Portland Avenue, Rochester, N.Y., 14621. 716-266-4000, Ext. 428.

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EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

AUSTRALIA. Authentic information is freely available WITHOUT CHARGE from Australian Government offices in Washington, D.C., New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles.

MEN: College students interested in a challenging experience working as counselors with disadvantaged boys in New Jersey resident camp for boys. Write: Director, 46 Bedford Place, Yardley, Pennsylvania 19067.

EXPLORE NEW ENGLAND TEACHING—Inexpensive listing with 1,000 public and private schools. Details: Connecticut Education Exchange, Box 392A, Newtown, Connecticut 06470.

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NATIONAL EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Write 1 North 13th Street, Philadelphia, 19107.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

EXCLUSIVE NORTH STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT. English style country home on 2½ acres. 5 bedrooms, 4 baths, library with fireplace, living room with fireplace, large dining room, kitchen, laundry, attached greenhouse. Screened and glassed porch, terrace with fish pond. Convenience with privacy. Low 80's. 203-322-4214.

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MAINE OCEANFRONT. Modern, fully equipped Cape Cod at Pemaquid Point. $55,000 cash. 617-262-7276.

NOVA SCOTIA: Modernized farmhouse, 45 acres, waterfront. $16,750. SR Box A-96.

SHELTER ISLAND—The Captain's House. Year round Nantucket type house, once part of magnificent estate. 8 rooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces. 200' from private beach, tennis, pond, one acre, excellent school. $49,500. Franklin Halleck, Garr Realty, 516-749-0800.

UNIQUE HOUSE on edge of mile long lake, on grounds of private club. Beautiful view. 1½ hours from New York, good commuting. Cathedral living room, stone fireplace, floor to ceiling, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, bedroom-den, dining room, modern kitchen, large screened porch. 3 patios, barbecue. Complete privacy. Call 212-759-8232 between 9-11 a.m. or 5 to 6:30 p.m.

For Rent

MOVING NEW HAVEN—Will rent my newly remodeled barn in the Catskills. All comforts on 7 acres, field, woods. Absolute silence. 1½ hours Manhattan. Call and see! 914-679-8258.

For Rent—Furnished

GREECE—6 bedroom villa, Aegean island, superb view. Monthly, seasonal. SR Box Z-914.

AUGUST IN PROVENCE. Charming, comfortable house on ramparts small village near Avignon, France. Two terraces, 2 bedrooms. August $600. Kubik, 9 Commonwealth, Boston. 617-266-0602.

APPEALING, MODERN southern Italy beach villa. $140 May, June; $280 July, August. Box A-302.

SPAIN—COSTA DEL SOL. Luxury villa, charming Andalucian village, panoramic view, swimming pool. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, maid service. One to three months beginning July, $480 monthly. Write Harbledown, Mijas, Malaga, Spain, or call New York, 212-765-4092.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—Summer rates, April-November. Secluded house, beach, fishing, snorkeling, breeze. Box 6, South Gouldsboro, Maine 04678.

SOUTHERN SPAIN, WRITER'S VILLA, overlooking Mediterranean, with cook-housekeeper and staff of two. Sleeps 5, 2 baths, central heating, swimming pool, own gardens, outside historic village of Mijas. Any periods from September 1971 on. Rents, inclusive all wages, from $100 in winter. Full details and photos from R. Fraser, El Jardin, Mijas, Malaga, Spain.

COMFORTABLY FURNISHED 4 bedroom house, Midwood, Brooklyn. Good schools. $350. August-June. 212-ES 7-5311.

For Summer Rental

NEW HAMPSHIRE RETREAT: 1780 restored farmhouse, fully equipped, 6 rooms, large studio, 1½ baths. Sleeps 8. Canoe, rowboat, lake. June, July $1,000 or $150 weekly. R. Shaw, Acworth, 03601.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—Completely equipped apartments. Accommodate 3-5. Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts 02575.

IDAHO MOUNTAIN RANCH—Snowcapped peaks, horses, fishing, backpacking, wilderness area. Comfortable cabins sleep 16. Ideal one or two families. Box Z-411.

NEAR BAR HARBOR, 3 bedroom cottage. $135 weekly. Kenneth Hutchins, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

ROGERS ROCK CLUB, INC., on unspoiled northern Lake George, four miles from Ticonderoga, New York. Fully equipped summer cottages for rent. Children welcome. Mile and half private shoreline. Woodland trails, swimming, tennis courts, casino. Golf nearby. Mrs. Geoffrey Wilson, 375 East Gowen Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19119. 215-CH 8-4860.

COUNTY GALWAY, IRELAND—Beautiful Georgian residence, elegantly furnished. 6 bedrooms, 4 baths, modern kitchen. Central oil heat. Telephone, television. Tennis court, croquet, garden, stables. SR Box A-84.

VERMONT—Stratton Mountain. New, one story, 3 bedroom, 2 bath, electric kitchen, fireplace, porch. Swimming, golf nearby. Season, monthly. SR Box A-325.

CAPE COD—Truro, Pamet River cottage. June, July. SR Box A-74.

LOG HOUSES WYOMING mountain forest. One room, $100 monthly, $250 season. Two rooms, $200 monthly, $500 season. 4 rooms, dilapidated, FREE, indefinitely, to capable anyones who will fix up. $100 good faith deposit to be spent on fixings (I will buy other materials). High. Isolated. Only for adventurous, self-reliant, outdoors, environmental, ecological people. Electricity, but semiprimitive accommodations. No flies, mosquitoes, ticks, chiggers. No noise, hay fever. No phone. RFD twice weekly. Send $2 for photos. I also publish books. Send for free list. 3704 Charles Avenue, Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001. 307-638-8790.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent

SARASOTA, FLORIDA—2 bedroom, 2 bath, new condominium. All facilities. Roth, 69 Chadwick, Hillsdale, N.J. 07642. 201-666-8874.

For Rent—Furnished

ROME, NEAR PIAZZA NAVONA—2 charming, adjoining apartments available July-August; each 3 bed, one with full kitchen. Part-time maid. Smith, Via Coronari 47, Rome.

SAN FRANCISCO—July/August. 1 bedroom. Russian Hill. Panoramic view. Fireplace. Piano. $350 month. SR Box A-67.

APARTMENT FOR SALE

APARTMENT—5 rooms. Choice location Jackson Heights. $25,000, maintenance $114. Box A-308 or 212-IL 7-0856.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—200' lakefront, cottage, guest house, furnished, 2 boats. $15,000. Box A-17.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

SWITZERLAND, Valais, southern Swiss Alps, apartments and chalets, magnificent view, clean air, ideal for summer vacations and winter sports, retirement. $13,500 to $86,000. Box A-91.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. 1½ water view acres. Wide, dramatic views. Birdwatcher's delight! Box 128, Chilmark, Massachusetts 02535 or 617-645-2839.

OHIO FARMS—Write. P. E. Bline, Broker, Mechanicsburg, Ohio 43044.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

WANTED: Couple who like people, farming, woodworking to lease small, well established inn in Vermont hills. Write Knoll Farm, Waitsfield, Vermont 05673.

POLLUTION-FREE Wyoming County, N.Y. General store-apartment on lake. Sacrifice $10,000. Box A-97.

SPECIAL CAMPS

CENTRAL MARYLAND facility available May 15th-September 15th for conferences, retreats or camp programs. Contact Camp Woodbine, Woodbine, Maryland 21797. 301-442-2277.

BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. 4th successful season. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. Tel 304-343-5472. Member A.C.A.

CAMPS

SCIENCE EXPLORING FOR BOYS ages 10-15 at Spruce Mountain Camp. Bryant Pond, Maine. Field and mountain trips, ham radio, photography, plants, animals, *astronomy, weather, geology, ecology. Exciting concept* of science, recreation. Mt. Katahdin outpost camp. Catalogue: William T. Harty, 12 Highland Street, West Medway, Massachusetts 02053.

INTERLOCKEN INTERNATIONAL CAMP. A year-round educational center situated in southern New Hampshire where an imaginative and adventurous summer program is offered to 80 boys and girls from around the world. Rugged wilderness trips, athletics, enriching cultural-arts program, swimming, boating and canoeing on a wilderness mountain pond. Staffed by professional teachers. For additional details write: Interlocken International Camp, Hillsboro, New Hampshire 03244. Tel. 603-478-3202.

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER, Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half-session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard, all instruments. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Coastal Maine. 34th year. The Girls' Camp—with the French accent. Happy, productive summer for girls 5-18. Casual, congenial, creative fun. A-1 staff, excellent facilities. Elective program; majors in FRENCH, ballet, music, art, drama, riding, tennis, sailing and swimming. C'est magnifique! Mrs. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 10119.

SAILING FOR BOYS—Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. Elementary and advanced Seamanship and Racing; ages eight to fifteen. Water Safety, Tennis, Baseball, Expeditions. June 24th; season, $800. VIKING, Orleans, Massachusetts 02653. 617-255-2739.

OGONTZ WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP for girls 7-17. On private lake near Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. Swimming (Red Cross Water Safety), Sailing, Water Skiing, Golf, Riding, Tennis. Arts and Crafts. Nature Study. Dancing, Music, Dramatics. Outdoor Cooking. Mountain Trips. Typing. 650 acres wood and meadows. Expert staff. Special program for Juniors. 49th year. Miss Bette Huber, Owner-Director, Lisbon, N.H. 03585.

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, suits boys 13-17; unregimented ranch/travel program. 25th summer. Girls: trip Northwest, ranch ⅓ season. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

GROVE FARM WORKSHOP in the Humanities for boys and girls, 14-18. Creative thinking through literature, drama, history, music. Work projects; forestry conservation. June 27th-August 8th. B. S. deFrees, Director, North Rumford, Maine 04278.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar, Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Combines creative cultural athletic camp program with travel. Enrollment limited to 28. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-337-4394.

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN. Travel-camping and outdoor adventure for high school youth: wildwater kayaking; wilderness pack and canoe trips; n untaineering; wild-*river raft trip; fine fishing; wildlife, ecology, and survival.* Small coed group. 8 weeks. Professional adult staff. Dr. Richard S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

TEENAGERS RATE HUMAN RELATIONS, community spirit even higher than our art, sports programs. They could be right! Coed 6-18. Brochure! Appel Farm Art & *Music Center, Elmer 26, New Jersey 08318.*

ADIRONDACK WOODCRAFT CAMP. Boys. Private forest, lake, trout stream. Adirondack Canadian canoe trips. Riflery, mountaineering, nurses. 46th year. Box 2385, Fayetteville, N.Y. 13066.

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 12-17, arts, science. Become working, contributing, decisive member of responsive community. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

READING, WRITING AND STUDY SKILLS. Coed. Boarding. Ages 9 through 16. Excellent language skills instruction. Under direction of professors. Reading and testing specialists. Fine camping and recreational program. June 27th through August 7th. Catalogue. Summerbrook Camp, Box 110, Solebury, Bucks County, Pennsylvania 18963. Phone: 215-862-5505.

"THE STOWE WORKSHOP"—Community of practicing craftsmen and woodsmen. Seventy boys, ages 9-13. Brochure, Tom Hirchak, Box 73, Stowe, Vermont 05672. Phone 802-888-4662 or 802-253-7731.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or *write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue,* NYC 10036. 212-736-1660.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP. Eastern Maine, Canada. 75 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Survival, ecology. Quaker leadership. Allagash, St. John, St. Croix, Machias Rivers. Quebec trip, advanced campers. A.C.A. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP is designed for young people who wish to respond wholeheartedly to work, to encounter significant issues of our time, and to explore their relationship to the current scene. Coed. 13-17. Write c/o The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories Unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

CAMP BIOTA. Outstanding Natural Science. Boys 8-14. Six weeks. Small enrollment. Horses, canoes. Dr. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

CAMPS

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for 8th, 9th or 10th grade students. Combine a summer at camp with a chance to learn a new language . . . or polish one you already know . . . and live with a family abroad. Learn French in Vermont, speak it in Canada or France. Learn Spanish in Mexico, speak it there. For details, write: Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

FREE, VALUABLE GUIDE to 50 midwestern camps for boys and girls. Write Midwest Private Camps, 1945 Bosworth Lane, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

WILL YOUR CHILD BE HAPPY at camp? Make lasting friendships; have challenging, creative and varied program; visit cultural centers of Berkshires? We help with highly skilled, sympathetic, superior staff. Noncompetitive. Special reading program available. Coed. 85 miles New York City. Write Camp Kenico, 1 Sunnyside Avenue, Hempstead, New York 11550.

VACATIONS

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean, ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

BEAU JAMES GUESTHOUSE, Box 75, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles. Beachfront. Superb food/convivial bar. Reasonable.

CANADIAN HOUSEBOAT RENTALS—Navigate waterways of Rideau, Thousand Islands. Houseboat Holidays, 1851 Bromley, Ottawa 13, Canada.

DAVID'S FOLLY, Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

THOUSAND ISLANDS FAMILY VACATION, meals, congenial, reasonable. Brochure, McGarry, 45 Callingham, Pittsford, N.Y. 14534. 716-467-2164.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. For information write Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

MEXICO—$160 monthly, singles, American Plan. Colonial Hotel. Unspoiled village. La Quinta, Jocotopec, Jalisco.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

JAMAICA, NORTH COAST AREA. Two separately located Villas on Sea, also swimming pool. No housekeeping worries. Adults only. Contact "Resort Villas," P.O. Box 299, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

LARGE NEW COTTAGES directly on ocean. Electric heat, stone fireplaces, picture windows. Open May 1st to November 1st. Dan & Edith Thompson, New Harbor, Maine 04554. Tel. 207-677-2317.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly-no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 247B, Rockport, Maine 04856.

VIRGIN ISLANDS private home. Murray, 111 New Road, Kendall Park, N.J. 08824. 201-297-0420.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

(Continued on page 110)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 109)

VACATION PLUS! For Your Greatest-Ever Family Summer—Vacation, for a few days or many, in the clear, clean, mile-high air of Arizona's unique Prescott College. Mid-June to Labor Day. Attractive private unit dwellings on rolling, tree-covered 640 acre ranch-type campus. American, European Plan, moderate rates. Auditorium, meeting rooms, conference facilities, conventions welcome; child care. PLUS—Sunny days, cool nights; spectacular scenery; swimming, tennis, golf, hiking, fishing; English, western riding instruction, roping, chuckwagon cookouts. One to three day trips to Grand Canyon, other unique Arizona points of interest. Write for brochure. Director, Western Resources, Prescott College, Prescott, Arizona 86301. Or phone: 602-445-3524, ext. 277.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies. Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 10 days - $245. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box 0, Luquillo, P.R.

HORSEMAN'S ADVENTURE IN EUROPE! This year the famous Escuela Ecuestre Tour of Europe visits Madrid, Vienna, Budapest, London and Dublin. Cross country riding in Spain, horse trekking through Danube Valley in Hungary, exciting equestrian visits in England and Ireland. 27 days starting May 7th, $1,475, all inclusive, limit 30 riders. Tour conductor Harold Black, Director, Escuela Ecuestre, APDO 185SR, San Miguel de Allende, Gto., Mexico. Brochure on request.

CIVILIZED FAMILY VACATIONS: 165 acre resort on Lake Champlain. Inn, Cottages. Riding, sailing, water skiing, tennis, heated pool AND complete programs. Separate dining Teens to Pre-school. Parental bliss. Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Highgate Springs 266, Vermont 05460.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

MEXICAN RENTALS from $5.00 daily. Meals, Maids, Pools. Blake's Travel, 2029 Woodbridge Road, Toledo, Ohio 43615.

ALGARVE, PORTUGAL. Beach Club near Lagos, 2-4 bedroom houses. Ocean view, swimming pool, restaurant; golf nearby. Weekly rentals: $125 up, maid, utilities included. Land & Leisure, Suite 5000, 405 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-TR 9-3835.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND. Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Brochures. Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

BUCKS COUNTY—If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a quiet, very charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. We would be delighted to have you visit us. For a detailed brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel: 215-297-5661.

ESCAPE TO VERMONT? Write Lyons Associates, Box 561, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

VACATIONS

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

FRENCHMAN COVE—Private new efficiency, beach. $175 week. Sier, Box 4265, St. Thomas, V.I. 00801.

RENTAL SAILBOATS, lessons, beginners, advanced. Brochure. Mystic Wharf, West Mystic, Connecticut 06388. 1-203-536-3332.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing. Fasting. Rejuvenation. Delightful foods. Pool. Solariums. Boats. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita, Florida 33923-SR.

WORKSHOPS

2nd SOUTHEASTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Novels, nonfiction, poetry, short story, photo-journalism, TV. Miami, Florida. April 15th-18th. Nationally-known consultants, all fields. Applications, registration information: Box 1097, South Miami, Florida 33143.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

PACIFIC NORTHWEST Graphics Workshop Summer Program in printmaking located in mountains of Oregon. Write Nick deMatties, Box 78, Star Route, Cheshire, Oregon 97419.

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 26th-July 17th. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

JESSE STUART WRITING WORKSHOP—June 28th through July 16th. Three hours of graduate or undergraduate credit for two-week study with Kentucky's foremost writer, who will teach short story writing. Three other practicing writers also will instruct: Poetry—Lee Pennington; Novel—Harriette Simpson Arnow; Articles—Dr. L. J. Hortin. For brochure, write: Dr. L. J. Hortin, Murray State University, Murray, Kentucky 42071.

STUDY IN ASPEN, Teachers, July 26th-July 31st. Guitar in Elementary Classroom; Materials and Techniques. Jr., Sr. High Choral; using Rock Music in Teaching. Two hours credit. Write Aspen Workshops, Colorado University, 970 Aurora, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

LIVE & LEARN SPANISH—Teenage home stays, Summer '71. Nonsectarian, from $495. Mexico-Central-South America. Homes International, European Language Institute, Room 1005, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

MEXICAN CRAFTS—Apprentice program for students in native craft shops: pottery, wood, weaving, Huichol Indian art, metalwork; including Spanish instruction, weekend trips and six days in Mexico City. Also available: Intensive Spanish for adults, English review for high school and elementary. Children's program; Winter prep and primary program. Advanced placement, 100% U.S. college entrance. Butler Institute, Vallarta y Atenas 123, Guadalajara, Mexico.

LESLEY FROST announces several innovations for her Escuela de la Tahona, La Granja (Segovia), Spain, July 1st-August 15th, 1971. First, it will be coed. Secondly, girls from previous summers doing advanced Spanish may return. Third, "new" applicants, girls and boys, must have had several years of Spanish, possibly with the Experiment, A.F.S., etc. Spanish spoken. School bus, with usual tours. 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10003.

SUMMER MUSIC, ART SEMINARS in Italy. Organology, Director: Clemente Terni; Opera Workshop, Director: Tito Gobbi; Christian Iconography; Romanesque Architecture and Sculpture, Director: Dr. Mario Bucci. June 21st-July 30th. Villa Schifanoia, Graduate School of Fine Arts, Florence, Italy. Information: Coordinator of Study Abroad, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois 60305.

LIVE! STUDY! TRAVEL ABROAD! Pre-College/College. Accredited universities in Europe. Study language, literature, art, music, drama, dance. Visit major cities; festivals, social and sports activities. Continental Study Projects, Inc., 527 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

AIMS-INTERNATIONAL—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, programs of Language Study or Comparative Cultures and Lifestyles, Classical Civilizations, Eastern and Northern European Studies, Mediterranean Cruise. Scandinavia, England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, Israel. Chaperoned; Academic Credit. Write: Registrar, AIMS-International, 1054-31st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

SUMMER STUDY in Noble English Country House between Oxford and Stratford-upon-Avon. June 28th-August 13th session offers accredited courses in English Novel, Jacobean Drama, English History, Shakespeare-with playgoing at Stratford. British University lecturers. Regular seminars and tutorials. Trips to London, Oxford, Cambridge, Stonehenge, Cathedral towns. Accommodations for sixty in Lord North's historic Wroxton Abbey, now Wroxton College. For catalogue of summer, fall and spring semesters, write Wroxton Office, Fairleigh Dickinson University, Teaneck, New Jersey 07666.

SPAIN—BARCELONA. Accredited program in English and Spanish, June 21st-July 30th. Write Professor Warren Beck, California State College, Fullerton, 92631.

LANGUAGE - STUDY - TRAVEL - EUROPE — H.S. Coed (14-18), 4-6 weeks. From $595. Includes jet flights, lodging, meals, tuition, trips, festivities, supervision. Programs in France, Spain, Austria, Italy, Switzerland. European Language Institute, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

ROME, ITALY: stimulating curriculum, faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. $960 inclusive. June 9th-July 29th. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

LONDON—GENEVA—MEXICO CITY: Temple University graduate seminars—Film in Britain; Photography in Britain; International broadcasting in Geneva; Mass media in Mexico. Programs run from July 5th-August 13th; Mexico from June 14th-July 23rd. Applicants must be 21 and have B.A. May audit or enroll for 6 credits. Contact Dr. Gordon L. Gray, Communications Seminars, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD ®. 21st season. $295 at University of Madrid, Florence, Paris, Athens, London, Salzburg, Garmisch. 1 month sessions July and August. Includes room, meals, tuition, credit, choice of courses in language, art, music, dancing, painting; sightseeing, etc. All for $295. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10017. 212-661-8900.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece and Yugoslavia. 14th year. Students Abroad, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM—One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1927

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

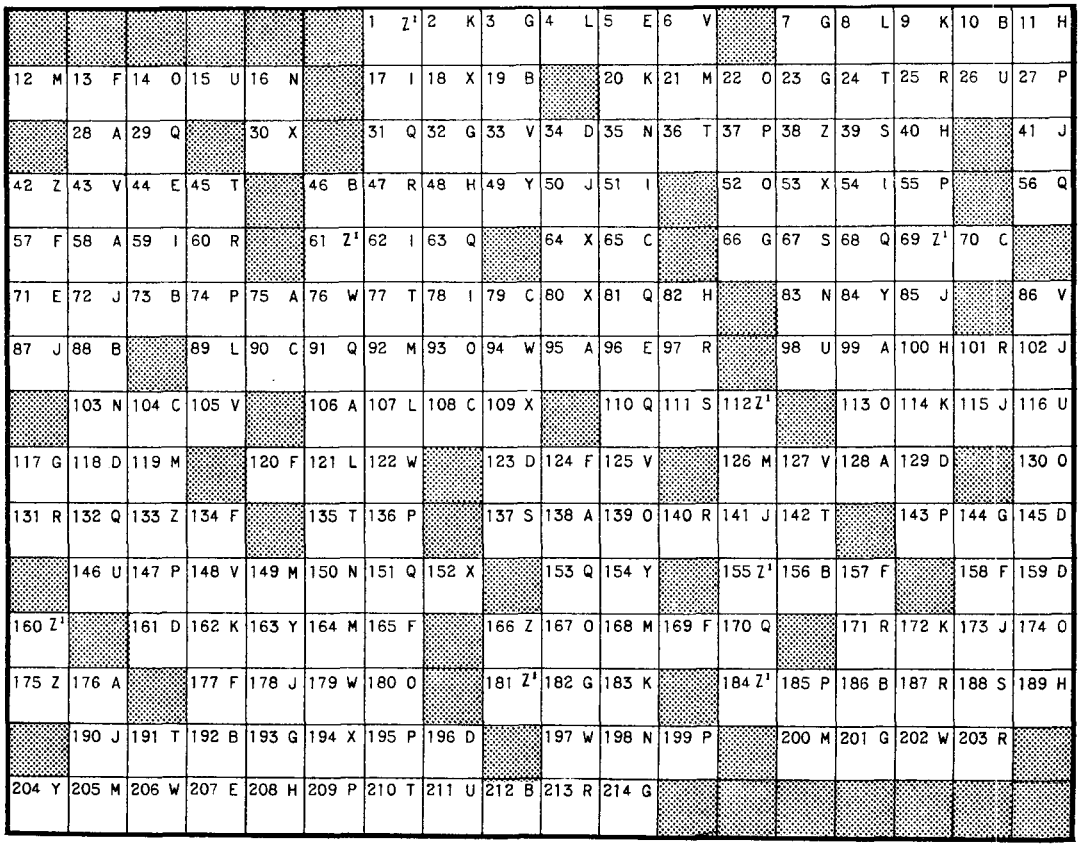
By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Disparages	28 58 75 95 99 106 128 138 176
B. "The —— Art", by Arthur Knight	186 192 73 88 156 212 10 19 46
C. Fishing port in Abruzzi e Molise, Italy, scene of severe fighting during WW II	65 70 79 90 104 108
D. By stealth (3 wds.)	118 123 145 159 161 196 34 129
E. City in East Pakistan on the Buri Ganga River	207 5 44 71 96
F. Of sufficient value	120 124 134 158 165 177 57 13 157 169
G. Paul praises him for his kindness (II Tim. 1:16-18)	182 193 201 214 3 23 32 66 117 144 7
H. Easily won, as a contest	11 48 82 100 189 208 40
I. Capital of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands	51 54 59 62 17 78
J. 18th-cent. English cabinet maker famed for delicacy and beauty of design	87 102 115 190 173 178 41 50 72 85 141
K. Angle or arc important in navigation	162 9 20 114 172 183 2
L. Nape	4 8 89 107 121
M. Edith Wharton novel (2 wds.)	149 164 168 12 21 92 119 126 200 205

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. People of SW Nigeria	16 35 150 198 83 103
O. Results	113 130 174 14 52 93 139 167 180 22
P. Hopping mad (4 wds.)	136 147 199 209 37 143 185 55 74 195 27
Q. Bird-watching	81 170 91 110 56 68 151 63 132 153 31 29
R. Pious	171 203 140 213 25 60 97 101 131 47 187
S. Egyptian god of wisdom and magic	67 137 188 111 39
T. Scope of one's interest, understanding, etc.	45 210 191 24 77 135 142 36
U. Turns inside out	116 146 26 211 15 98
V. Several, separate	105 33 6 86 43 127 148 125
W. Titles, headings, directions, as distinguished from the rest of the text	179 206 197 202 76 94 122
X. Huxley novel (2 wds.)	18 64 109 80 194 53 30 152
Y. Hoarse; surly	49 163 84 154 204
Z. Ruth's sister-in-law	166 175 38 133 42
Z¹ Eartha Kitt was featured in the 1952 version (2 wds.)	181 69 61 184 155 1 160 112

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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WHEN IT'S APRIL EVERYWHERE ELSE, IT'S SUMMERTIME IN GREECE.

Long before the rest of Europe has opened up the beach umbrellas, you could be swimming and snorkling off Greek islands like Crete and Rhodes. Seeing ancient architecture that is epic every month of the year. And enjoying the kind of warm welcome at modern hotels and quaint tavernas that is rare anytime, anywhere in the world.

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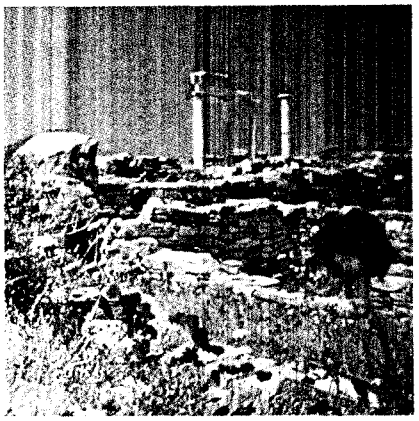

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SR-313

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Gentlemen:
I want to spend a summer vacation in Greece this spring. Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

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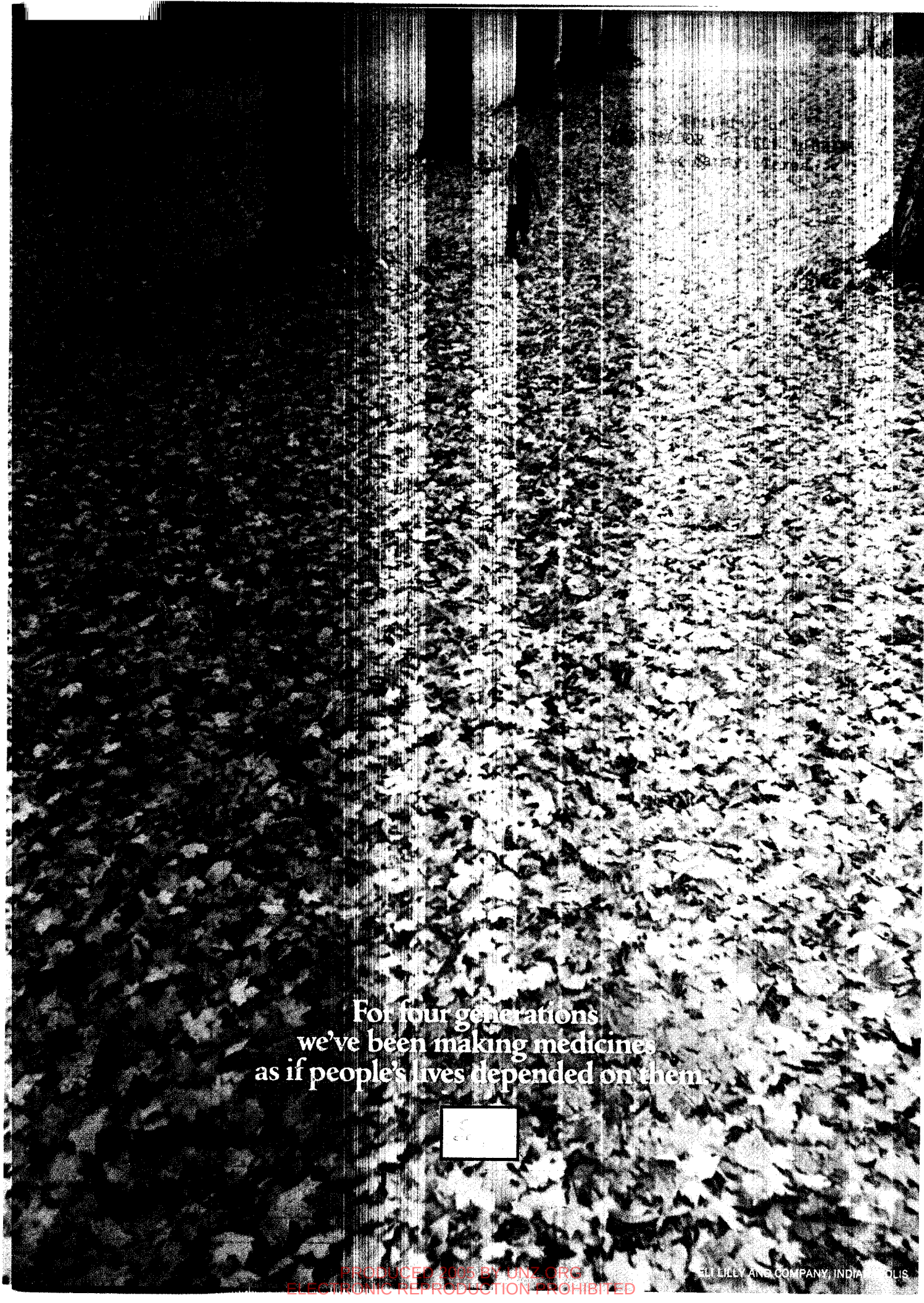

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